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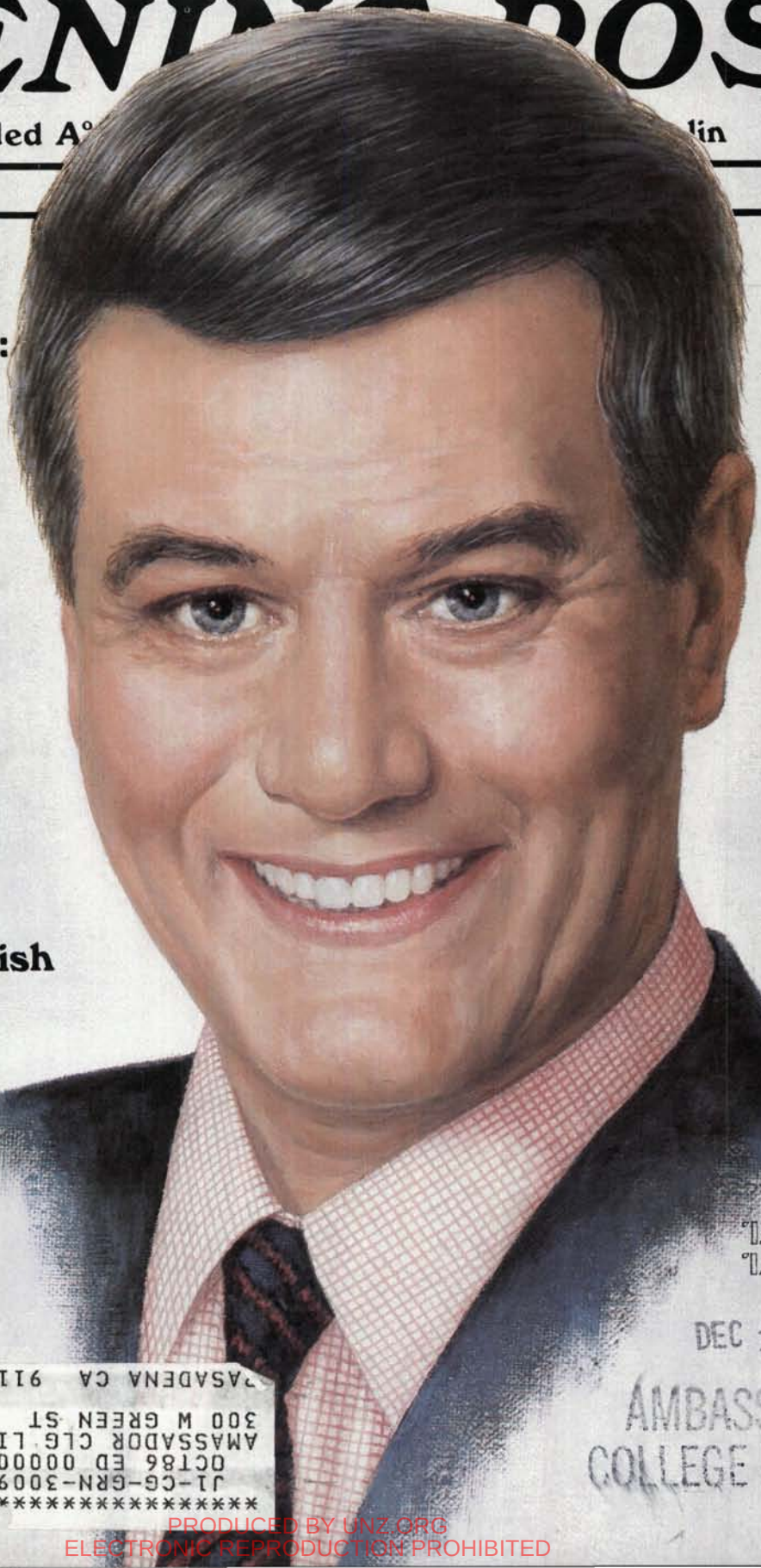

Larry Hagman: Clearing the Air

Rockwell's Favorite Model

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Brisk Walking to Lose Weight

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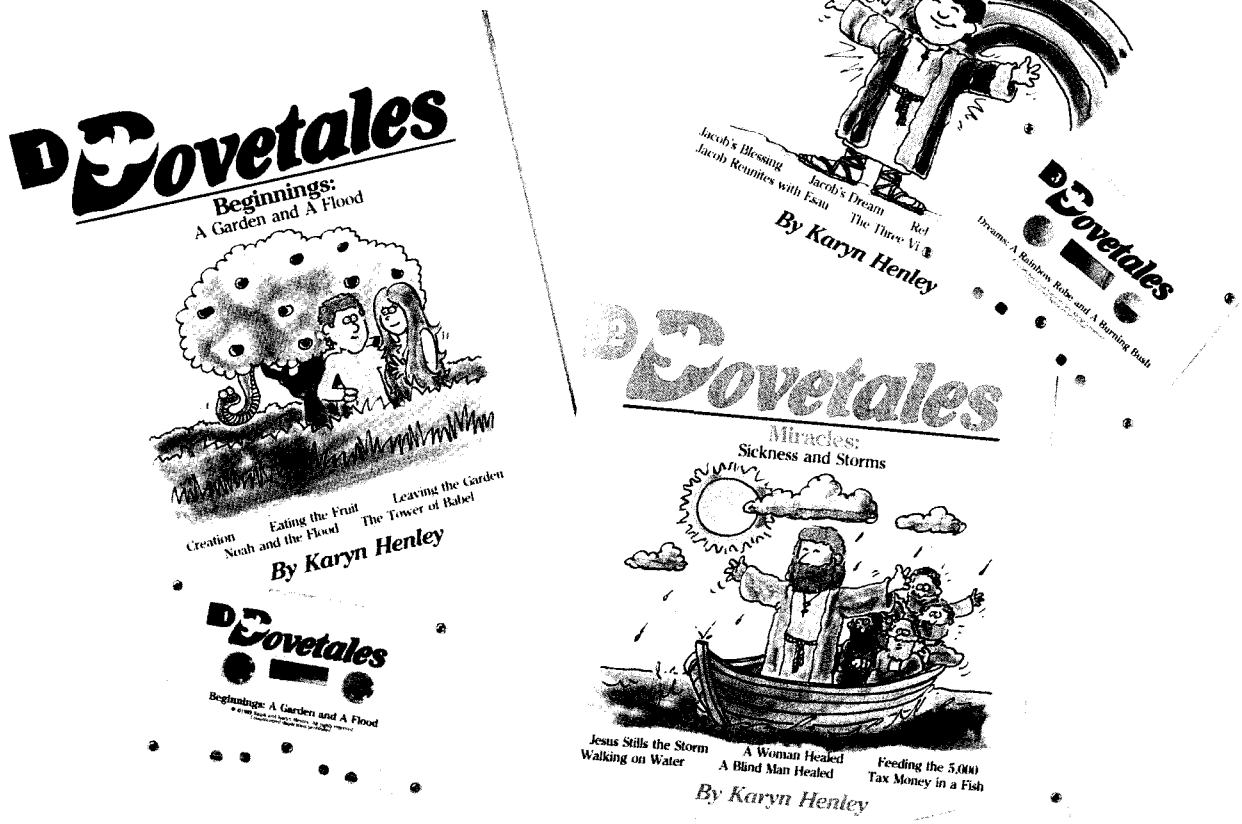

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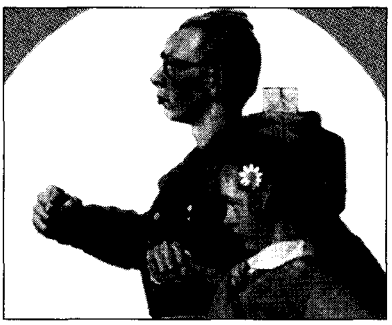

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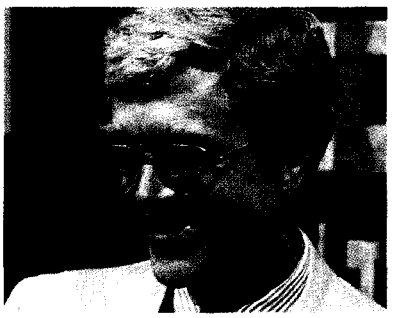

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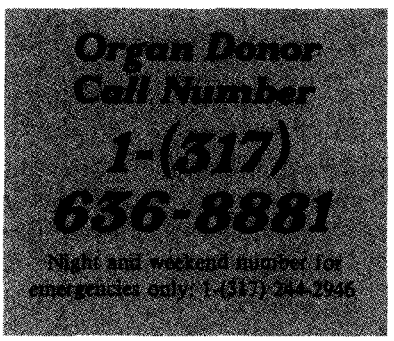

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(Cover painting by Lucian Lupinski)

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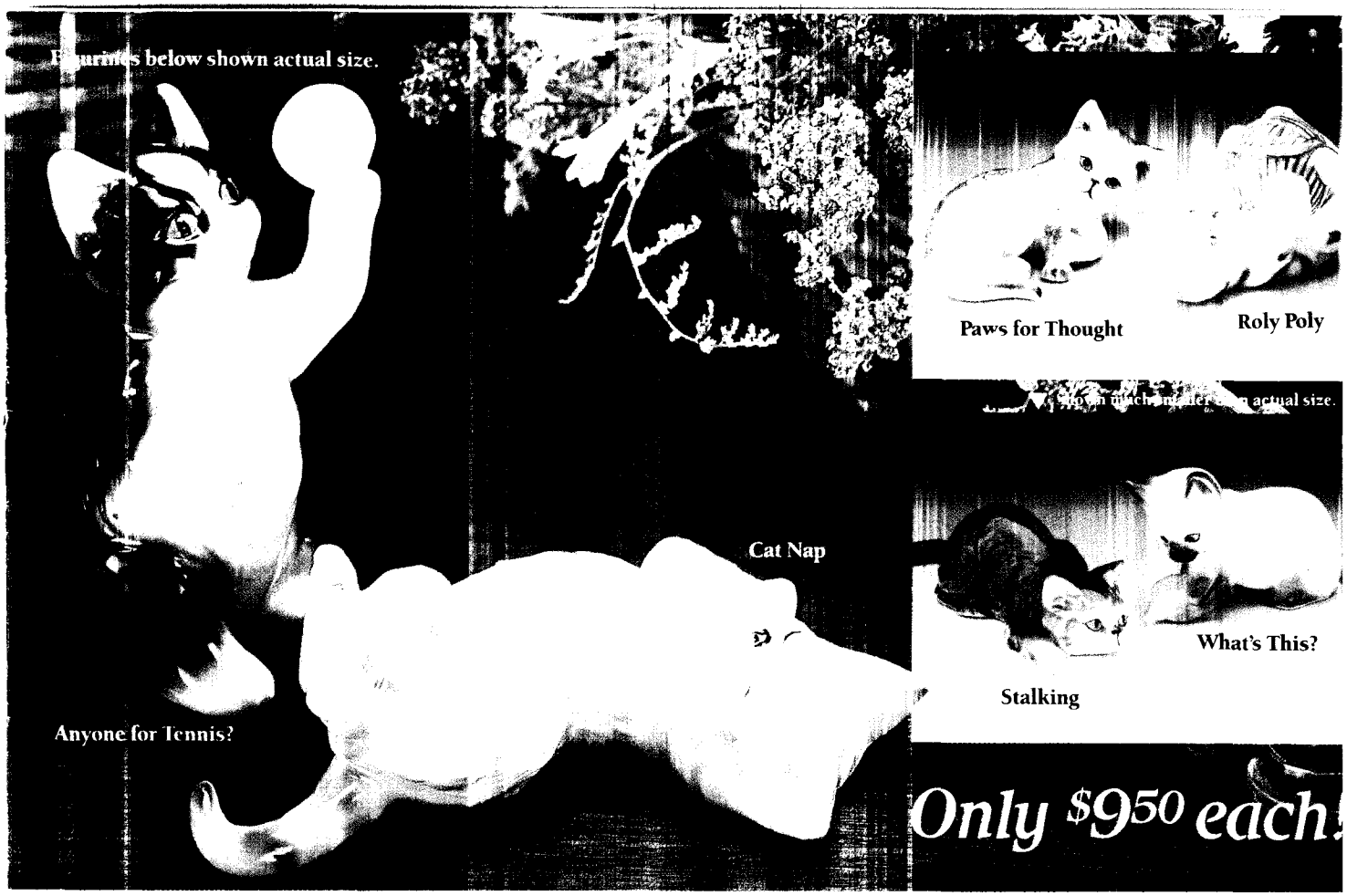

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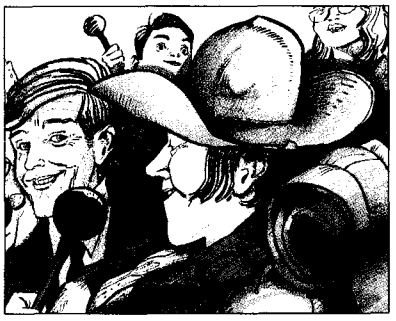

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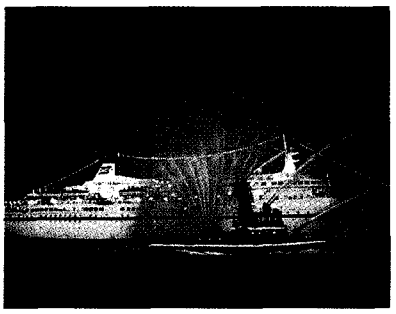

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Letters

In Huff over Snuff

"Appalled" is the only word I can use to describe my reaction to Hortense Myers' piece ("Getting Tough on Snuff") in your September issue. The article is totally devoid of objectivity and presumes to make scientific judgment on the very complex issue surrounding the smokeless tobacco and health controversy.

You do *The Saturday Evening Post*'s readers a disservice by subjecting them to broad-based assumptions, innuendo and unfounded conclusions cloaked in a thinly veiled guise of "journalism."

It is next to impossible to enumerate the countless factual errors in your piece. One of the most glaring of these errors is the assumption that oral tobacco used in India is similar to products sold here in the United States. Indian oral tobacco contains a mixture of other ingredients, not included in American chewing tobacco or snuff, including betel leaf and slaked lime.

Let me say, finally, that the Smokeless Tobacco Council has participated in over 350 interviews in the last eight months. We have prided ourselves in responding promptly and thoroughly to each media inquiry. Ms. Myers obviously set out to write a biased piece because she never bothered to call our offices or those of any of the Smokeless Tobacco Council's member companies for comment.

I firmly believe that *The Saturday Evening Post* let their readers down with their gross failure to meet minimum journalistic standards.

Michael J. Kerrigan
President, Smokeless Tobacco Council
Washington, D.C.

Whoa! Since you are paid by tobacco interests, wouldn't your *testimony be biased? We don't believe there is any longer a "controversy," as you call it. In fact, Dr. Vincent DeVita, the director of the National Cancer Institute, has pointed out that the link between cancer and tobacco is so strong that researchers feel no need to even investigate it further.*

As for India, reliable researchers have shown that it is not *the betel*

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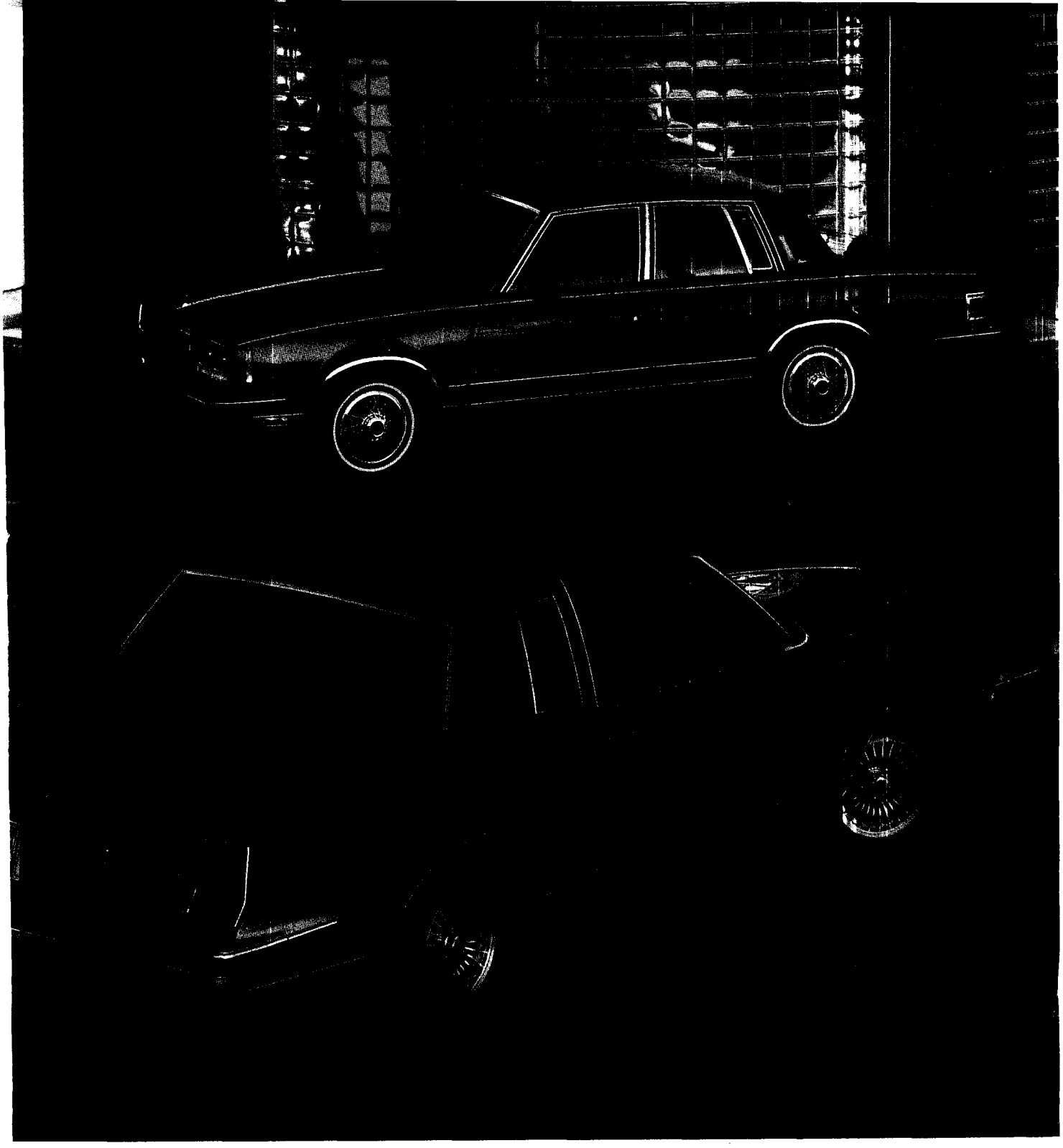

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leaves or the slaked lime that is causing the oral cancer. Any reasonable and unbiased person would, upon looking at the evidence, concur that it is the tobacco. For that information, we refer you to the American Cancer Society's booklet, "Ca-A Cancer Journal for Clinicians," September/October 1984 issue.

We fail to understand why tobacco councils, who have a monetary interest in promoting your death-dealing products, should be asked for an opinion each time nonbiased scientists find additional evidence implicating tobacco. As one author exclaimed, "It is like asking the Flat Earth Society in London their opinion each time a satellite circles the earth. . . ."

The nicotine in smokeless tobacco addicts innocent kids and preps them for cigarettes.

Hortense Myers is a journalist of highest credentials who has spent more than 30 years with United Press International and is the recipient of numerous awards for excellence in journalism. Your audacity in attacking her work leaves us *appalled.*

Judging O'Connor

We enjoy *The Saturday Evening Post* very much. I read the article about Sandra Day O'Connor—very interesting, but the most important part of her life was missing. "What are her religious beliefs?" I think we the people should know about this, for anyone holding such an important job as she does. Thank you. Keep up the good work of interesting articles.

Mabel Clisby
Greenville, Pennsylvania

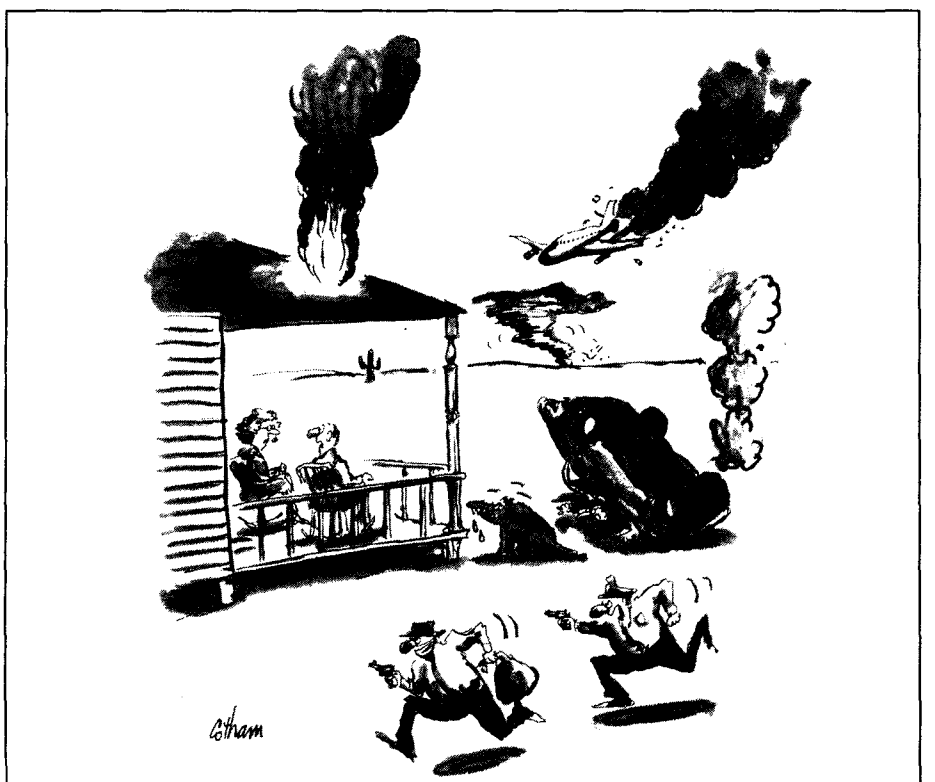
Pardon the pun, but your September cover story did justice to Justice Sandra Day O'Connor. Seriously, Justice O'Connor's ascension to the highest court in the land is an encouraging sign that all Americans, regardless of race, sex or creed, can realize their potential. Who knows, maybe Sandra Day O'Connor could achieve another milestone in 1988.

Steve Barnhoorn
Honeoye, New York

Thank you for the delicate, strong, real illustration Mr. Lupinski presented of Justice Day O'Connor on the cover of your September '85 issue.

The article itself was so well written that it was a pleasure to read. Thank you for some fine journalism. My hopes for the future would be to see the portrait of another interesting "Woman of Our Times"—our state's representative Pat Schroeder. We know so little of her, and *The Saturday Evening Post* could bring the warmth and factual presentation to us in much the same fashion that you brought us the beautiful glimpse into Justice O'Connor's life.

Alice Nigro
Denver, Colorado



"I hope this is no indication of what the rest of the day's going to be like!"

Out of the Woods

Friends joke that our home is so far in the woods I don't always know what's going on. This appears to be true as regards to the fact that I only recently discovered your terrific magazine. As one who cares about animals, I am grateful to see such a prestigious magazine carry articles about people's concern for animals. Especially good are those by the veterinarian whose answers to readers' questions reveal so much compassion.

Your April 1985 article "My Wife the Animalholic" meant a lot to me. Having written to many officials and other influential people on behalf of animals, I can appreciate Elizabeth Harris' similar efforts. Several years ago I worked to have the local humane society shift from using their old gas-chamber method of euthanasia to using the more humane sodium-phenobarbital injections. That effort was a success, but now, whenever I fail, my spirits will be bolstered by the following words by Gandhi you printed in your article: "Almost anything you do will be insignificant, but it is very important that you do it."

Sue Clements
DeLeon Springs, Florida

Cares about LifeCare

I just wanted to drop a line to let you know about something that has bothered me for months! I love your magazine and the artwork on your covers, but was very disappointed to find Jeane Kirkpatrick on the cover of the December 1984 issue, instead of your wonderful traditional Christmas scenes.

Oh, I was also wondering if you would do a segment on a fairly new and wonderful, nontraditional method of allergy testing and treating by the use of sublingual drops and nystatin (it's been wonderful for myself and friends), and a segment on the causes and treatment of agoraphobia.

Tina Covyeau
Mount Clemens, Michigan

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Oldies but Goodies

You know you're getting older when you start writing letters to the editor. I refer to the letter in the September issue, "Jaundiced Jokes," from Patricia Robinson, whose comments are a tempest in a teapot and out of context.

Dwelling at length on the term "old," she misses the point that this delightful feature relates to "getting older." It just so happens that more good examples of this kind of humor develop from self-appraisal within the ranks of the older generation.

Ms. Robinson, with commendable concern, seems to feel that old people will take the gibes personally. No way! Who do you suppose sends in these gems of wit? Our senior citizens—who have an inexhaustible sense of humor. My wife and I are 73, "getting older" and getting a bang out of friendly banter with our friends over our age and limitations.

I think words such as "ridicule," "insult" and "racial slur" are a bit strong when there is no intent to hurt or malign. They should be reserved for Don Rickles and Joan Rivers.

Getting older is life itself, full of surprises and interesting experiences, both good and bad. There is a lot of fun along the way, to which the older generation makes a unique contribution. Let's relax and enjoy it the same as Bob Hope and George Burns.

Loyd E. Larsen
Portland, Oregon

Regarding Patricia Robinson's letter "Jaundiced Jokes," September issue, that "old people" jokes are an insult, one of the best tests of mental health is an ability to laugh at yourself.

As a former nurse's aide, I assisted in the care of many elderly patients who exhibited one or more of the following qualities: (1) sexless (2) inactive (3) lived in the past (4) weak and out of shape (5) constantly fatigued (6) hypochondriac (7) forgetful and incompetent. I also took care of many who exhibited none of the above qualities. But the one factor, across the board, that made older persons seem young was that wonderful ability to laugh at themselves, stereotypes included.

I am fortunate enough to have a wonderful mother-in-law, whom I plan to emulate in that respect, who recently wrote me a letter beginning: "I must be getting old because. . ." as a joke. Mom Olmi always says, "Age isn't a number; it's the way you feel about yourself." She's been holding at 29 for years!

Nancy Olmi
Enid, Oklahoma

I enjoy your readers' letters but upon reading the letter entitled "Jaundiced Jokes" in the September issue, I was thoroughly annoyed by the writer's attitude and her lack of humor.

I am what you classify as a senior citizen now, and when I saw "You know you're getting older when. . ." it gave me a few laughs. I made up copies to send to my friends (who are my age and *older,* I might add) who also got a big kick out of the article.

With her dour outlook on life, her attitude will make her seem "older," which makes one age much faster than the normal rate. We get old soon enough in life, and articles like "You know you're getting older when. . ." help brighten our days.

Mrs. James E. Harris
Great Falls, Montana

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Boning Up on Fishing

Thank you for your help in tracing for me an article dated September 13, 1930. It was a remarkable achievement.

Some time after 1930, I was passing through Germany with my parents, to fish for trout in Bavaria. We stayed one night at a hotel in the Black Forest, and there I picked up an out-of-date copy of *The Saturday Evening Post* and read Mr. Francis Coe's article about "Al—A Bonefish."

I never forgot that article. Now, after all these years, I have an invitation to go to Florida next summer, to fish for bonefish and tarpon. I headed my letter to your archives department "A Forlorn Hope," but it was not a forlorn hope. Back by return [mail] came the article that makes just as good reading now as it did over 50 years ago, with, in between, Oxford University, the armed forces, six years in Ethiopia and Burma, then a lifetime of farming and fishing. I hope I catch that bonefish.

Lt. Lionel Leach
Stevenage, England

Chooses Not to Chew

July 24, 1985—an important date in our family, for it was the date we received the September issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*.

After more than 20 years of chewing tobacco (first tried it around age 14) and several attempts to quit the habit, my husband, Ron, read your second article in two months regarding chewing tobacco, pulled his can of Copenhagen from his back pocket and threw it in the trash. FOR GOOD!

Ron said later he'd never *really* believed chewing tobacco was dangerous—after all, the publicity is all about cigarettes. Chewing tobacco was thought to be the "safe" alternative to smoking. He'd heard reports on the effects of tobacco on radio or in a short article in the paper; he'd heard warnings from a dental-hygienist friend (Because *his* mouth looked healthy when examined, Ron rationalized that he was in no danger. . .of course if the mouth already has unhealthy spots, you're too late to prevent it!); and he'd heard concern from me. Although he wanted to quit, he just never had a strong enough reason to believe he *needed* to quit.

It took your no-nonsense article filled with facts and statistics and that all-too-real picture of oral cancer to convince Ron that the danger is real. We have three lovely daughters that he adores, and he plans to take no more chances in ensuring he will always be here to watch them grow and play.

Thank you for giving people the information they need to counteract the high-dollar advertising of the tobacco industry. Our family will be grateful forever.

Ginger Moody
Albuquerque, New Mexico

There is something knavish and ignoble about the *Post*'s implicit support for lawsuits against the tobacco companies ("Getting Tough on Snuff" by Hortense Myers, Sept. 1985).

Let me mention at once that I have never smoked and do not own stock in tobacco companies, but this is beside the point. The fact that tobacco is dangerous has been well-known and publicized for over 20 years.

It is true the dangers of snuff have not been quite so well told, but even so, anyone who uses tobacco essentially has himself to blame. There is far too much avoidance of responsibility and resulting litigiousness nowadays. It dismays me that the *Post* would add fuel to the fire of the whole odious business. Please understand I applaud the article, but it should have confined itself to the dangers of tobacco.

Beverly C. Meyer
Walnut Creek, California

I read the article "Getting Tough on Snuff" in the September issue. While Sean Marsee's death was a tragic loss, I want to know: Where was his mother when he used snuff so heavily? Sean started when he was 12. Didn't Mrs. Marsee have the courage to forbid it? Twelve-year-olds are not capable of making long-term decisions about their health. They don't have the knowledge or the experience in such crucial matters. It is up to the parents to say, "No! You may not use this. It's bad for your health." And then stick to it!

Mrs. Marsee wants to give children proof and let them make up their own minds. Would she do this if a child wanted to drink drain cleaner? Or mainline heroin? Or eat rat poison? There are times when a parent *must* step in and issue rules and commands, even if the child does not like it. You can't let a child make deci-

"A Mr. Albright is suing you for malpractice—you gave him pills that lowered his resistance, and he bought land in Florida."

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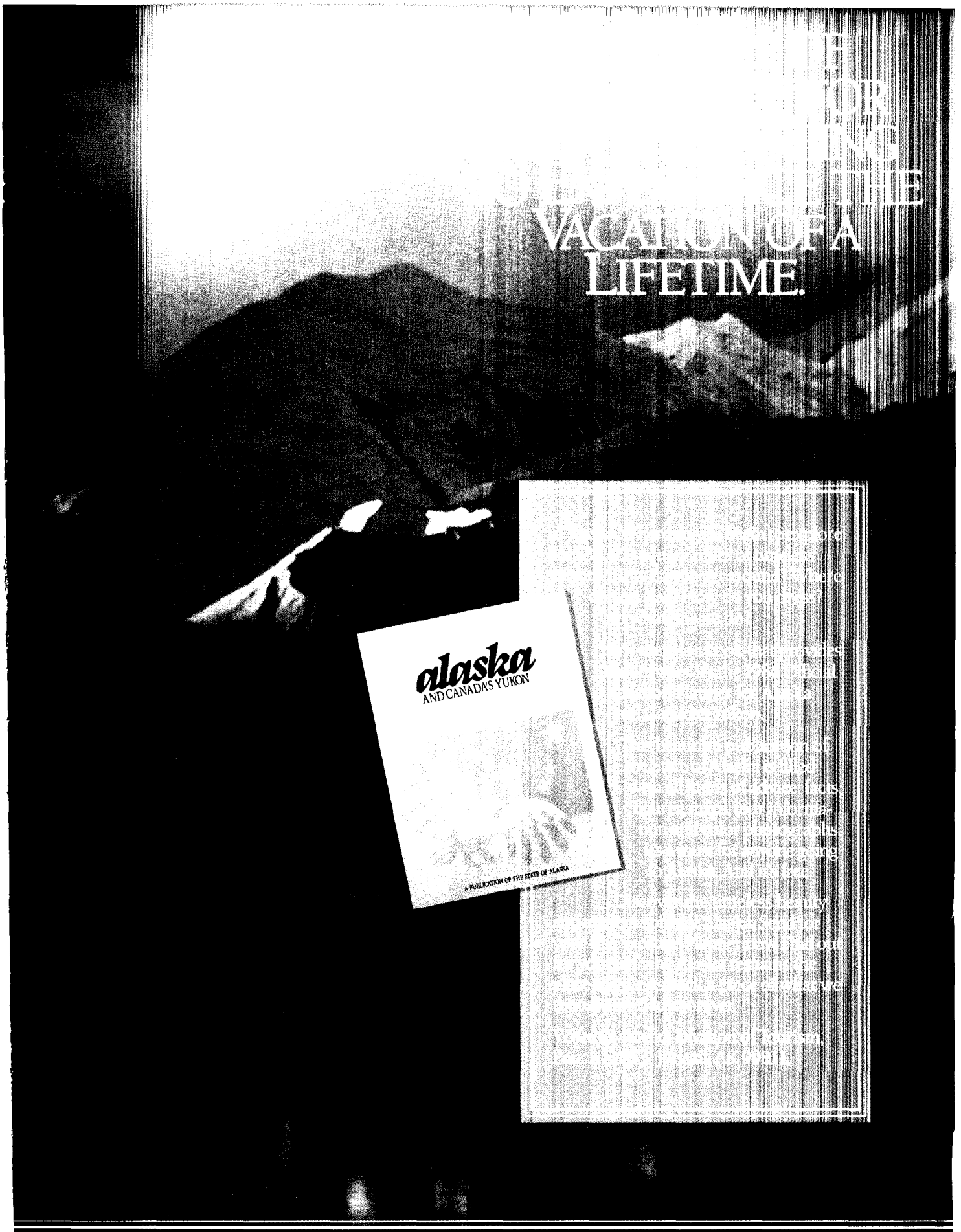

A L A S K A

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How to

Everyone will see fall favorites in a new light when you make these brilliant harvest treats. With Jell-O Brand Gelatin.

Whip up a glittering pumpkin parfait. A sparkling new way to serve grapes. Or a glowing harvest moon salad.

If you think their faces light up over these new recipes, wait till you see what we're up to for the holidays!

Great Pumpkin Parfait

1 package (5 oz.) JELL-O Brand Orange Flavor Gelatin
1 cup boiling water
1 package (4-serving size) Jell-O Vanilla Flavor Instant Pudding and Pie Filling
1 cup cold milk
1/2 teaspoon pumpkin pie spice
1 can (16 oz.) pumpkin
1 cup thawed Birds Eye Cool Whip Whipped Topping
1/4 cup cold water

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Prepare pudding as directed on package, using 1 cup milk and beating 1 minute. Blend in spice and 1/2 cup gelatin. Chill until thickened. Then beat until fluffy. Blend in pumpkin. Fold in whipped topping. Spoon into dessert glasses. Chill. Add cold water to remaining gelatin. Chill until slightly thickened. Spoon into glasses. 10 servings. If you're counting calories, try making this recipe with Sugar Free Jell-O Gelatin.

sions when it's a matter of life and death. That's up to parents.

For Sean to have died so young and so terribly from cancer means that he used tobacco heavily and often. Mrs. Marsee should have said "NO!" more often. Maybe he'd still be here if she had.

Monica Pink
Jordan, Minnesota

This is my response to Lawrence White's article "Suing the Tobacco Companies" in the July/August '85 issue. After years of voluntary smoking and never being concerned if their habit bothered others or their own health, despite uncountable reports on how bad smoking has been, they are quite mistaken to think they can succeed in suing the tobacco companies for their health problems. They foolishly succumbed to advertising and to peer pressure, and for years have wanted the right to smoke as they pleased and wherever they wanted, and they have their so-called rights supported by prosmoking groups and probably even by the American Civil Liberties Union. But now, feeling that the tobacco companies should be held liable for knowingly placing a dangerous product on the market, they should now be given compensation.

I feel there is no way whatsoever tobacco users should be awarded even one red cent for voluntarily using a product that was widely reported to be unhealthful and addictive, as well as a public nuisance. Unlike unsafe toys and unsafe cars and other products, cigarette packs have had a warning label clearly printed on them, so that old adage "let the buyer beware" clearly places the consequences on the smoking public in this case. The ruling by Judge Sarokin that warning labels on cigarette packs do not exempt tobacco companies from suits can always be overturned.

This is one time and the only time I am going to be on the side of the tobacco companies in any of the law-

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light up fall.

Harvest Moon Medley

2 packages (3 oz. each) JELL-O Brand Lemon Flavor Gelatin
2 cups boiling water
2 packages (3 oz. each) cream cheese, softened
1-1/2 cups cold water
15 apple or pear slices
1 cup chopped apples or pears
1/2 cup chopped nuts

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add cold water. Reserve 1-1/2 cups. Chill remainder until thickened. Pour into 6-cup mold. Arrange the apple slices in gelatin. Chill until set but not firm. Beat cheese until smooth. Blend in reserved gelatin. Fold in apples and nuts. Chill until slightly thickened. Spoon into mold. Chill at least 4 hours. Unmold. 11 servings. If you're counting calories, try making this recipe with Sugar Free Jell-O® Gelatin.

Gala Grape Frost

1 package (3 oz.) JELL-O Brand Raspberry Flavor Gelatin
3/4 cup boiling water
1/2 cup Welch's® Grape Juice —purple or white
3/4 cup seedless grapes
Ice cubes

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Combine grape juice and ice cubes to make 1-1/4 cups. Add to gelatin. Stir until slightly thickened. Remove unmelted ice. Measure 1-1/3 cups gelatin; fold in grapes. Spoon into bowl; chill until set but not firm. Whip remaining gelatin until almost double in volume. Pour into bowl. Chill. 6 servings. If you're counting calories, try making this recipe with Sugar Free Jell-O® Gelatin.

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GENERAL FOODS

We're up to something good.

suits against them. In support of their current warning on cigarette packs, I'd like to suggest a backup warning, such as "voluntary use of this product absolves the manufacturer of any and all liability."

Allen Trask
San Bernardino, California

I am interested in obtaining the addresses of lawyers, John Banzhaf III of ASH, the Boston-based Tobacco Products Liability Project, etc. Could you furnish me with those? I am referring to the article "Suing the Tobacco Companies."

Also, a recent issue included an article on lung transplants by a Canadian physician—"Let's Hear It for Lungs." Could you furnish me with any addresses on this subject? Anyone I can contact?

My husband has emphysema, and I am interested in pursuing possibilities of suit and transplant.

Nancy Hibbard
West Chester, Pennsylvania

Flag Flap

I have never written to a magazine or newspaper before but decided to after reading your August 1985 issue. It has bothered me for some time now to read a certain phrase in various newspapers, rarely seeing it written correctly. After reading it in a magazine of the quality of yours, I decided to say something.

On page 45 in the story on Elvis Presley, lower left-hand corner—you wrote: "Flags flew at half-mast in three states. . . ." It should have read "half-staff." A mast is on a ship, and it sounds ridiculous to say this. You are not the only ones making this mistake.

Anonymous
Salem, Oregon

Our source, the Random House Dictionary of the English Language, *says the definition of "half-staff" is "half-mast" and that a mast is* "any *[our emphasis] upright pole."*

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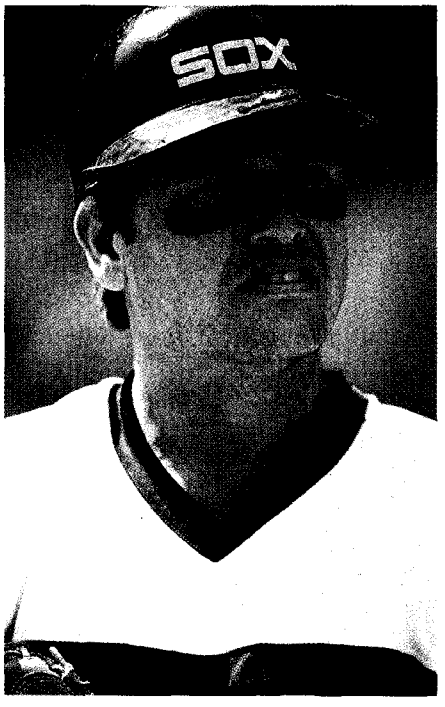
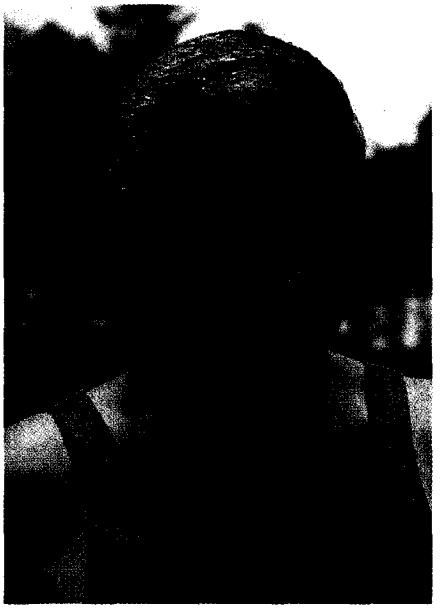
Post People

Pat Robertson, the proud father, happily takes to the background as his daughter ***Anne*** and her bridegroom, ***Michael Steirhoff,*** toss garter and bouquet over their shoulders.

Michael and Anne were beautifully wed in the atrium of the CBN University library with her father and Ben Kinchlow officiating.

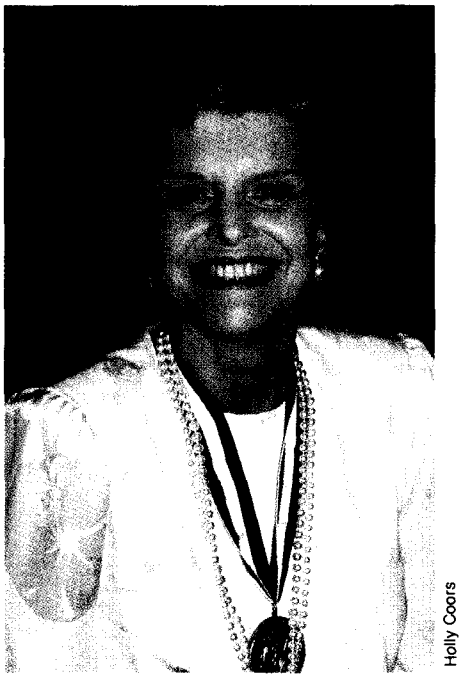


Besides catching baseballs for the Chicago White Sox, ***Carlton Fisk*** also caught plenty of flak for advocating smokeless tobacco on TV commercials. "I was getting letters from people asking how I could lead America's youth astray," he says. So Fisk has joined a growing line-up of sports figures who have gone to bat against chewing tobacco and snuff.



Richard Lugar, a robust U.S. senator from Indiana and a confirmed jogger, is running a campaign against snuff addiction, a growing problem among American youth. The senator will introduce a bill requiring warning labels on all smokeless-tobacco products. Until the warnings are replaced by a Surgeon General's statement, the senator will expound on the subject via individual mailers to state senators and in the Congressional Record.

"I have three diseases, not one of which has a cure," ***Betty Ford*** says. "I have had cancer. I have the disease of chemical dependency. And I have osteoarthritis, which is always with me." All three of her afflictions are



Holly Coors

prevalent among women, Mrs. Ford says. "I feel very fortunate that I have learned to live with every single one of them—to face up to them and cope."

When ***Gavin MacLeod*** and his former wife, ***Patti,*** were reunited through an organization called Born-Again Marriages, their ceremony was witnessed

by 1,000 BAM members as well as ***Pat Boone*** and his wife, ***Shirley***. Shirley Boone sent Patti to her first BAM meeting. No word had passed between the MacLeods for three years.

"This is the most important and meaningful moment of my life," said the tearful MacLeod, 53, after again setting sail with his co-captain.

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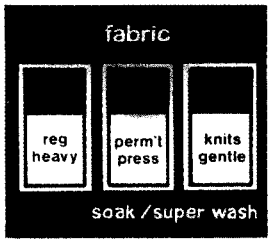
Whirlpool washers and dryers help lighten your work load.

Whirlpool® washers and dryers are designed to make laundry day less of a chore... and make your world a little easier.

Let us tell you how.

A variety of cycles for a variety of fabrics.

Rest assured that every Whirlpool washer is designed to be tough on dirt, yet gentle on today's fabrics. We have a cycle for permanent press that helps prevent wrinkles. A gentle cycle for delicate knits. An adjustable water level control that lets you use *only* the right amount of water and energy. Even controls that allow you to select the right water temperature, and agitation and spin speeds. And on our models with Solid State controls, you can do it all at the touch of a finger.



We have self-cleaning lint filters that do this messy job for you. Even washers that dispense bleach and fabric softeners automatically, at the right time, and in the right way.

Dryers that take it easy on your clothes...and you.

Whirlpool dryers offer a variety of features that can make the other half of laundry day easier, too. There's a Tumble Press® setting that helps cut down on ironing. A special setting for your washable knits. And because there are so many different fabrics, Whirlpool dryers are available with up to four different temperature levels.

Sizes and capacities for any size home.

Different families have different laundry needs. That's why Whirlpool washers and dryers are available in a wide variety of styles. We have washers that can handle *up to 18 lbs.* of heavy fabric and denim. And a Thin Twin® laundry system that's small enough to fit into a standard-sized closet...and still do a big job.

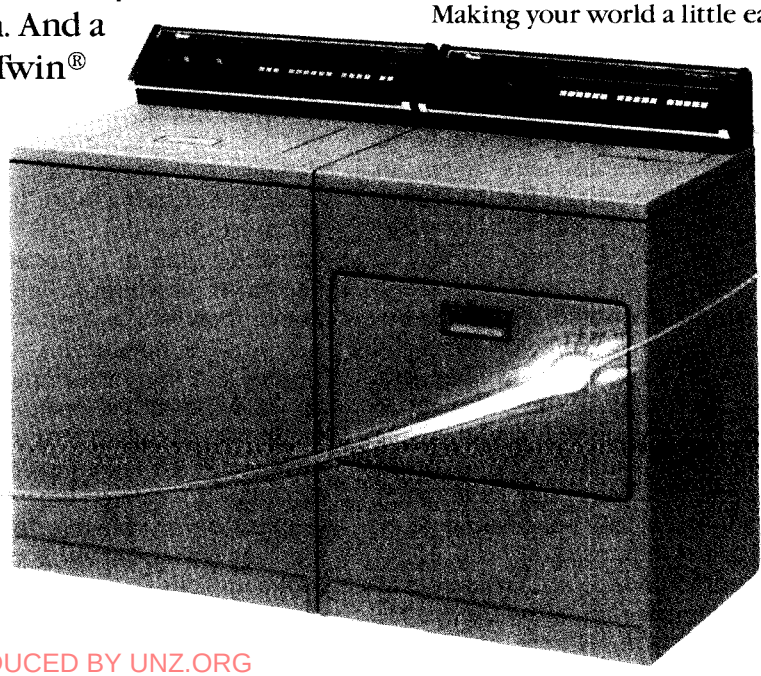
A promise of quality that we stand behind.

Every Whirlpool appliance is backed by our promise of good, honest quality. It's a promise that we're proud of, and we support it with helpful programs that include our toll-free, 24-hour Cool-Line® service.* To us, it's just another way we can save you some time...and make your world a little easier.

*Call 800-253-1301.
In Alaska and Hawaii, 800-253-1121.
In Michigan, 800-632-2243.

Whirlpool
Home Appliances

Making your world a little easier.



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OF MICE AND KIN

A daughter's science project brings dad into mid-life crisis.

by Bud Herron

Illustrated by Jerry Pressler

The minute I saw Zorro, our family cat, sitting outside my daughter's bedroom door with a loaf of bread and a jar of mustard, I knew something was wrong.

I was right. It seemed my daughter had purchased a mouse.

"No one buys mice," I told her in disbelief when she finally confessed. "People don't want to live with mice. They want to mutilate them in little steel traps and throw them in the trash. And if someone were dumb enough to buy a mouse, that person wouldn't expect it to live in a house with a cat. I mean, human beings and cats have conspired for 5,000 years to rid this planet of mice. You're just teasing daddy and the cat, aren't you?"

She was not teasing.

She said that the mouse was part of her sixth-grade science project, that she planned to train it to be smarter than a human being, that such an accomplishment would earn her an "A" in science. (And depending upon the person used in the experiment, I suppose such an accomplishment might or might not be worth an "A"—or even a brief mention in *Scientific American* or in the *New England Journal of Medicine*.)

She said she would choose the human for the experiment very carefully. The mouse, named Abdula Oblongata (Abby for short), would be taught to figure out a maze more quickly than the human being could. She called the experiment "Of Mice and Men"—not original, but catchy nonetheless.

I was not impressed. My lack of enthusiasm for the project, however, was more than made up for by the cat. He was overjoyed to the point of insomnia and hyperactivity.

The mouse spent the first night at our house in an empty aquarium in my daughter's bedroom. The cat spent that night charging down the hall and ramming the door—all the while screaming like a 600-pound middle linebacker who hasn't tasted red meat in two months.

I spent the night trying to catch the cat and put him in the laundry room so we could all get some sleep. The mouse was oblivious to it all. He just sat there in the aquarium, ripping up newspapers, eating hors d'oeuvres supplied by my daughter, spilling his water and complaining about the accommodations.

I don't know whether people are smarter than mice, but indications are that the mouse slept, ate and lived quite well through all this turmoil. If it were his house, I doubt that he would have invited the cat and me to share in the good times.

But as it turned out, both the mouse and the good times were short-lived. Only a few days after the mouse took over our home, my daughter made the fatal error of asking my son and me to watch over it one Saturday while she baby-sat. Our task, she told us, was simply to keep the cat and the mouse in different rooms.

For several hours we did pretty well, too. Then we returned from a brief shopping trip to find the mouse' glass house upside down on the floor. The cat sat like a ceramic figurine in the corner, smiled crookedly and swished just the end of his tail every now and then.

The mouse was gone. The cat wouldn't discuss its whereabouts, but we could surmise from his attitude that it had not simply decided to duck out for a bite of cheese.

Signs of struggle were everywhere. The nest the mouse had made in the aquarium was scattered about the room. My son said he imagined death had come quickly, for not even a tuft of fur had been left unconsumed.

I personally felt some relief.

Now I can sleep at night, I thought, *instead of listening to the cat charge down the hallway and throw his body at my daughter's bedroom door in his obsession to end the little creature's life.*

Then we heard it . . . just a slight, distant squeak.

"Did you hear that, dad?" my son asked.

"Didn't hear a thing," I lied, hoping we were both wrong.

"Here it is!" he screamed, pointing to a place on the carpet near the head of the bed. There it was, indeed . . . crippled, half dead and obviously suffering from acute internal injuries.

I looked harshly at the cat in the corner. The cat whistled a bit and

continued on page 98

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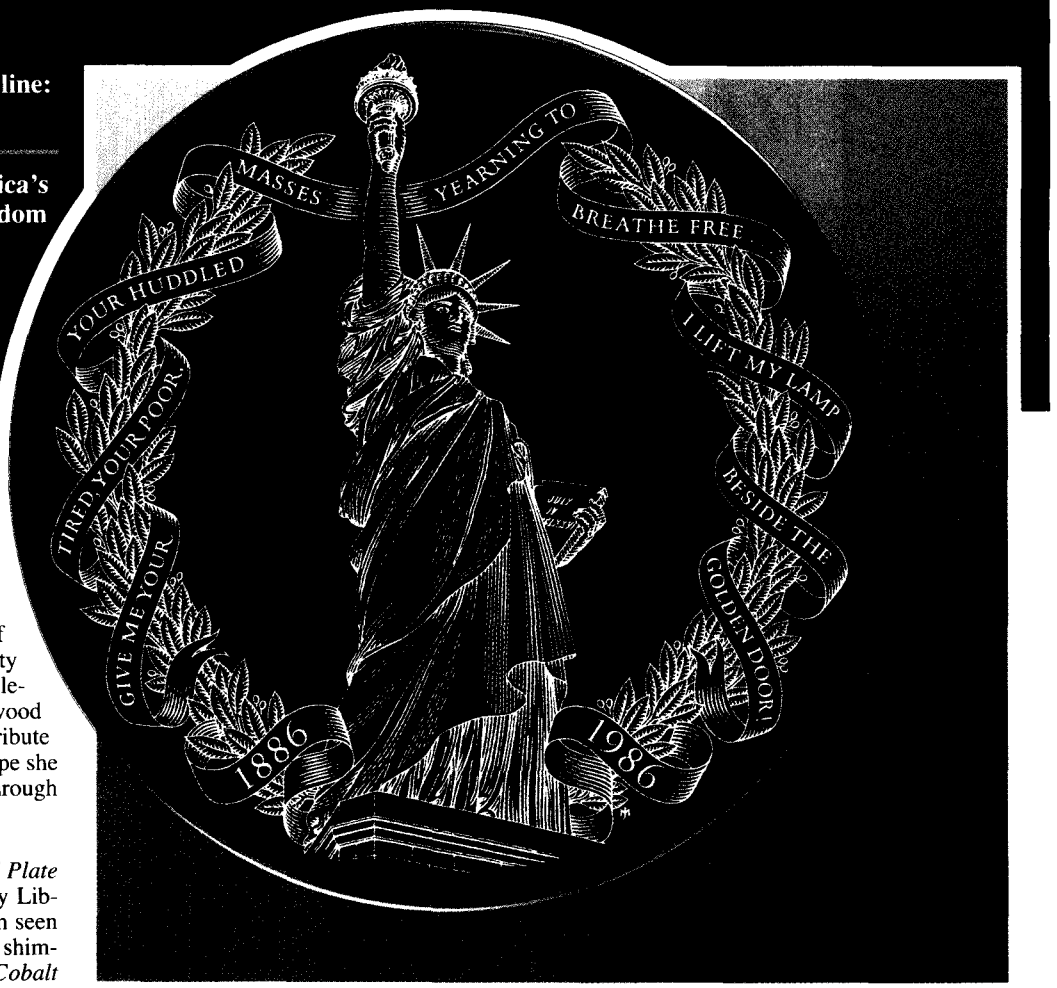
The Statue of Liberty Centennial Plate

Advance Commissioning Deadline: November 30, 1985

An inspiring tribute to America's most cherished symbol of Freedom issued on the occasion of its one hundredth anniversary.



For one hundred years the Statue of Liberty has stood in New York Harbor, pointing the way to the promised land of America for untold thousands yearning to breathe free.

In 1986, America will celebrate the centennial of the dedication of this most cherished symbol of liberty and in honor of this important milestone in American history, Fleetwood will issue a beautiful and lasting tribute to honor "Lady Liberty" and the hope she has given all who have passed through Freedom's golden door.

A shimmering tribute

The Statue of Liberty Centennial Plate is an extraordinary tribute to "Lady Liberty" for it brings together a seldom seen combination of superb artistry — shimmering *24-karat gold* and *lustrous Cobalt Blue* on fine porcelain. First fired on porcelain centuries ago, the beauty of Cobalt Blue is undisputed . . . but exceedingly difficult to achieve.

Indeed, *The Statue of Liberty Centennial Plate* is a rare collecting opportunity. One can only imagine the worth of such a collector's plate bought a century ago to honor the Statue of Liberty when it was first dedicated. To our knowledge, no such plate was produced. But today, you have an opportunity to acquire a handsome plate marking the centennial of the Statue of Liberty's dedication . . . and it will be cherished for generations.

A treasure of artistic beauty

To create a design for *The Statue of Liberty Centennial Plate* of an elegance appropriate both to the medium and to the historic occasion, Fleetwood turned to noted artist Jeffery Matthews. A master of the arts of calligraphy and heraldry, he has captured both the imposing beauty of the Statue of Liberty and inspiring words from Emma Lazarus's poem "Give me your tired, your poor . . .", inscribed on the Statue's base, in pure 24-karat gold.

In addition, each plate will be decorated with a band of 24-karat gold and will also bear the artist's signature on the back stamp in 24-karat gold. Furthermore, each plate will be accompanied by a Certificate of Registration and Authenticity, display stand and historical booklet.

Plate shown smaller than actual size of 8½ inches in diameter.
Fleetwood is a division of Unicover Corporation.

A strictly limited edition

The Statue of Liberty Centennial Plate will be a strictly limited edition. Private commissions will be accepted only until the rededication of the Statue of Liberty on October 28, 1986. The edition will then be closed *forever*. There is a strict further limit of two plates per collector.

To personally commission your *Statue of Liberty Centennial Plate*, you need send only $25 per plate. Or, use your credit card and telephone us Toll Free. The balance of $25 per plate will be billed with shipment. All shipping and insurance costs are included. Your plate will be shipped to you approximately eight weeks after acceptance of your commission.

Don't miss this opportunity to acquire a one-of-a-kind Plate marking an historic milestone in American history. Commission your *Statue of Liberty Centennial Plate* by the Advance Commissioning Deadline of November 30, 1985.

Use your credit card and telephone your order Toll Free or mail your commission authorization today to: The Fleetwood Collection, One Unicover Center, Cheyenne, Wyoming, 82008-0001.

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COMMISSION AUTHORIZATION

The Statue of Liberty Centennial Plate

The Fleetwood Collection
Cheyenne, Wyoming 82008-0001

Please accept my personal commissioning authorization for _____ (limit 2) *The Statue of Liberty Centennial Plate(s)*. I will allow 8 weeks after acceptance of my commission for shipment.

I prefer to pay as follows:

☐ **DIRECTLY.** I enclose $25 for each plate ordered and will be billed an additional $25 for each plate with shipment. Total remittance enclosed: $_____ .

☐ **BY CREDIT CARD.** Please charge my credit card $25 for each plate ordered now, and the remaining $25 per plate with shipment:

☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express
☐ Visa ☐ Diners Club

Card No. _____ Expires _____

Signature _____
All commissions subject to acceptance

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Use your CREDIT CARD and phone
TOLL FREE: 1-800-443-3232; 1-800-421-1689 in Alaska and Hawaii; 1-800-821-9753 in Canada.
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SOUTH FOR THANKSGIVING

The turkey's on and the corn bread's steaming, for a Southern-style holiday feast beyond compare.

by Jacquelyn R. Nyenhuis

Southern hospitality has always meant one thing for certain—good food, especially at Thanksgiving, when all that's scrumptious and finger licking from the South's long dining tradition converges at a single table. The ante-bellum period, when Southern sociability reached its zenith, may be gone, but many old plantation homes survive to remind us of the splendid settings—and recipes from the once bustling brick kitchens have been handed down as well.

Just as in the North, the centerpiece of the Southern table was likely to be a fowl, often a turkey, for turkeys roamed wild in the Southern states long after their Northern cousins had been decimated by Pilgrim descendants.

Naturally, Southerners added seasonings to suit their more piquant tastes. A pear-and-garlic stuffing might make the difference between an ordinary bird and one Rhett Butler might have savored with delight.

Other plantation recipes reflect the foods such as nutritious black-eyed peas that grew profusely in Southern ground. Dried, they became a staple, the object of many a skilled cook's experiments with onion, celery, garlic, bay and thyme.

Greens were and are legion in the South. One legendary recipe, Spinach Madeline, accommodates them all, take your pick—turnip, mustard, kale, dandelion or spinach. Even those who eschew greens will like them in this elaborated state, rendered irresistible by a cheesy sauce.

Old times are not forgotten in this traditional Thanksgiving meal, set at Louisiana's Rosedown Plantation, that features turkey stuffed with pears and garlic, corn-bread dressings, Spinach Madeline and black-eyed peas.

No Southern repast would be complete without corn bread, a hallmark of the South. Southerners have often scoffed at Northern corn bread, the highly refined, milled variety they regard as fit only for chickens and cattle. Much preferred is their own coarse, water-ground meal that makes a looser bread with a slightly bitter taste. For a real Southern corn-bread-like flavor, plus added nutrition, use high-lysine corn meal when preparing Corn-Bread Dressing and Déjà-Vu Corn Sticks.

Lest any Southerner take the Cranberry Chutney for a flaw in this all-Southern plantation dinner, the recipe is definitely Southern, for cranberries on the table were once a statement by landowners wealthy enough to import the tart delicacy.

For your Southern meal, select a turkey without butter, margarine or other fats added. Other dishes in this menu have been selected with low calories and low fat in mind.

Succulent Roast Turkey
(Serves 8 to 10)

Stuffing the bird with pears, garlic and peppercorns adds a wonderful flavor.

Turkey (12 to 16 pounds)
3 pears, cut into quarters
6 cloves garlic
1 tablespoon peppercorns

Wash turkey in cold water. Place pears, garlic and peppercorns in the cavity of bird. Fasten neck skin to body with skewer. Push legs under band of skin at tail. Place turkey, breast side up, on rack in shallow open roasting pan. Insert meat thermometer in thigh muscle or in thickest part of breast. (Thermometer should not touch any bone.) Place loose covering of foil over turkey. Roast at 325° F. for 4½-5½ hours or until meat thermometer registers 180° F.

Déjà-Vu Corn Sticks
(Makes 1 dozen)

A crispy crust and a moist center make these corn sticks a favorite.

2 cups high-lysine corn meal
1½ cups whole-wheat flour
2 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon baking powder
2 eggs
½ cup cooking oil
1½ cups milk

Combine dry ingredients in large mixing bowl. Beat in eggs, oil and milk; mix well. Grease or spray small corn-

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Remember when a wild party was hotdogs, 2 pieces of cake, and playing pin the tail on the donkey?

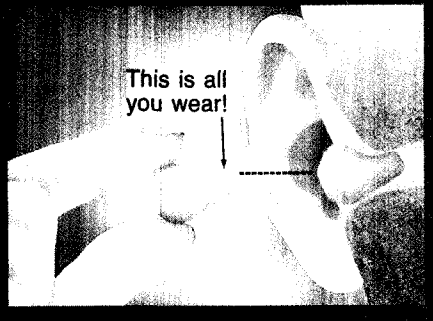
That house full of 9-year olds made New Year's Eve in Times Square seem tame. Your little birthday girl blew out all the candles on the first try and seven out of ten chocolate-covered faces turned slightly green from too much cake.

In the midst of it all, you may have longed for a little peace and quiet. Your daughter's grown now and having parties of her own. But, for you it may be difficult to join in... to laugh along...simply because you may be missing parts of conversations. Family gatherings are just not as enjoyable as they used to be.

Hearing help for nerve deafness.

If you hear, but don't always understand the words...Miracle-Ear may be your answer. The popular Miracle-Ear canal aid is a comfortable "custom-fit" hearing instrument designed to help symptoms of nerve deafness like hearing only parts of words...straining to hear...or asking others to repeat. Miracle-Ear canal aid has no cords, tubes, or wires; it's so small, almost unnoticeable.

Of course, not everyone can be helped with a hearing aid, but many have. You owe it to yourself and your family to find out if Miracle-Ear is right for you.



To learn more about Miracle-Ear, complete the postage-paid card today, or call now, toll-free 1-800-245-HEAR.

Miracle-Ear...we're helping people listen to life...again.

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stick molds. Preheat oven to 500° F. Place corn-stick molds in oven until very hot. Carefully spoon batter into hot molds. Bake for 10-12 minutes or until golden brown.

Corn-Bread Dressing
(Serves 8)

Use corn bread made from high-lysine corn meal for a dressing with added nutrition.

1 recipe Déjà-Vu Corn Sticks
3½ cups whole-wheat bread crumbs
¼ cup margarine
1 small onion, chopped
1 cup chopped celery
½ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon poultry seasoning
½ teaspoon sage
1 egg, slightly beaten
½ cup milk
2 cups hot chicken broth

Prepare recipe for corn sticks as directed except pour batter into 9" sprayed or greased baking dish. Bake as directed. When cool enough to handle, crumble into large mixing bowl. Add whole-wheat bread crumbs. Melt margarine in small skillet. Add onion and celery; cook until tender. Stir into bread crumbs; add remaining ingredients and mix well. Spoon into 8"x12" baking dish. Bake at 400° F. for 20-25 minutes or until heated through.

Flavorful Black-eyed Peas
(Serves 8)

Traditionally, salt pork is used to flavor black-eyed peas. To reduce fat, cholesterol and calories, herbs and vegetables are substituted.

1 pound dried black-eyed peas
1 large onion, chopped
1 cup chopped celery
2 cloves garlic, minced
1 bay leaf
½ teaspoon thyme
½ teaspoon pepper

Rinse and sort peas. Combine peas and 8 cups water in large pan. Bring to a boil and reduce heat; add remaining ingredients. Cover and simmer for about 2 hours or until peas are creamy and soft. Remove bay leaf before serving.

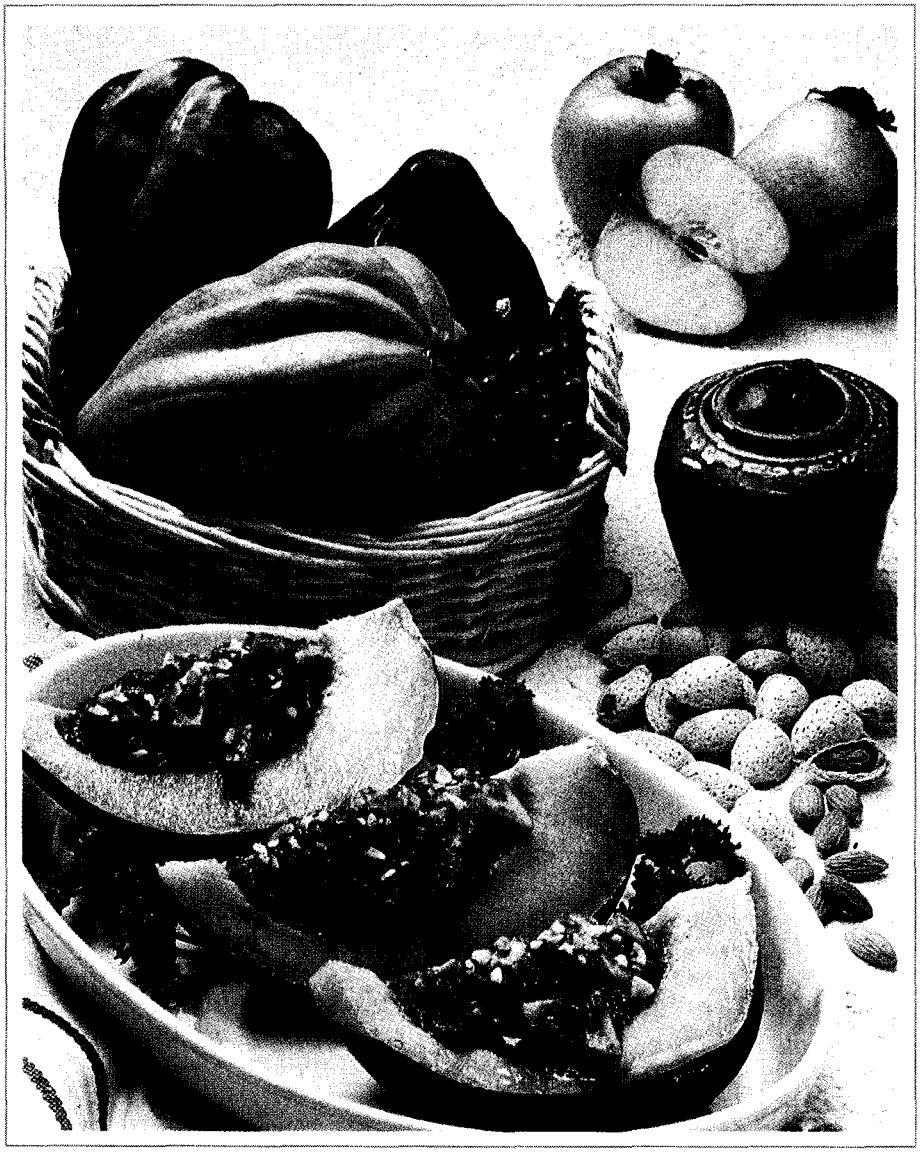
Harvest Baked Squash
(Serves 4)

*1 extra-large acorn squash**
6 tablespoons margarine
1 large, tart green apple, seeded and chopped
1 can (1 lb.) whole-berry cranberry sauce
1 tablespoon minced, preserved or crystallized ginger
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ cup diced roasted almonds

Quarter squash; remove seeds. Place in large pan filled with about 1 inch of water, or in a large steamer. Cover; bring to a boil and steam squash 15-20 minutes until just tender. Cool. Place squash, cut side up, in an oven-proof baking dish. Meanwhile, melt margarine in saucepan. Saute apple until lightly browned and tender. Stir in cranberry sauce, ginger, cinnamon and all but 2 tablespoons almonds. Remove from heat and spoon into squash. Top with remaining almonds. Bake in a 400° F. oven about 10 minutes until hot.
* or use 2 small squash, halved

Spinach Madeline
(Serves 8)

2 cups cooked, chopped spinach
¼ cup margarine
1 tablespoon flour
2 tablespoons finely chopped onion
½ cup milk
1 cup cubed American cheese
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
½ teaspoon Creole Seasoning®
2 tablespoons bread crumbs



Harvest-baked Squash stuffed with sautéed apples and cranberries can serve as a healthy side dish to a turkey dinner or as a delicious dessert.

continued on following page

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from The Saturday Evening Post

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Place spinach in 1½-quart casserole dish; set aside. Melt margarine in small skillet; stir in flour until smooth. Add onion and milk, and cook over low heat. Stir constantly until mixture thickens; boil 1 minute. Add cheese and seasonings; mix until well blended. Pour over spinach. Sprinkle top with bread crumbs. Bake at 350° F. for 25-30 minutes or until heated through.

Sweet-Potato Casserole
(Serves 8)

Pineapple and coconut lend a festive touch and extra sweetness to this sweet-potato casserole and make additional sugar and butter unnecessary.

4 large sweet potatoes, baked and peeled
1 can (8¼ oz.) crushed pineapple, drained
1 cup chopped pecans
1 cup flaked coconut

Cut baked sweet potatoes into 1-inch pieces. Place pieces in 1½-quart casserole. Top with pineapple, pecans and coconut. Bake at 325° F. for 15-20 minutes or until coconut is lightly browned.

Whole-Grain Bread Pudding
(Serves 8)

No sugar is used in this dessert—the fruit adds its own sweetness.

3 cups whole-wheat bread cubes
3 cups milk
2 eggs, slightly beaten
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 can (8¼ oz.) crushed pineapple, drained
1 medium banana, sliced
½ cup raisins

Combine bread cubes and milk in large mixing bowl. Let stand 15-20 minutes or until bread is softened. Stir in remaining ingredients. Pour into greased or sprayed 9"-square baking dish. Bake at 375° F. for 30-35 minutes or until pudding is set (the center will still be soft). Serve warm.

Harvest Pie
(Serves 8)

Butternut, buttercup or Hubbard squash can be used for this recipe. Remember, the deeper orange the squash, the more nutrients it's likely to contain.

Pastry for one 9" pie shell
1½ cups mashed, cooked squash
¼ cup brown sugar
1 tablespoon flour
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon ginger
1 egg, slightly beaten
1½ cups milk
1 cup pecan halves

Combine squash, sugar, flour, cinnamon, nutmeg and ginger in large mixing bowl. Add egg and milk; beat until well-blended. Pour into pastry shell; bake at 450° F. for 15 minutes. Reduce heat to 325° F. Sprinkle top of pie with pecans. Bake 40 more minutes or until pie is firm to the touch.

Apple-Filled Acorn-Squash Delight
(Serves 8)

Apple juice sweetens apple slices and blueberries just right. The applesauce fills the centers of the tender acorn squash.

3 medium acorn squash
1 tablespoon margarine
2 cups chopped apples
1½ teaspoons cornstarch
½ cup apple juice
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
½ cup fresh blueberries

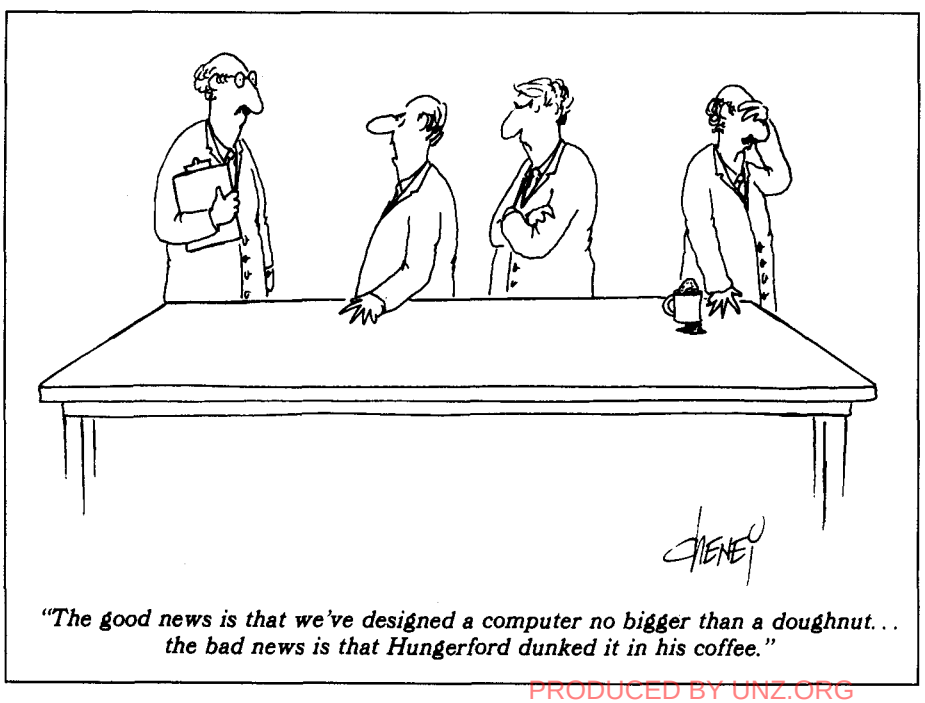
Halve and seed acorn squash. Place cut side down in shallow baking pan. Bake at 350° F. for 30 minutes or until almost tender. Melt margarine in small saucepan; add apples and cook until tender. Dissolve cornstarch in apple juice and stir into apple mixture. Add cinnamon. Cook over low heat; stir constantly until mixture thickens and boils 1 minute. Spoon into baked-squash halves. Return squash to oven and bake additional 20-30 minutes. Garnish with fresh blueberries.

Cranberry Chutney
(Serves 8)

Serve this delicious relish in fresh oranges that have been transformed into individual dishes.

10 unpeeled oranges
4 cups raw cranberries
1 package (0.3 oz.) sugar-free strawberry gelatin
1 cup boiling water
1 cup cold water

Process cranberries and two oranges until coarse in food processor or in food grinder; set aside. Dissolve gelatin in boiling water; stir in cold water. Add processed oranges and cranberries. Refrigerate until slightly thickened. Cut a slice from the top of each remaining orange and remove pulp; save for later. Spoon thickened gelatin mixture into remaining oranges; mound mixture slightly. Refrigerate until set.



"The good news is that we've designed a computer no bigger than a doughnut... the bad news is that Hungerford dunked it in his coffee."

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If you want to quit smoking for good, see your doctor

New knowledge about the smoking habit

Two major factors in cigarette smoking have long been recognized—psychological and social factors. Now research has clearly revealed a third important link in the habit—*physical dependence on nicotine*, which slowly but surely develops in many smokers. When people first start smoking, their bodies must get used to the nicotine. After smoking becomes a habit, their bodies may *depend* on getting nicotine.

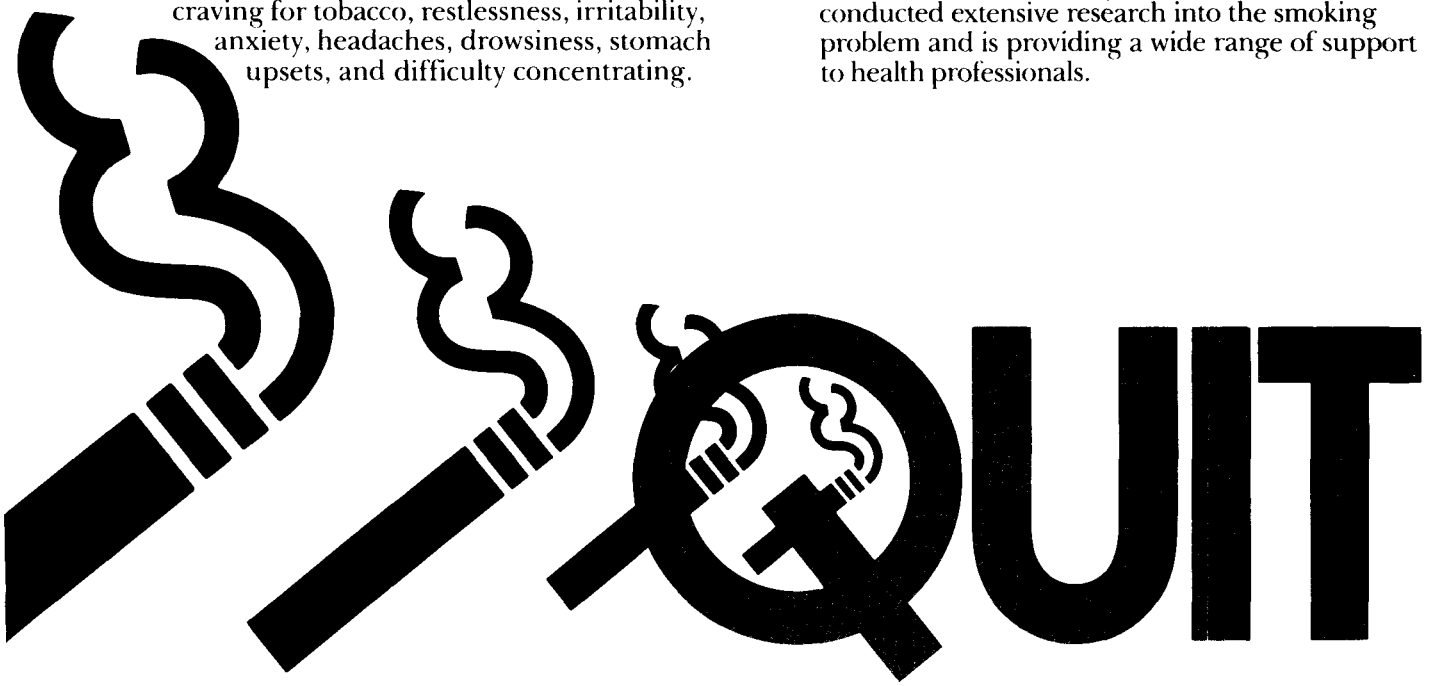
Why a total program approach is needed to break the habit

When smokers try to quit, the body often reacts to the withdrawal of nicotine. This can result in craving for tobacco, restlessness, irritability, anxiety, headaches, drowsiness, stomach upsets, and difficulty concentrating.

Because these effects can defeat even a strong willpower, your chances of quitting successfully are greater with a program that provides an alternative source of nicotine to help alleviate tobacco withdrawal while you concentrate on breaking the habit.

How your doctor and Merrell Dow can help you succeed

If you are determined enough to sustain a strong effort, your chances of breaking the smoking habit are better than ever. Now your doctor can provide a treatment to help control nicotine withdrawal symptoms, materials to help you overcome the psychological and social factors, plus valuable counseling and follow-up. Merrell Dow has conducted extensive research into the smoking problem and is providing a wide range of support to health professionals.



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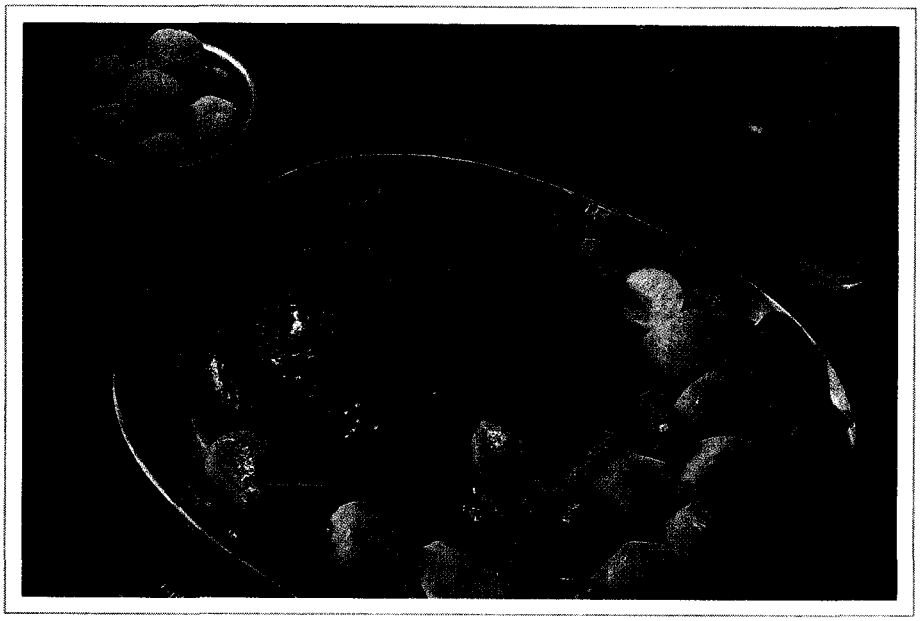
TEMPTING MICROWAVE TURKEY

Microwave good-by to the fuss of a Thanksgiving feast by putting only your favorite turkey parts into the oven.



If the Pilgrims had had the technology, they might well have used a microwave oven during their feast of plenty. If you love turkey, but your family is small—or if it's just you and your spouse, and you can't see spending the time for thawing, stuffing and making all the trimmings, too —use your microwave to make a delicious main dish from your favorite parts of the turkey. Microwaved turkey is a winner in kitchen time trials.

Turkey products that microwave the fastest are ground raw turkey; cutlets; steaks; slices; tenderloins; boneless, cubed turkey meat; and portions of turkey breast. Cook them in microwave-safe casseroles or utensils. Because these products will not become brown during microwaving, go creative with crumb coatings, herbs, spices and sauces to make the servings attractive.

For optimum tenderness, an oven cooking bag is recommended when microwaving bone-in or large turkey cuts such as whole or half breasts, drumsticks, thighs, wings or hindquarters. Never use a brown grocery bag for microwaving, because of the chemicals and the metal contained in this recycled product.

Make sure to let the turkey stand for one-third the cooking time to allow for additional carry-over cooking.

Use the following guidelines for cooking turkey products in the microwave oven. Make sure each is completely defrosted before microwaving so it will cook evenly.

Boneless Turkey: Arrange cutlets and slices in a circle on microwave meat rack or tray. Cover with wax paper. Microwave (medium high—70%) 4½-5½ minutes per pound and rotate rack midway through cooking. Cubed raw turkey should be microwaved in a casserole with 2-3 tablespoons of liquid from the recipe. Microwave (high —100%) 4-5 minutes per pound; stir midway through cooking. Follow directions for "Whole Breast" when microwaving either a boneless raw turkey breast or a netted boneless turkey roast.

Bone-In Turkey Cuts: Place oven cooking bag in microwave-safe baking dish. Arrange turkey parts as suggested below. Tie bag loosely with plastic clasp or 2″ strip of plastic wrap. Leave an opening about the size of a quarter in the tied end of bag so that steam can vent. Midway through cooking, invert bag of turkey parts and rotate dish.

Whole, Half or Quarter Breast: If a browned look is desired, brush with Kitchen Bouquet® and sprinkle with paprika; or moisten breast with water and sprinkle with Micro Shake®. Place in bag skin-side down. For a half or a quarter breast—microwave (medium-high) 8-10 minutes per pound and turn skin-side up midway through cooking. For a whole breast—microwave (medium) 7-8 minutes per pound, or (high) 6-7 minutes per pound and turn skin-side up midway through cooking. Let stand for one-third the time microwaved before testing for doneness.

Drumsticks, Hindquarters, Thighs and Wings: Arrange in cooking bag, with meaty areas toward the outsides of dish. Microwave (medium-high) 13-15 minutes per pound. Invert entire bag and rotate dish midway through cooking.

Whole Turkey: Follow your microwave-oven manufacturer's instructions for microwaving a whole tom.

Here are some savory, different turkey recipes you're sure to like:

Unbeatable Drums

(Serves 4 to 5)

1 tablespoon flour
2 pounds turkey drumsticks
½ cup chopped onion
½ cup chopped celery
½ cup finely chopped carrots
1 can (6 oz.) tomato paste
½ cup water
⅓ cup white wine
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon dried oregano
1 bay leaf, crumbled
¼ teaspoon pepper

Put flour in regular-size (10″x16″) oven cooking bag; shake. Add drumsticks and coat in loose flour. Place bag in 2-quart rectangular glass dish. Arrange drumsticks so their meaty ends are toward ends of dish. Combine remaining ingredients. Blend well. Spoon mixture into bag; coat each drumstick. Close bag *loosely*

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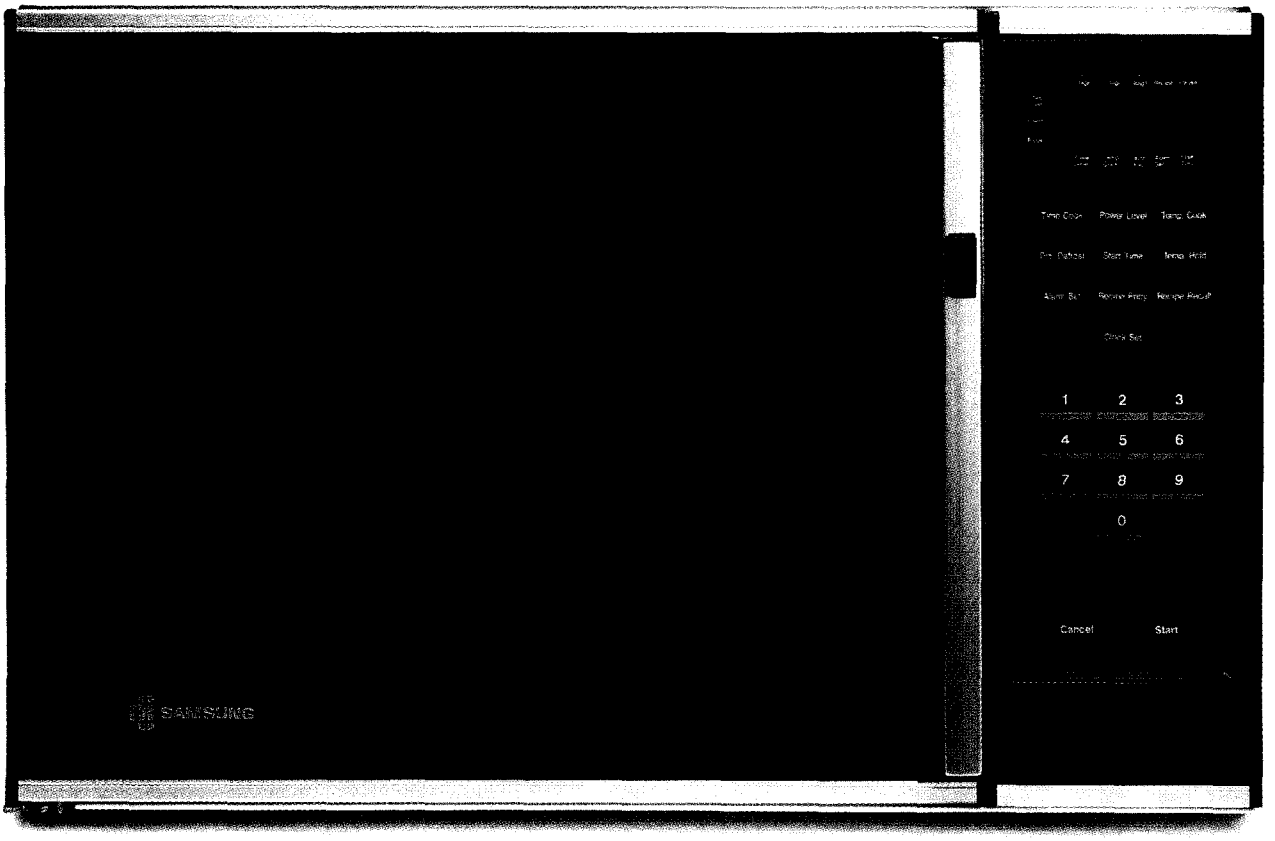
PERFECT



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VETS ON PETS

GETTING ALONG WITH YOUR CAT

How to keep your favorite feline's fetishes from driving you up a tree.

by H. Ellen White, D.V.M.

When C.K., my tiger cat, was young, I tried to make him a "star." At that time, I was making TV appearances to promote antirabies vaccinations for cats, and I decided to take C.K. along. On the first program, he crawled up my shoulder and down my back. Then, right at the crucial point, he made his escape. I had to ferret him out from behind the props after the program.

Later C.K. had another opportunity to be photographed for a national ad, but in the middle of the session, he jumped off the table. I spent the rest of the afternoon looking for him in the basement.

Cats will be cats, and the results can be catastrophic if your favorite feline is taken unprepared into an unfamiliar environment.

I'm afraid my ambitions for C.K. remained unrealized—Morris the Cat will have no competition from my "little boy." Cats must be trained by positive reinforcement to endure the lights and the noise of show business. C.K., having no such training, was exhibiting normal feline behavior; he was frightened and unimpressed by all the hoopla.

Much cat behavior that pet owners attempt to alter is simply normal for the feline species. Scratching, for example, is a cat's natural way of marking its territory and removing worn claws. An obvious way to eliminate undesired scratching is declawing. I have always declawed my cats—I find that they can still climb and defend themselves. Cat owners opposed to altering their cats in this way should remove the furniture in question, cover it with such nonscratchable material as plastic and set up a scratching board or post in its place. Rub the cat's feet on the post so that secretions from the glands in its feet are left on the post. As the cat begins to use the post, gradually move it to a desirable location in the house.

Castration can alleviate about 90 percent of the sexually related behavior of male cats, such as intermale fighting and roaming. And castration often eliminates or greatly reduces urine spraying, the tomcat's method of marking his territory and attracting females. (Spraying may begin when a cat is moved to a new environment, or when a new cat is acquired.) If a cat sprays in only one or two spots, try feeding it at those locations—most cats are reluctant to eliminate in the same place they eat. Or try to make target areas unpleasant: Dr. Benjamin Hart, an animal-behavior specialist, suggests placing mousetraps upside down near the soiled areas. If this strategy fails, you may resort to hormone therapy with progesterone.

Spraying should not be confused with inappropriate urination. Cats usually have fastidious toilet habits, so if problems occur, have your cat examined for a possible urinary infection. That ruled out, the problem may be aversion to the litter box—which can occur if the litter is not changed frequently—or to certain deodorizing litter additives. Remember not to disturb or to medicate a cat while it is using the litter box. And clean any area the cat uses outside the litter box thoroughly—cats find soiled areas attractive. (Don't use ammonia, because of its similarity to urine.) To reestablish litter-box habits, confine the cat to a small area, such as a bathroom. Allow the cat out when it can be watched closely and keep it in the confined area following meals and elimination.

Cats, particularly Siamese, will frequently suck or chew wool from sweaters or blankets. No successful treatment has been reported, but cats often seem to give up the habit with time.

Training your cat to leave your favorite house plants alone may require aversion conditioning, such as setting out mousetraps or spraying the cat with a water pistol. For cats that attack the family canary, squirting the cat with the water pistol or spraying the cat and the area around the cage with an underarm deodorant may help. (The aluminum chlorohydrate in deodorant is irritating to the mucous membranes of the cat's nose.) Be sure to use a brand different from that used by family members, and be careful not to spray the bird.

Incidentally, a bell around the neck will end any bird-stalking.

A cat's early experiences influence its adult behavior. If you want your kitten to grow up to like children or

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RELIGION

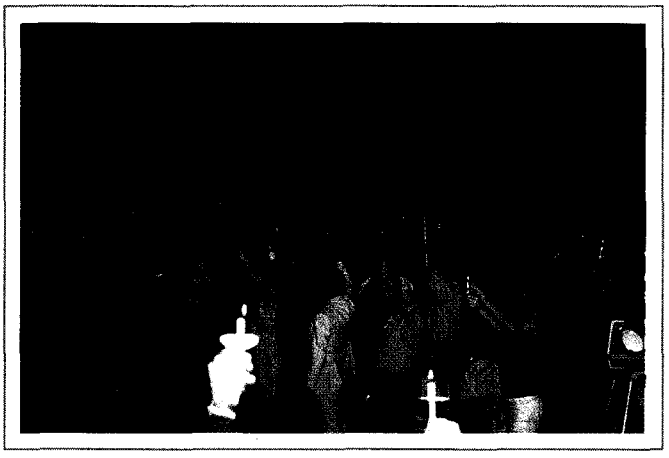
THE CHURCH WITH A MIND OF ITS OWN

The tents are gone, the wagons too; RVs have replaced Model Ts. But when the Church of God raps its centennial camp meeting to order next year, traditional fervor will be intact.

by Holly G. Miller

A few years back, Charles M. Schulz, the creator of the "Peanuts" gang, strode to the head of the class, sketched a giant Snoopy on the blackboard, turned to an overflow gathering of art students and grinned. "There," he remarked from a cloud of chalk dust, "that's to prove I'm not a fraud." He then delivered an impromptu cartooning lesson.

The occasion: the dedication ceremonies of the new art building on the campus of Anderson College, Anderson, Indiana—and a homecoming of sorts for Schulz. He had returned in 1963 to receive an honorary degree from the church-affiliated college; even before that, back when he answered to "Sparky" and wore zigzag Charlie Brown jerseys, his parents would bring him from Minneapolis to Anderson to attend Church of God camp meetings. Later, as an instructor at a Minneapolis art school, Schulz received encouragement from a Church of God pastor, Marvin Forbes. At Forbes' urging he submitted cartoons to the *SatEvePost*; soon he was a regular contributor. His success, which gave his talent national exposure and his confidence a boost, eventually led to the birth of Charlie Brown and company. The Schulz-Forbes friendship continued for 30 years; the two were reunited at the dedication of the art building, a facility named for Forbes and made possible by a sizable gift from Schulz.



With glowing tapers uplifted, the congregation celebrates the joy of the Christmas season at the "Candles and Carols" service in Park Place adjoining the Anderson College campus.

The lives of Schulz and the church have intertwined over the years—once, a mention of Anderson College popped up in a "Peanuts" strip, and in 1981, Schulz lent his famous cast of characters to a church-sponsored TV special and assigned the resulting royalties to the ministry. This year, both artist and church will commemorate significant anniversaries: Charlie Brown and gang are 35 years old, and the church's famed Anderson camp meeting marks its centennial celebration. But unlike Charlie, Lucy, Linus and Snoopy, who remain unchanged by time, the camp meeting, which attracts as many as 30,000

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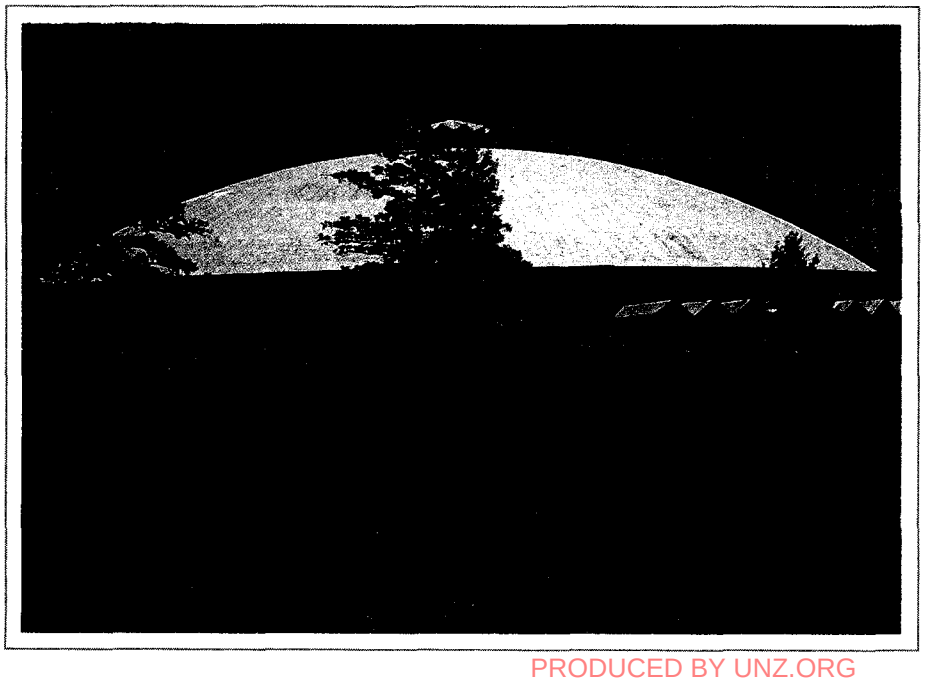

One week every June, the spacious Warner Auditorium resounds with sermons and songs when the faithful gather for their old-time camp meeting.

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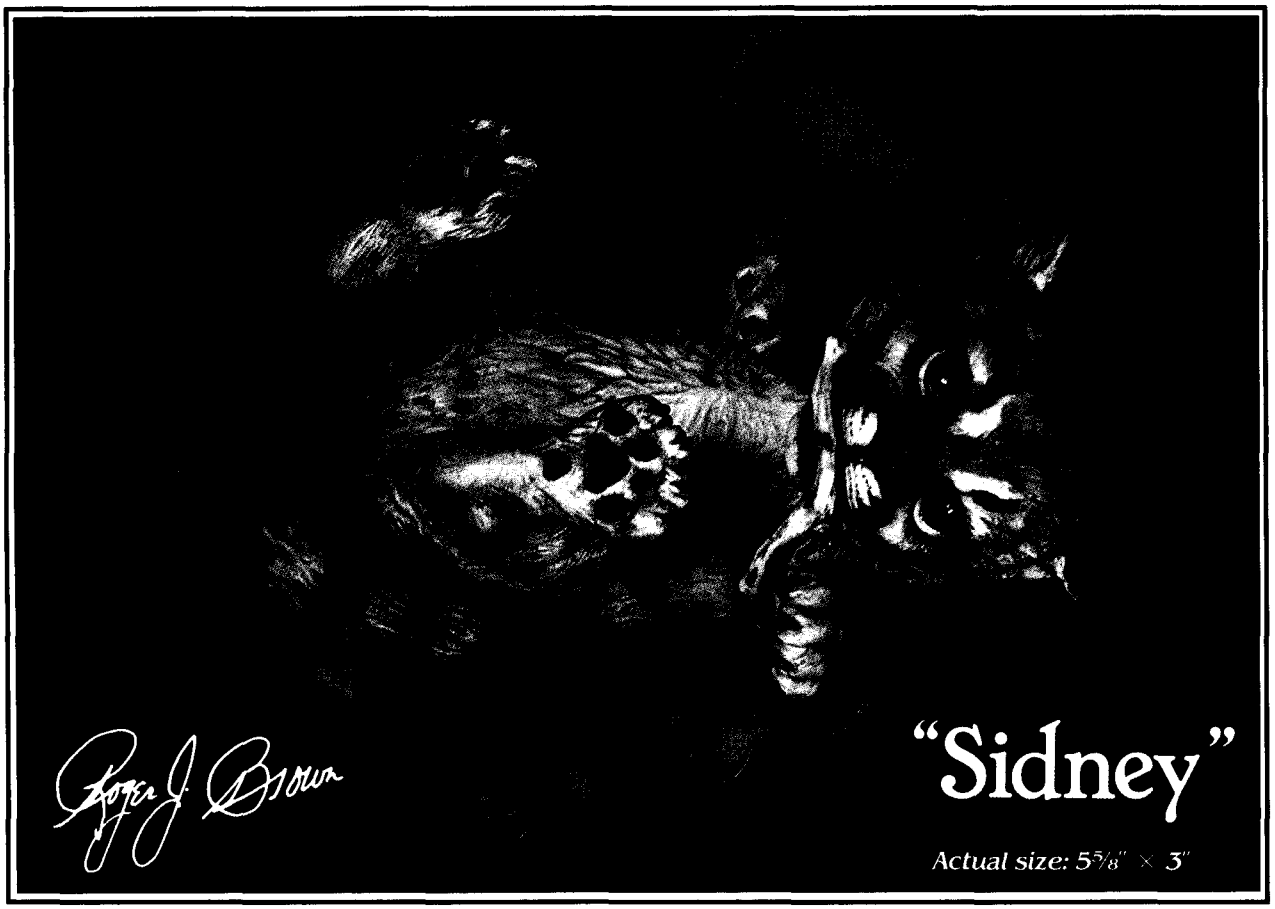
A Lasting Tribute to America's Vanishing Breeds...



Presenting a fine, limited-edition porcelain figurine, created by famed American sculptor Roger Brown, and inspired by one of the most intriguing of all wild animals: the blue-eyed, Eastern cougar.

Throughout history, the forces of nature have threatened the survival of some of the world's most interesting and unusual breeds. To focus attention on these endangered species, famed sculptor Roger Brown and River Shore, have produced their first-ever limited-edition collection of animal figurines inspired by ***Babies of Endangered Species***.

After months of research, Brown chose "Sidney" the Eastern cougar to premiere this collection because of his handsome looks and playful manner. This tawny-buff and brown cougar's blue eyes dance as he rolls on his back and toys with a twig. His expressive tail wags between his legs.

It has been three years since Roger Brown has offered a baby animal figurine, and thus the "birth" of "Sidney" is causing a stir among collectors who know that many Brown works – especially his first-issue "Akiku" seal figurine from 1978 – have appreciated significantly in value in the market place.

"Sidney" is the first of eight Roger Brown original sculptures in the ***Babies of Endangered Species*** Figurine Collection – including a baby grizzly bear, a sea otter and five other charming, hand-painted porcelain pieces. As a series subscriber, you will be issued subsequent pieces at intervals of every two months at the guaranteed issue price of $45.00 for each figurine, payable in three convenient installments.

There is no risk to you in ordering now under The Hamilton Collection 100% Buy-Back Guarantee. You may return "Sidney" or any succeeding figurine at any time within 30 days of receipt for a full refund. Each issue will be accompanied by a Certificate of Authenticity, attesting to its status as part of the limited edition of 15,000.

Because the edition is so small compared to the number of Brown and River Shore collectors, and because of the charm and appeal of "Sidney" and the widespread reputation of sculptor Roger Brown, a *prompt sellout is anticipated*. Be sure to return your reservation by the final postmark date to guarantee its consideration. To be safe, order today! The Hamilton Collection, 9550 Regency Square Blvd., P.O. Box 44051, Jacksonville, FL 32231.

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Please accept my subscription to the *Babies of Endangered Species* Figurine Collection. Each of the eight figurines is limited to an edition of 15,000, as documented by an accompanying Certificate of Authenticity. The original issue price for each is $45.00 (plus $2.16 postage and handling), payable in three equal installments, with the first installment due prior to shipment. Figurines will be issued approximately every two months. 64907

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Charles M. Schulz, a church member, got his "big break" 37 years ago after a minister urged him to send his cartoons to *The Saturday Evening Post*.

The Church of God has helped populate the ranks of nationally prominent gospel singers. Sandi Patti (above) holds numerous gospel-music awards. Other noteworthy singers from the church include Doug Oldham and the Bill Gaither Trio.

people annually, has grown up. Even Sparky Schulz might not recognize it today.

"At one point, a few years ago, I wondered if camp meeting might be dying out," says Richard Willowby, an ordained Church of God minister and managing editor of *Vital Christianity* magazine, published by the church 20 times a year. "But there's been a great influx of young people. The services are as enthusiastic and emotional as they've always been, and now there are literally hundreds of quality educational opportunities connected to camp meeting. Noted theologians come to lead seminars, and multilingual services are conducted for international delegates."

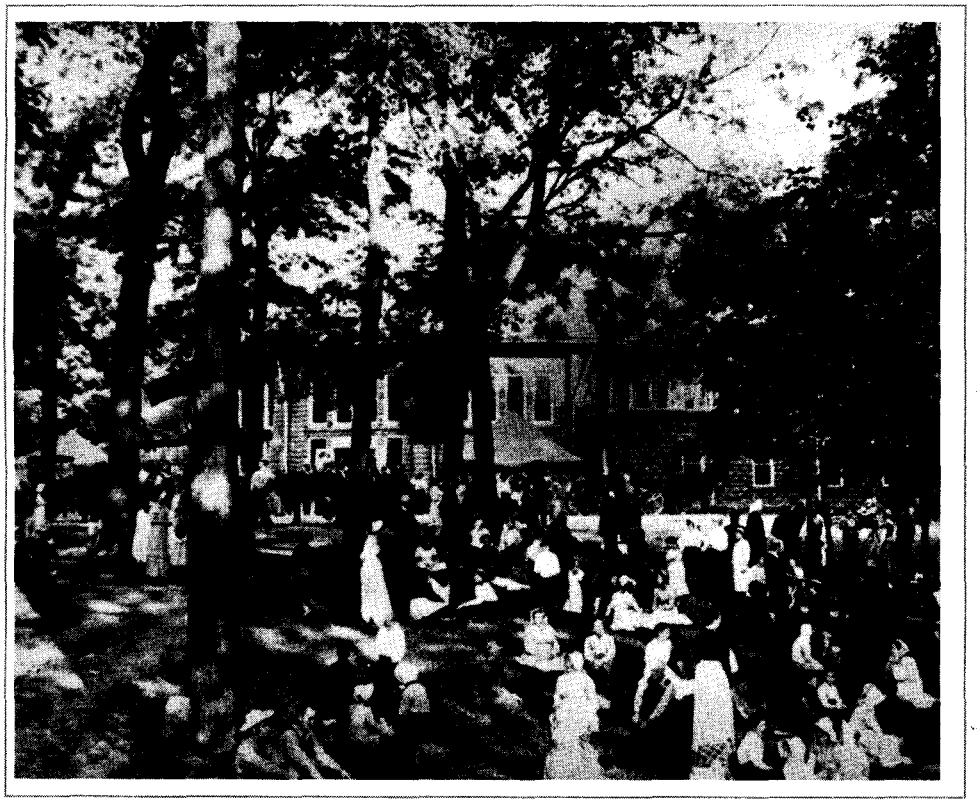
Gone are the "canvas tabernacles" and the old meeting hall blanketed with straw to muffle the noise of the crowd. Instead, efficient cafeteria facilities, a 7,500-seat domed auditorium and sprawling grounds adjacent to Anderson College await the stream of RVs that converge for a week every June.

On any given night during camp meeting the music portion of the service may be led by some of the best-known names in contemporary gospel music. The Church of God, which has always stressed song as a vital part of worship, claims among its ranks the veteran recording artist Doug Oldham and the Grammy winners Sandi Patti and the Bill Gaither Trio.

This willingness to share talents to promote the nondenominational message of the Scriptures has been a Church of God tradition since the movement was founded in 1881 by a black-bearded, passion-filled evangelist named Daniel S. Warner. Preaching with an overpowering sense of mission, Warner called for Christians to denounce bitter sectarian rivalries and dogmatic creedalism. His persuasive message and magnetism quickly attracted thousands of followers. The swelling ranks of believers, who now number 728,000, were an independent lot who refused to call their movement a denomination and to this day do not practice "church joining" or formal membership procedures.

"The beautiful, noncreedal openness of the Church of God gives all of us the freedom to find a scriptural base for our own life," says Gloria Gaither, the daughter of a Church of God pastor and the recipient of Songwriter of the Year honors from the Gospel Music Association. "The fact that the Church of God does not rely on a formal doctrinal statement allows thinking, creative people to function in a loving, nonrestrictive, nonlegalistic manner. The emphasis is on unity, on embracing *all* believers. You can't put a box around God or wall God's people off from one another."

To assist in spreading his



As it was in the beginning in this early photo, the church's annual camp meeting is still a festive affair that now attracts 30,000 annually.

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urgent message, Warner sent dozens of gospel workers across the country and then into foreign lands as missionaries. In early 1881, he merged two publications and launched *The Gospel Trumpet*, whose words were destined to become a solidifying bond for the loose-knit organization.

The magazine proved to be a missionary itself at least once, when a Japanese Presbyterian minister, traveling by train through California, picked up a copy. When he returned home to Japan he started a mission; today some 20 Church of God congregations meet in that country. *The Gospel Trumpet* has since evolved into *Vital Christianity*, and the Church of God's publishing house now boasts a $15 million annual volume.

Today, church administrative offices, the publishing complex and the campus of Anderson College, clustered together, provide resources and support for one another. Graduation ceremonies at the college are a highlight of the church's annual international convention, still known as "camp meeting," one of the largest and oldest annual religious gatherings in America.

During camp meeting a few years ago the mission-minded church decided to expand its broadcast ministry—its "Christian Brotherhood Hour" has been a radio mainstay for 38 years—and to plunge into prime-time TV. Only two elements were missing: funds and a "star" like Oral Roberts, Rex Humbard or Billy Graham. Both had to come from within the church ranks. "First, we enlisted Charles Schulz," recalls Gary Moore, the production coordinator. "We wrote him, talked about the project and asked him to send his phone number if he was interested." The phone number arrived and Schulz granted permission for a church representative to fly west to discuss the ambitious idea. The resulting theme for the hour-long show was built around animated segments featuring the "Peanuts" gang.

Because no TV special is very special without music, the producers again looked to the church for recruits. The Gaithers, Doug Oldham and Sandi Patti gladly cleared their schedules for taping. Individual congregations hosted fund raisers to defray the high costs of producing the

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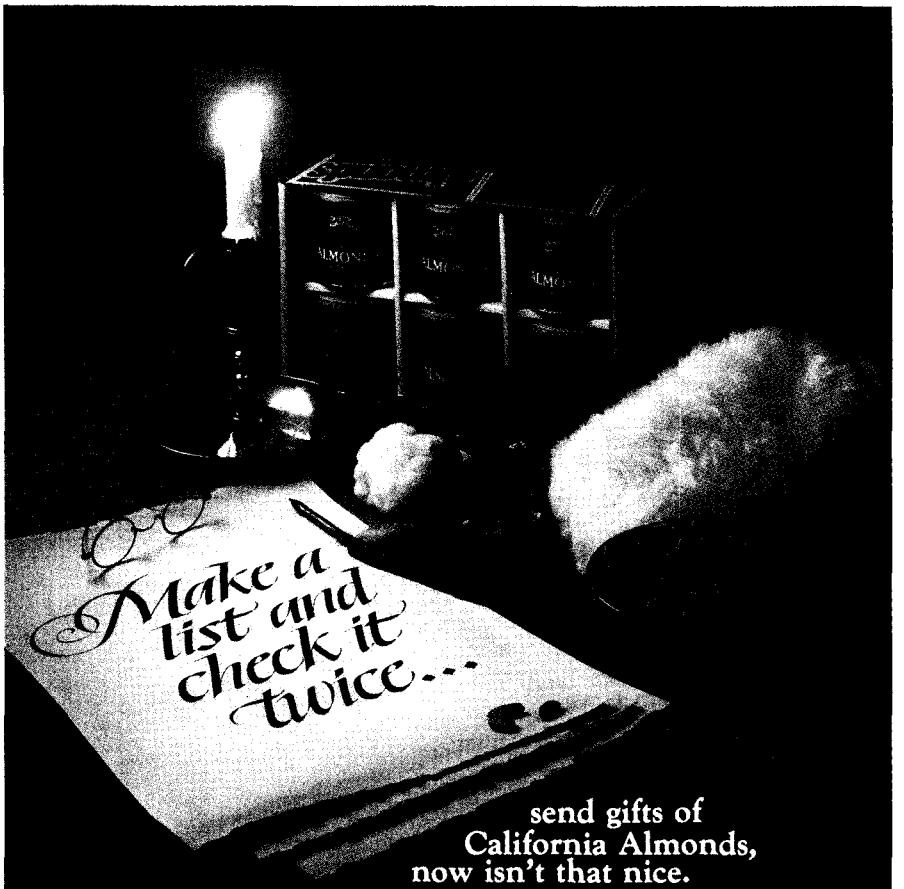

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INSIDE OUT

HAVE WE BOUGHT A LIE?

The Constitution does not and never has contained the words "separation of church and state."

by Bob Slosser

The pretty, white-haired lady in the second row on the aisle raised her hand. "Doesn't what you're saying violate the separation of church and state?" she asked.

Dark, cavernous Bovard Auditorium on the University of Southern California campus was heavy with heat. The wide-open side doors admitted not a trace of breeze as we wrestled with the issues of a religion-related seminar. For a moment I stared at the lectern and let her words echo in my mind. Was she hostile? Was she "out to get me" following my exhortation to stand for truth—Biblical truth—in all of society, including government?

I detected no hidden daggers, merely concern. "I wonder if you're aware that that phrase is not in the Constitution?" I asked. She looked up at me uncertainly. I said it again: "The Constitution does not contain the words 'separation of church and state.' "

I could not hear her voice, but her lips plainly asked, "It doesn't?"

"No, it really doesn't. You see, we've bought a lie," I said. I paused for a second. That was pretty strong—but I was right. "We've let the phrase go unchallenged for so long that most people assume it's in the Constitution. And it isn't," I continued.

This lady was obviously educated and concerned. But, despite the roaring controversy over "religion and politics" last year, she hadn't learned that "separation of church and state"

is an extraconstitutional expression. And she is by no means alone in her misunderstanding.

The section of the Constitution at issue is the religion clauses of the First Amendment, one of ten amendments adopted December 15, 1791, as the Bill of Rights. It reads: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. . . ."

What was the intention of the Founding Fathers in framing and adopting these words? The language seems quite clear despite the efforts of some specialists to turn it into mud. The early Americans feared the forced establishment of a national church. Rooted in Reformation history and versed in the practices of the Church of England and of other national churches, they insisted on religious liberty. Thus they wrote: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion."

But they didn't stop there. The next clause makes it clear they had no intention of outlawing religious expression in public life—one of the reasons they wrote that Congress should make no law "prohibiting the free exercise" of religion.

The written thought and the utterances of the people who launched this nation on its course show that secularization of public life was unthinkable to them. Their concern was coercion or oppression of religious belief, not the removal of religious expression. They operated from a Biblical world view—a Biblical culture—and spoke knowingly and consistently of "Providence," the "Creator," "nature's God" and the like. They knew they were including Almighty God in their deliberations about the future of this country. Washington went so far as to declare to the warrior chiefs of the Delaware Indian nation:

> You do well to wish to learn our arts and ways of life, and above all, the religion of Jesus Christ. These will make you a greater and happier people than you are. Congress will do everything they can to assist you in this wise intention. . . .

Washington, acting at the request of the same Congress that passed the Bill of Rights, also proclaimed a "day of public thanksgiving and prayer, to be observed by acknowledging with grateful hearts the many and signal favors of Almighty God." Would he have done such a thing had he and his colleagues desired the separation of church and state we have been led in-

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Editor's note: *Bob Slosser, a former* New York Times *editor and the president of CBN University, is a recognized authority on politics and religion. The author of numerous books, he is a lecturer in journalism and writing.*

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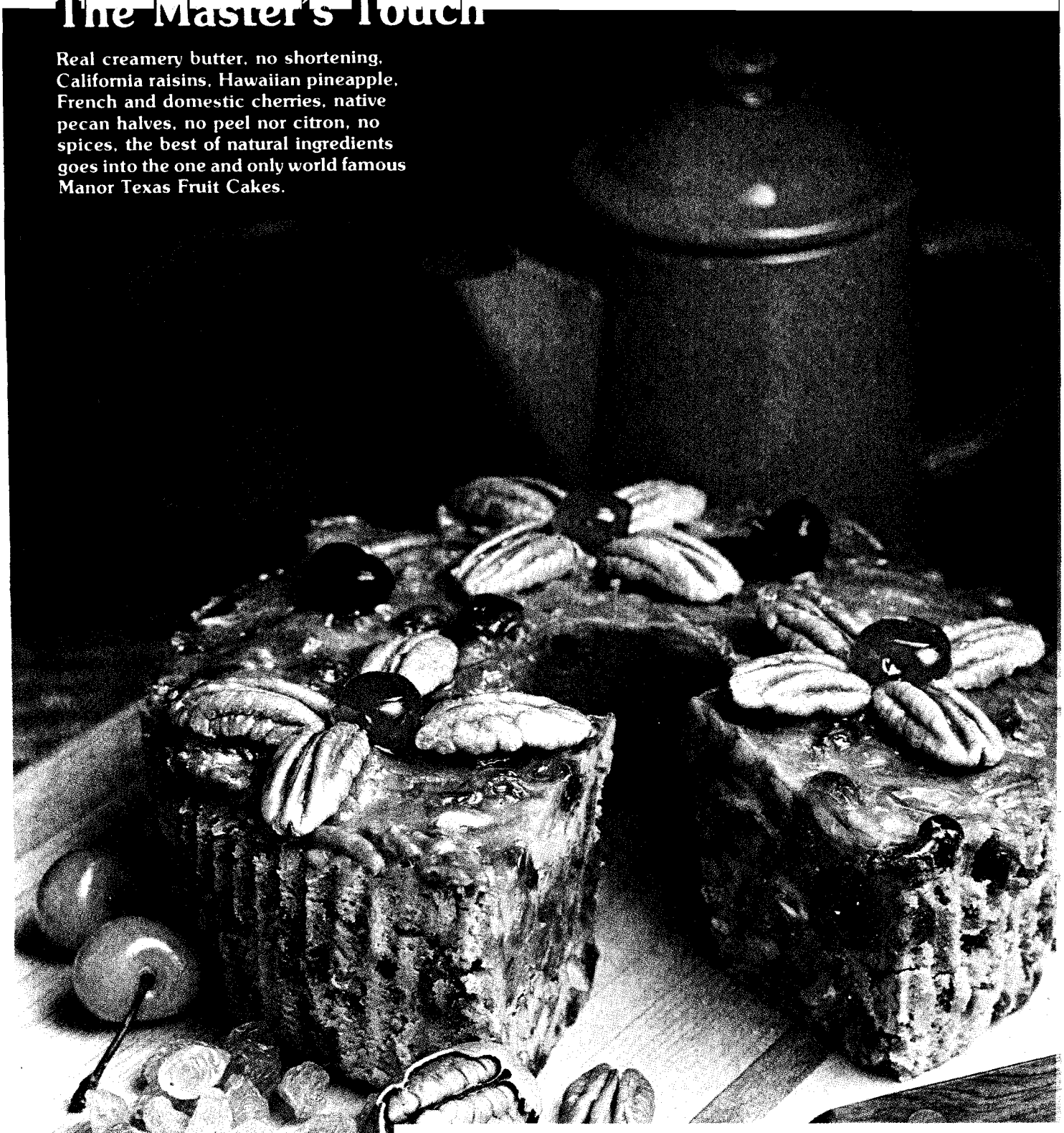

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POST SCRIPTS

A Real 'Lulu

The airplane was just aloft when the pilot came on the intercom. "Ladies and gentlemen, I have bad news and good news." He paused. "The bad news is we have a hijacker aboard. The good news is he insists that we take him to Honolulu."

—A.H. Berzen

Showing Their True Colors

Tired of making exchanges, a paint-and-wallpaper store put up this sign: "Husbands choosing colors must have a note from their wives."

—Perry Comer

Difficult Lesson

A college math major who also tutored was waiting for a call from a pupil. When the phone rang, she told the caller she was busy all weekend but she could see him Sunday at noon. The charge would be five dollars an hour if he came to her room and six if she had to cross campus to his, she said.

The caller, who turned out to be a blind date she had forgotten, promptly replied that he hadn't expected anything so exciting but was certainly looking forward to meeting her.

—Martha J. Beckman

Foul Taste in His Mouth

A Hollywood producer resolved to give his mother a birthday present that would outshine the luxurious gifts his brothers were giving her. Hearing about a bird that could talk in 12 different languages, he went to buy it—for $50,000.

After he had sent it to his mother, he waited a day before he phoned her. "Did you like the bird?" he asked.

"Delicious!" she replied.

—Mrs. E. O'Brien

Sounds Reasonable

A contractor had been trying for months to collect an overdue bill. As a last resort he sent a tear-jerking letter accompanied by a snapshot of his young daughter. Under the picture he wrote: "The reason I must have the money."

The prompt reply, a photo of a voluptuous blonde in a bikini, was labeled: "The reason I can't pay!"

—Marjorie C. Mahoney

Washed Up

A man was telling his friend about his family. "When I go home at night," he said, "everything is ready for me—my slippers, the easy chair in the corner with the light on, my book open at the same place I left it the night before—and always plenty of hot water."

"I understand all that stuff about the slippers and the easy chair and the book," his friend said, "but why the hot water?"

"Well," said the man, "my family loves me. You don't think they make me wash dishes in cold water, do you?"

—J.L. Kuo

Booting the Competition

The critics of baseball
Contend that it's boring,
That football is better by far.
However, in football
Most all the scoring
Is done by a soccer star!

—Bill Schaffstall

What Price Grammar?

Little Tommy's mother just returned
From a holiday;
She asked what had happened
While she was away.

"Well," Tommy said, "one night it
stormed;
You never saw such weather!
I was scared by the thunder and
lightning;
So daddy and me slept together."

Mignonne, his pretty French governess,
Interrupted him with a sigh;
She said, "Tommy, you made a

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mistake;
Don't you mean 'Daddy and I'?"

"No, I don't," the boy insisted,
"I know that I am right;
That was a week ago Monday;
I'm talking about Saturday night!"

—Muriel Kovinow

Reaching a Decision

A judge was having lunch with a friend who said: "I understand you fined Mrs. Brown $500. Is she appealing?"

"She sure is," the judge said. "But I couldn't let that affect my decision."

—Dorothea Kent

Light Verse

Simple language is the key
To open laughter's lock.
A gentle tap on humor's door
Works better than a knock.

—Charles Ghigna

Unexpected Reply

Wife: "Darling, do I look 40?"
Husband: "Not any more."

—Julia Brodigan

Deft-initions

Flying: Land-escaping.
Arthritis clinic: Joint venture.
Overeater's clothes: Appetight fit.
Careless public relations: Flack-a-daisical.
Cold crew cut: Br-r-r-head.

—Hank Billings

. . .Lest Ye Be Judged

When a man begins to realize the truth about himself, it reduces his desire to reform his neighbors.

—Thomas LaMance

Declaration of Dependents

A careworn husband is a fellow who was a carefree bachelor until he lost his liberty in the pursuit of happiness.

—Lloyd Byers

The Best Teacher

Experience is wonderful in helping you recognize a mistake when you make it again.

—George E. Bergman

World's Youngest Profession?

A doctor, picking up his car at a garage, was indignant at the size of the repair bill. "All this for a few hours' work!" he yelled. "Why, you charge more for your work than we of the medical profession do!"

"Well, now," the mechanic drawled, "the way I look at it, we got it coming to us. You guys have been working on the same old model since time began, but we gotta learn a brand-new model every year."

—Pete Terzich

Here's a Tip

A prissy bachelor, notorious as an under-tipper, left a new waitress three cents for her efforts. When he came in the next day, she thanked him and said she could tell the character of a diner by the way he tipped.

"Well, how about me?" he asked.

"You put three pennies in a neat row, and that shows you're a very tidy person. The first penny tells me you're very frugal, and the second tells me you're a bachelor."

"That's true," he agreed. "But what does the third penny tell you?"

"The third penny tells me your father was a bachelor too."

—Mrs. J.B. Blass

Puff Piece

The odor. . .it's getting stronger! We know it's. . .them! It won't be long before they take over the room. Nobody knows what to do. We have no escape. . .no place to run. Some people have witnessed the effects, but they can't talk. No one can talk. We just look and listen. . .and pray it won't be too painful.

Suddenly we hear a noise. Everyone turns to look. . .except for the few who know. They cover their faces. There's another loud noise. They are banging on the door. We hear screams and laughter. . .and that odor. . .it's stronger.

A few of us manage to look up. There's a gray cloud filling the room. Our eyes begin to squint and tear. We struggle to see. Finally we can see, and we know it's—THE SMOKERS.

—Shirley Sergent

Rodent Rhapsody

"Three Blind Mice" as updated by a professor of English:
Three sightless rodents,
In fervid agitation,
Pursued the plowman's spouse
With great acceleration;
Till with a sharpened kitchen tool
She relieved the situation
By detailing the trio bold,
Much to their frustration.

—John J. Powers

Old Masters

The greatest accomplishment for some individuals: Mastering the art of growing old without growing up.

—H. Duane Black

Sour Note

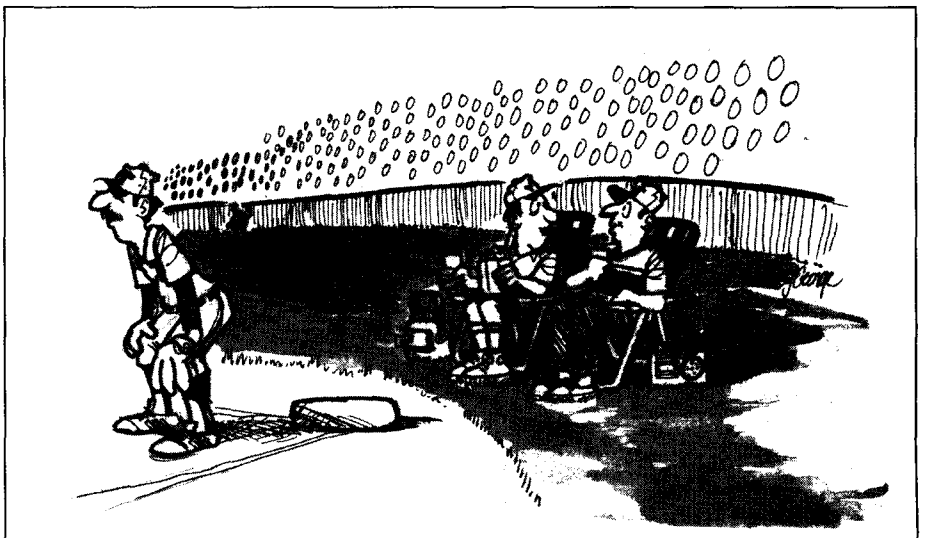
We went with our son to a concert,
And, candidly, I don't mind saying:
It was easier facing the music
Than facing the ones who were playing.

—Frank Walsh

A Strong Footing

Remember: You can't put one foot in your mouth if you keep both on the ground.

—Arnot L. Sheppard, Jr.



"Say, you do know how to get good seats, don't you. . . .

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WALKING: A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION

People of all ages are finding that man's earliest means of transportation is a shoo-in for burning calories, losing weight and improving cardiovascular health.

by Jan Sheehan

Fitness-conscious Americans have been through it all—the impassioned tennis and racquetball crazes, early-morning jogging madness, marathon fever, bicycling bliss, skier's chills and thrills.

True, regular exercise will burn calories, increase one's energy level and provide a more positive outlook on life. But it isn't necessary to suffer through court fees, lift lines or broken bicycle chains to enjoy the benefits of exercise. All you need to do is to start walking.

Before technology taught us to substitute wheels for feet, Thomas Jefferson observed: "The sovereign invigorator of the body is exercise, and of all exercises, walking is the best."

Man's oldest means of transportation can provide physical benefits, whether done rapidly, as in racewalking, with weights in a system known as powerwalking or simply at a brisk but comfortable strolling pace sometimes called wogging. Racewalking has been an Olympic event for men since 1912, and a number of women racewalkers are campaigning for their own event in the 1988 Olympics.

When Norman Rockwell painted this cover in 1928, brisk walking had not yet been recognized as one of the best ways to lose weight and to keep the heart in shape.

Howard Jacobson, known as the "Pied Piper of Walking" and the author of *Racewalk to Fitness*, says, "All things considered, racewalking may emerge as the ultimate fitness sport of the '80s." Jacobson, a leading authority on racewalking and the coach of many Olympians, explains that walking improves cardiovascular functioning, builds strength and endurance, burns calories, trims the physique, costs little and can be done almost anywhere.

Additionally, the sport of walking is virtually injury free. "In running, 3½ to 6 times the person's body weight is exerted on one leg, foot, ankle and hip in each stride," Jacobson says. The result? A significant chance of injury for runners.

A runner spends the majority of his time airborne. When he lands, it's with a tremendous force, Jacobson says. A walker, on the other hand, is rarely injured because the impact on his body is only 1½ times his own weight. Dr. George Sheehan, an authority on running, warns that a jogger who averages 50 miles a week has a 73 percent chance of eventually incurring such an injury as shin splints, Achilles tendinitis or the painful runner's knee.

Jacobson contends walking is an excellent exercise for out-of-shape or overweight people. "There are a lot of people who shouldn't be out there running. If a man or woman is heavy, it's very hard on the body when they are running. The body has to take all that pounding. If they are walking, they are able to stay out there longer without breaking down," he says.

Ron Daniel, an internationally known, 20-year veteran racewalker, conducts walking clinics for "just about anybody." But his specialty is disenchanted runners. "Runners tend to disregard pain in order to have a good workout. There is real cumulative stress that's a long time in the making, particularly if a runner doesn't pay attention to pain."

continued on following page

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Sponsor a Child for Only $10 a Month.

At last! Here is a $10 sponsorship program for Americans who are unable to send $16, $18, or $22 a month to help a needy child.

And yet, this is a full sponsorship program because for $10 a month you will receive:

- a 3½" × 5" photograph of the child you are helping.
- two personal letters from your child each year.
- a complete Sponsorship Kit with your child's case history and a special report about the country where your child lives.
- quarterly issues of our newsletter "Sponsorship News".

All this for only $10 a month?

Yes—because the Holy Land Christian Mission International believes that many Americans would like to help a needy child. And so we searched for ways to reduce the cost—without reducing the help that goes to the child you sponsor.

For example, unlike some of the other organizations, your child does not write each month, but two letters a year from your child keeps you in contact and, of course, you can write to the child just as often as you wish.

Also, to keep down administrative costs, we do not offer the so-called "trial child" that the other organizations mail to prospective sponsors before the sponsors send any money.

We do not feel that it is fair to the child for a sponsor to decide whether or not to help a child based on a child's photograph or the case history.

Every child who comes to Mission International for help is equally needy!

And to minimize overseas costs, our field workers are citizens of the countries where they serve. Many volunteer their time, working directly with families, orphanages, and schools.

You can make a difference!

$10 a month may not seem like much help to many Americans, but to a poor family living on an income of $1.50 or $2.00 a day, your sponsorship can help make all the difference in the world.

Will you sponsor a child? Your $10 a month will help provide so much:

- emergency food, clothing and medical care.
- a chance to attend school.
- help for the child's family and community, with counseling on housing, agriculture, nutrition, and other vital areas to help them become self-sufficient.

A child needs your love!

Here is how you can sponsor a child for only $10 a month immediately:

1. Fill out the coupon and tell us if you want to sponsor a boy or a girl, and check the country of your choice.
2. Or mark the "emergency list" box and we will assign a child to you that most urgently needs to have a sponsor.
3. Send your $10 in right now and this will eliminate the cost of a "trial child."

Then, in just a few days you will receive your child's name, photograph, and case history.

May we hear from you? We believe that our sponsorship program protects the dignity of the child and the family and at the same time provides Americans with a positive and beautiful way to help a needy youngster.

3-year-old Michelle was abandoned by her father. Soon after, her mother was forced to leave her in order to find work. She now lives with her grandmother in a hut with dirt floors and a grass roof.

K6AV

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2000 East Red Bridge Road
Box 55, Kansas City, Missouri 64141

☐ Yes. I wish to sponsor a child. Enclosed is my first payment of $10. Please assign me a ☐ Boy ☐ Girl

Country preference: ☐ India ☐ The Philippines ☐ Thailand ☐ Costa Rica ☐ Chile ☐ Honduras ☐ Dominican Republic ☐ Colombia ☐ Guatemala ☐ Africa

☐ **OR, choose a child that needs my help from your EMERGENCY LIST.**

☐ Please send me more information about sponsoring a child.

☐ I can't sponsor a child now, but wish to make a contribution of _____.

NAME_____

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Member of American and International Councils of Voluntary Agencies. Our annual financial report is readily available upon request. Please make your check payable to Mission International. Your sponsorship gifts are tax deductible.

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The 50-kilometer racewalk, a men's Olympic event since 1912, was won in 1984 by Raul Gonzalez (above) in three hours, 47 minutes. Howard Jacobson, the coach of many Olympians, says, "Racewalking may emerge as the ultimate fitness sport of the '80s."

Walking injuries are usually more annoying than harmful. Myositis (sore muscles) commonly afflicts walking newcomers. Once sore muscles adapt, however, muscle strains lessen as the muscles in the front and in the back of the legs and the thighs develop. The result: better muscle balance.

Walking is as physically beneficial as running—it just takes a little longer. Though aerobic, walking takes as much as three times as long to provide the same aerobic benefit as running provides, particularly if done too leisurely.

But for burning calories and firming the body, rapid walking outpaces running. Five miles an hour of brisk walking burns 530 calories; running, 480. More steps and vigorous arm movements make the difference. And because rapid walking involves more of the body—particularly the upper body, the quadriceps, the groin and the buttocks—walking trims the figure more than running does. Because women often have problems with fat deposits between the waist and the knees, as well as on the back of the upper arms, brisk walking with the arms swinging can firm one's body considerably.

It's no wonder more women are discovering walking. Paula Kash, a competitive racewalker since 1978, says walking combines dance, gymnastics and running: "It's the greatest for the waistline, or getting a smaller rear." Kash, 34, points out that age is no bar to becoming a

President Harry Truman believed strongly in the value of his "morning constitutional" walks for both exercise and reflection. His daily walks—continued after his presidency (right)—came to be as much of a trademark as his wire-rimmed glasses.

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"A study in Santa Monica showed that nearly 900 patients with significant heart problems were walking five miles a day after four weeks of therapy."

good walker—her own mother racewalks competitively. She believes the sport is excellent for older people and for pregnant women because "it's not as hard on the body as running and some other sports."

Medical, nutrition and fitness experts have been prescribing walking programs lately to treat obesity, diabetes and cardiovascular disease.

In 1976, Weight Watchers International set out to develop a low-intensity, long-duration exercise program for its members. The program had to be appropriate for anyone from 10 to 100 pounds overweight, and it could not require special clothes or costly equipment. The choice was walking—a program called the Personal Exercise Plan, or Pepstep.

Members with medical clearance begin with five minutes of calisthenics and then walk 10 minutes. The walk increases to 55 minutes by the tenth and last session of the program. Before, during and after the walk, participants take their pulses. (A low heart rate will burn calories but will not bring about cardiovascular benefits.)

Walking is also the exercise of choice in the three Pritikin Longevity Centers, where diet and exercise are used in rehabilitation therapy. Exercise prescriptions vary from patient to patient; however, patients in both the 13- and the 26-day programs walk for at least one-half hour every day. They are taught to monitor their pulse rates at various stages.

The therapy, combined with diet controls, has been highly successful. A study in Santa Monica showed that nearly 900 patients with significant heart problems were walking an average of five miles a day after four weeks.

Casual strolling does not equal walking as a form of aerobic conditioning. As Gary D. Yanker, the author of *The Complete Book of Exercisewalking*, writes: "Exercisewalking means converting the walking you already do—strolling, hiking, backpacking, stair-climbing, brisk walking—into exercise routines while preserving the fun of the activity."

Even if one doesn't racewalk, adopting racewalker's form can produce more benefits than other walking styles, Howard Jacobson says. Racewalking is characterized by its hip-twisting-and-rolling motion with the knees locked, arms pumping at a 90-degree angle like a sprinter's and the body moving very briskly with long strides.

Jacobson maintains that the racewalking style produces an ability to move fast. "When you get the hips working and the knees working and the arms pumping the right way, you can really go," he says. "You can move at a very high speed, depending on how much you practice and how well you learn the style."

Each racewalking session begins with warm-up exercises; these are followed by the same exercises to cool the body. Initially, one racewalks for 20 minutes, three to four times a week (with a rest day between) and covers a mile in 15 to 20 minutes. Gradually, speed and distance are increased. Ideally, after 12 weeks the racewalker is walking four miles in 13 to 17 minutes.

Some may prefer an even hardier pace following the footsteps of Steve Reeves, a former Mr. America who has written *Powerwalking*.

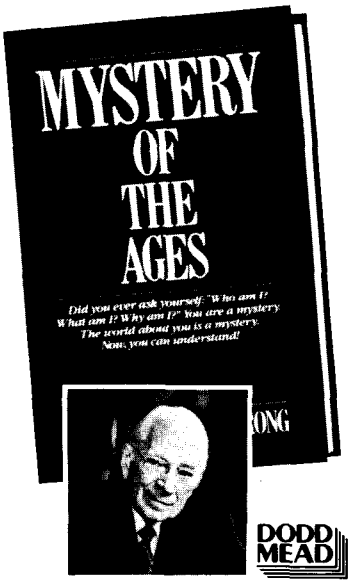
Reeves' program, designed for both beginning and advanced fitness buffs, is typified by a long, powerful stride, rhythmic breathing and arms swinging in opposition to the movement of the legs. Beginners take at least three 15-minute walks a week and slowly cover one-half mile each time. Gradually, more exertion is required for walking more rapidly on hilly terrain. Advanced powerwalkers attach weights to their waists, their wrists and their ankles—up to 20 percent of their body weight. Ultimately, they can expend 900 calories per hour powerwalking at five miles an hour.

Whether walking is strenuous or not, experts maintain that the human body is better suited to walking than to sitting, standing or running. "When we walk, the skeletal and muscular systems perform harmoniously together and create a near-perfect balance between gravity's pull and our forward motion," Gary Yanker says. "The human body is a perfect walking machine."

Robert Sweetgall, the author of *Fitness Walking*, feels that walking is the perfect sport for lifetime exercise because of its safety and practicality. "No one has discovered a fountain of youth, but a lifetime walking program will certainly slow the physiologic aging processes," he says.

For Sweetgall, walking is "a ticket to appreciating the world around you," he says.

He adds: "Walking reminds us of simpler times, of peace and quiet and free time. . . . If you walk only a quarter-mile to the grocery store, buy a loaf of bread and walk back, instead of jumping in the car and driving that quarter-mile, you will have done something for yourself."


MYSTERY
OF
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AGES
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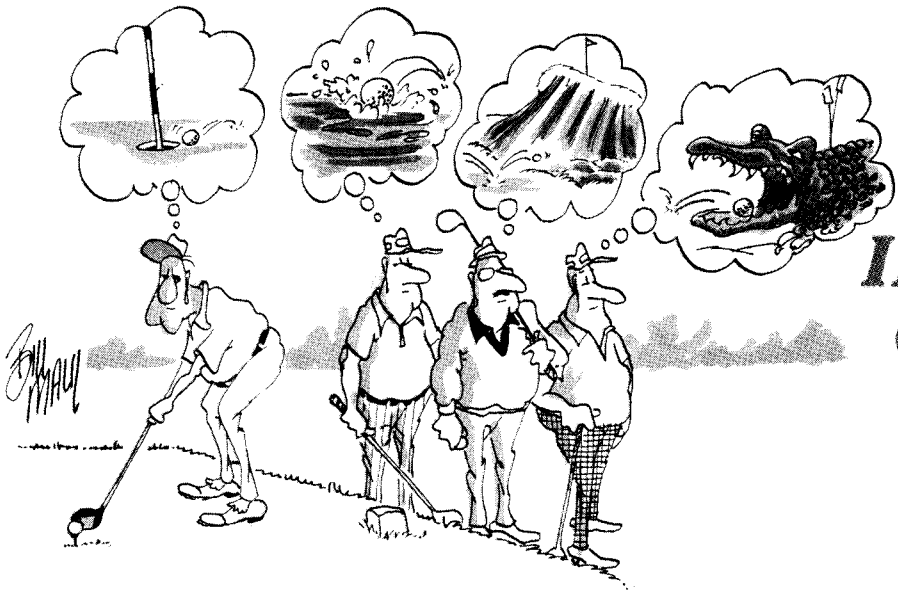

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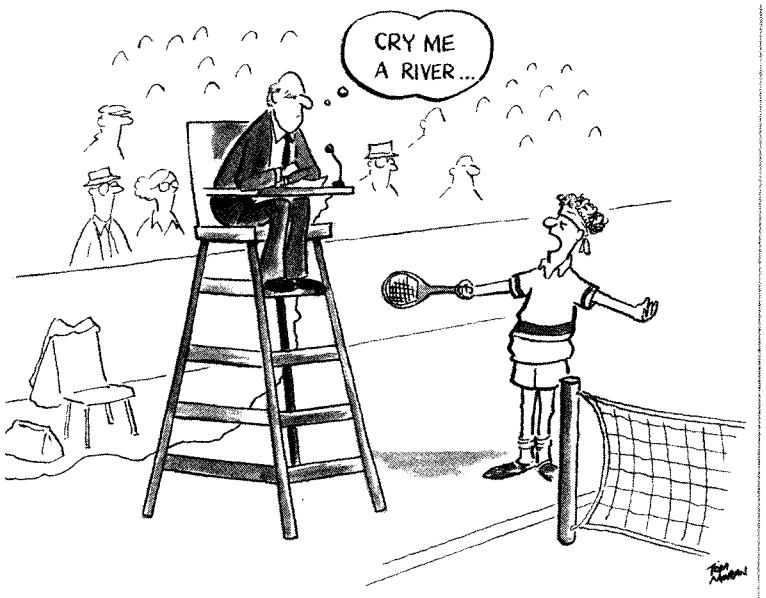

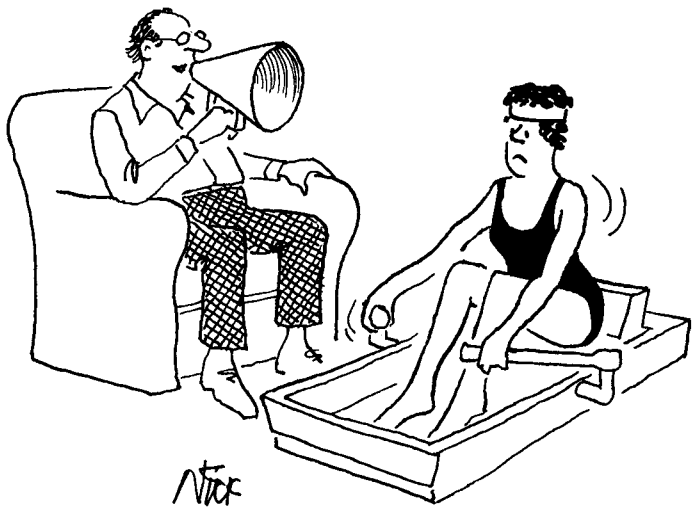

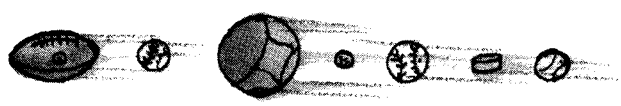

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ROCKWELL ON ROCKWELL

What was it like to call America's best-loved illustrator "Dad"? Well, since you asked. . .

by Holly G. Miller

He smiles, and there it is again. The look. No "spittin' image," dead-ringer, like-father-like-son kind of thing, just a passing expression that's all Rockwell. The look appears when he grins, and Tom Rockwell grins a lot, especially when he recalls his father, America's best-loved illustrator, Norman Rockwell.

"Workaholic? In a sense, I guess he was," Tom says between bites of endive. He is taking an eat-and-run breather before a plate-collector's convention in South Bend, Indiana. "He certainly worked as hard as anybody I've ever known—all day. . .weekends, too," he says. "Right now the museum in Stockbridge is putting together a catalog that will picture every piece of art my father did. I think there are going to be about 4,000 entries. *Four thousand entries.* Really an *incredible* amount of work. Of course, that includes even the most casual drawing, like the sketch I have of a little clown on the back of an envelope."

Norman Rockwell could turn boyish pranks into timeless cover illustrations, as in this foray into illicit diary reading with his son Tom as a model.

Seven years after his father's death, Tom is a reluctant expert on the subject of Norman Rockwell—reluctant because, he insists, he's no art critic and he's too close to the topic to be objective anyway. Father and son collaborated over the kitchen table on two books, *Norman Rockwell: My Adventures as an Illustrator* and *The Norman Rockwell Album*. With the same attention to detail that characterizes great magazine cover art, Rockwell, the illustrator, shared his memories with Rockwell, the writer.

"It was funny the way the book project started," Tom remembers. "The publisher sent a writer up to work with my father, but they didn't seem to get along. So my father suggested that I do it. At first he talked onto a tape, but after a while he felt inhibited by it, so I just took notes. Essentially it was to be a picture book with incidental text, but my father had so much to say that we made it a book of text with incidental pictures. Later, we did *The Norman Rockwell Album*."

The joint effort was invaluable to Tom on two counts. First, it prepared him for his full-time career as an author. (His latest children's book, *How to Fight a Girl*, still in his typewriter back home in Poughkeepsie, New York, will be on bookstore shelves in 1986.) Second, it was almost an internship for his current assignment as the Rockwell-family spokesman. At the South Bend convention, billed as the honored guest at the two-day gathering that traditionally attracts some 14,000 plate buffs, he was invited to shake hands and share family anecdotes with fans who stash away every kind of Rockwell artifact, from cookie canisters to thimbles to paperweights to bowls to more than 40 plate series.

But the artist's popularity is hardly limited to plates. Ron McIntyre, the director of *The Saturday Evening Post*'s licensing division, says some 100 items carrying Rockwell art are currently on the market: "After Norman Rockwell died in 1978, collectors clamored for anything with his name on it. Then it leveled off, but now it's on the upswing again. A couple of years ago, we estimated that retail sales of all Rockwell products totaled $60 million. Today, $100 million is a possibility."

Many Rockwell fans accord the artist larger-than-life stature, though critics look for shortcomings in the man and in his work. Tom Rockwell welcomes the chance to set the record straight.

"I just read a book that claimed my father hobnobbed with celebrities," Tom says. "It just wasn't true. I mean, he was up in Vermont. It wasn't like life in the fast lane. I remember one funny incident, though, when a man came to the door and said he'd like to see Mr. Rockwell. We all had this thing about not bothering my dad when he was in the studio working, so we said, sorry, he couldn't be disturbed. The visitor explained he had met my father once, and since he was in the area, he wanted to say hello. 'Sorry,' we said again, 'He's too busy.' The man pleaded: Couldn't we at least send his name out to the

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studio? We did, and at first my father didn't make the connection. Finally he came running toward the house waving his arms in the air to stop the man before he got away."

The name was Disney.

But such occasions were rare. For the most part, Norman and Mary Rockwell and their three sons lived quietly, first in New Rochelle, New York, then in Arlington, Vermont, and finally in Stockbridge, Massachusetts. High points in the artist's workweek were Saturday-night square dances, bike rides around town, occasional games of tennis and leisurely walks.

He knows the man behind between 700 and 800 magazine covers had just as many quirks as anyone else. "He was a great neatener—his studio was immaculate," Tom says. "I remember he once developed a passion for digging dandelions out of the lawn with a penknife, because for some reason he decided this was something he could do that was sort of useful. It didn't last long."

The Rockwell boys were always welcome in the studio, although a short visit was sometimes extended by their father's invitation to critique whatever happened to be on the easel at the time. To pass the long hours, he often listened to baseball games on the radio or coaxed his wife into reading to him from a favorite passage.

"He was a Brooklyn Dodgers fan, but to a certain extent the games were just background noise. I'd go out and ask him the score, and he wouldn't know because he was concentrating so hard. He was very much a perfectionist when it came to his painting. He wanted to get everything right, and when he finished a picture it never quite came up to his expectations," Tom says.

As tough a critic as Norman was of himself, he didn't let his high expecta-

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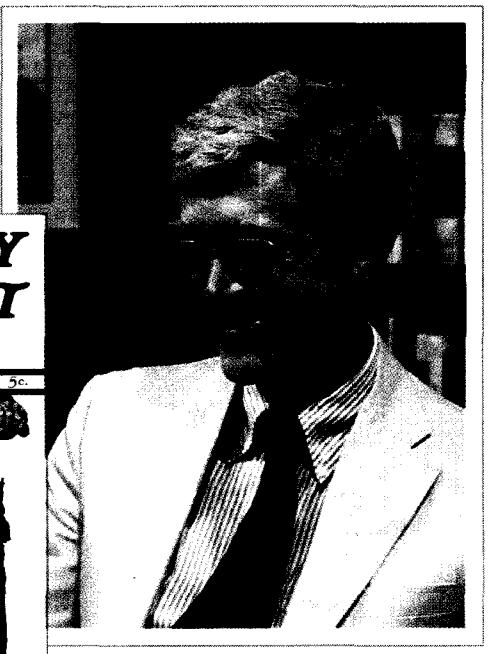
As the administrator of the Rockwell Family Trust, Tom Rockwell has a firm grasp on the outpouring of work his dad produced in his 68-year career. Rockwell items, treasured by collectors, are growing world-wide in popularity.



As millions of our readers know, Norman Rockwell loved the *Post*, and his many covers leave little doubt that the feeling was mutual. The *Post* editor now welcomes with equal affection Tom Rockwell, a well-known author of children's stories and a son of the famous illustrator.

A convenient model for his father, Tom Rockwell (top) literally grew up with the *Post* from his first cameo cover appearance in January 1936 (center) to his graduation from college on the cover of the June 6, 1959, issue (above).

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The Twister

The weathered branches of a tree offered the only shelter.

by Paul Darcy Boles

My father said without looking back, "Be sure you got the pick too, now, Bell; we'll need it before we're through."

It was a hot morning in August—hot enough to bring out sweat on your fingers. I said, "I've got the pick and little shovel. Carry's got the lunch and vacuum bottle."

Carry, my sister, said: "I wish we didn't have to cut down that old tree, daddy."

We were walking down the lane along Four-Chopt Hill. My father was walking ahead with the ax over his shoulder and a trace chain draped over the ax helve. "You know why," he said. "I've heard my last about how every time your ma looks out, all she can see is that pine between her and the village."

I said, "Ma's an awful nice lady, but what's wrong with that kind of seeing? What's so almighty, all-fired sweet about the village?"

My father said, "It's a notionable way women get. They like to see their neighbors. In the winters it gives Delly a joy to look 'cross the fields and see the lights burning in Jeddah's store."

"It sure isn't winter now," I said.

We were passing dusty blackberry bushes. Carry stopped back to sneak a handful of berries. She passed me up a couple. They tasted like long summer sun, sweet as sugar on the tongue.

Thrushes and killdees sat along the road in the gumwoods. They had their beaks open and their feathers puffed up and weren't making much stir. The sun stood just over the hill as round and hot as a fire singeing your hair.

My father said, "No use to argue. You all heard me argue. Arguing's done for now. We get the tree down, we'll have peace and silence at home."

We all stopped on the ridge. There was the pine. It put to shame every other tree around our pastures. It was so broad in the branch it made a circle of shade around it as big as a barn. Three of our cows—Junabye, Robin and Gridge—were lying in that shade. They swiveled their heads around to us and looked at us with their big, mellow eyes. It was about 15 degrees cooler the second you stepped into the shade, like moving into an icehouse.

Outside the shade every breeze was hot. Inside it, it was nice and fresh. Old bronze needles covered the ground under

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here. Jays and doves flickered through the top branches. The pine smelled sweet resiny and solid.

Carry put down the lunch and the vacuum bottle. "I purely love my ma," she said. She looked back toward our house. It was little from here, but neat as a stacked woodpile. Carry folded her hands on her knees and sat on a pine root that made a kind of bench before it went underground. "But when I get her age and have me a man and chaps of my own, I'll never send 'em to chop down a fine tree like this one." She shook her head. "Village or no village."

My father laid the trace chain down and leaned on the ax. "Think about the winter and the fire," he told Carry. "That pinewood's going to burn like Beelzebub's flames." His look ran up the trunk, which went a good distance in the air before the first spread-eagle boughs sprouted. The pine was old; I was noticing where lightning had scarred it on the west, in a streak running clear to the ground; but it had lived all right.

My father went on. " 'Nough lighterwood here to spark and pop up our chimbley for years to come. Bell——" he turned to me—"Bell, we'll borrow a chain saw from Mr. Mantree at the mill and chop and saw her down in four-foot lengths."

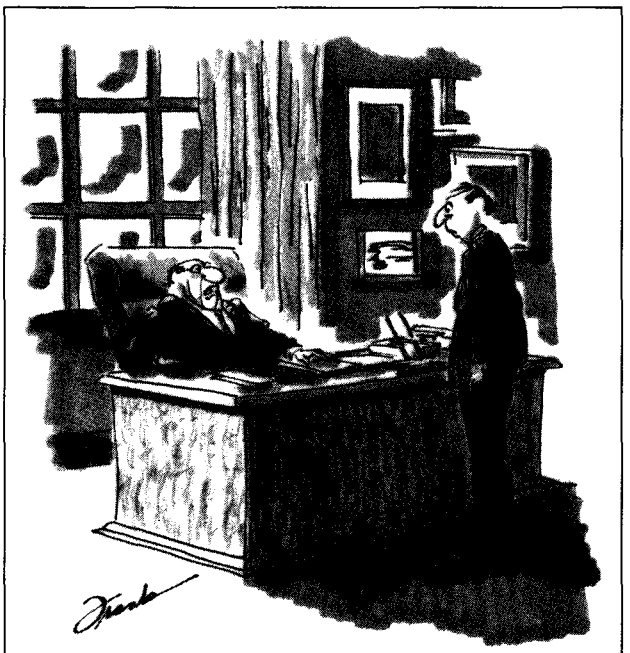
I nodded. "And stove wood too," I said. I couldn't put any zip in my voice. It wasn't the heat; I liked the heat, mainly. It was only that standing under the pine and talking, I felt like the pine was listening. It'd been there in my Grandaddy Hattram's time. He was dead and sleeping in the cemetery west of the village. I thought how many times he must've stood himself up here looking down across the fields he'd wrested from the rocks and the brush.

I could tell from my father's eyes—steel-chip blue they were, and steady—that he was thinking about the same way.

"Plenty of stove wood, Bell," he nodded. "We'll lop it up in short lengths. There's cords of it here for cooking years to come."

A breeze came in under the shade and lifted Carry's silky hair. She looked a lot like ma, but not so set in her ways. I couldn't see ma from here, but I knew she'd be watching us time to time from a window.

She was a good woman, ma. She was just notionable the way my father said. She'd got this thought in her head and couldn't throw it out. Winters are lonesome on the Four-Chopt Hill. I reckoned with Carry and me off to school in the winter days and my father helping down at the mill the times he wasn't busy with stock, she got to brooding. She'd come from the village when she was a girl. She wasn't what you'd call a mountainside woman. She kept remembering the village talk and all that in her blood.



"...or, if you prefer, you may elect to skip coffee breaks altogether and retire three years early."

My father sighed and ran his right hand down the shiny ax helve. He squinted out to the north. "Rain's coming," he said.

There was a cloud over there about the size of a plum-tree crown. It was moving lazy. Carry watched the cloud. One of the cows—Junabye—got up looking clumsy for a second when her back legs and knees straightened. She switched her tail and came walking over and looked down where Carry sat. Carry said, " 'Nother cloud comin' behind it."

We were all watching. The new cloud was like the first, but faster. It was catching up to the first one; it was like watching a little race. The clouds' shadows, moving southward, swept over the tiny roofs of the village in the distance on the south of the pine. Crows flapped over our fields from the east, four of them going low, their shadows skimming the corn.

They didn't stop in the corn, though. I said, "You know, I always kind of thought this pine keeps off the crows." Carry and my father looked at me. "Yes," I said. "They see it up here on the peak of the land, and it looks to them like a big, green man or maybe a green woman giant waving its arms at them. You notice they always skirt our corn?"

My father sucked in his underlip. "That's true, Bell. Now I never thought of it before. I never mind seeing a single crow in this pine."

Carry reached up to pat Junabye on the nose. The other cows were getting restless too. They were looking around with their eyes like deer. I thought one reason, too, why they liked to lie under the pine was because there weren't any flies. There were flies all through the grass and along the road. There were even flies down by the creek, along with the dragonflies and the water skimmers. The cool wind under the pine kept them out.

My father said, "I mind I used to come here when I was a little tad." He'd stepped closer to the pine trunk. He laid a hand on the bark. "It was a place to get above things and with things," he said. He was speaking soft. Carry and I cocked our ears, kind of, to listen. "It was like swinging above the earth," he said. "Sometimes I'd climb it, though it's hard to climb, and you have to cling like a squirrel." He looked up.

I said, "I know how it is to climb. I used to climb it too, 'fore I got more grown and not fit for such scuttering tricks. But when I was a younger chap, I shinned up her a lot."

Carry said, " 'Nother cloud now."

It was a bigger one, chasing the first two—purple-colored and strange. I'd hardly ever noted such a strange cloud before. It seemed to be coming along as low to the earth as the crows had flown. The topmost boughs shook in the wind. The wind gust passed along. A few needles floated down and stuck

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in our hair. I brushed them out of mine.

I was thinking how it'd been for my father and for me when we'd sat up in that pine. It wasn't anything you could say easy to a mob of people. It was just floating and true and centered in the world, was all.

My father was stepping back. His voice changed a whit and got bonier in the middle. "All right, Bell," he said. "I'll take the first licks. You can be digging around to loosen the roots with the pick. Make holes under the top-root suckers with your shovel. We'll take it down stump and all by the time we're done. Haul out what roots we can today with the trace chain after we've felled the main trunk." He didn't even sound like my father.

I thought, not saying it or able to, *Why, love's a terrible thing*. For he loved ma, and she wanted the tree out. It was what was putting the awful grittiness in his voice. His brown hair was grayed at the edges. The light that got in under the boughs glinted on the strap buttons of his overalls. He wasn't looking right at me.

"Yes, sir," I said. I started toward the nearest big root that showed above ground. It ran right across from the root Carry sat on. There were big, green patches of moss between the roots. There were white-gray chips of stone and pieces of flint boulder. The jays were screaming again farther off.

I wasn't looking back at my father, but I was waiting for him to hit the first lick. The cows Robin and Gridge were on their feet, standing not far from Junabye. Carry got up too.

"Can't chop a tree in the rain," she said. "And it's going to rain now."

I looked around where she was pointing. So did my father—he'd had the ax back, ready to take the first cut. He lowered the ax and came stepping out where we were.

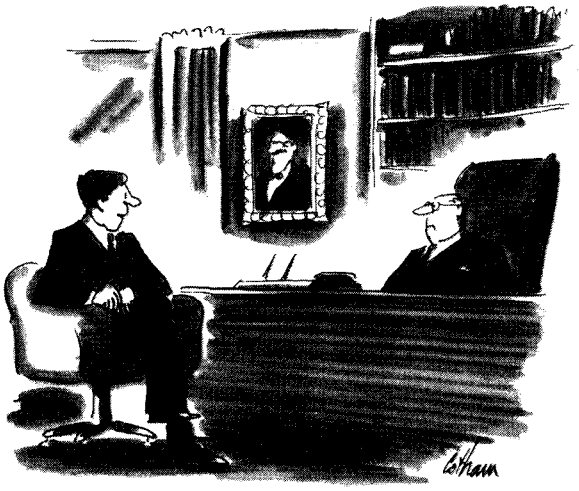
The clouds had all joined together. The air smelled brassy and queer even this close to the pine. For one second it was as if there weren't even any air, as if it all shut down and stopped being something you could breathe. It was like in that second you might not be able to breathe any air at all in the next second.

Then the wind came again, and there was plenty of air. Down in the field the corn all bent over at once, going white green, and the leaves on the oaks and gumwood turned up flat and whiter, like a catfish's belly in color. I looked to the north. Somebody was yelling down there.

It was ma. She was coming along fast as she could, running.

I said, "Something's happened. The house is afire or something!"

My father's hand caught my arm. "No—she sees what I see and she remembers," he said. He was talking fast; there was a noise in the air, so I had to lean to hear him. I couldn't fathom what the noise was. It sounded like a sawmill going crazy. "Tornado!" he cried.



"I'm not exactly what you would call well-read, sir, but I am very selective in my television viewing."

Then I could tell; the noise came from the middle of the cloud that had been three clouds. It was what ma had heard. At the rim of the cloud the sky was saffron and gray—dirty colored like mildewed corn. The cloud was walking and whirling as it walked. It was coming like the fast express from Atlanta over the darkening fields. In front of it everything seemed to split away. There were leaves and sticks and stones moving away from it. Rabbits ran past us so close to us their fur almost brushed our legs. They made big, long leaps as if they were suddenly giants. A fox came from the patch of oaks on the south and went like a red ball tipped with white into the sumac by the creek. Everything in the fields and on the Four-Chopt Hill was moving and waving. The cloud was louder. Ma was closer.

My father let go of my arm where he'd squeezed so hard his fingers felt like iron. He was running out toward ma. He grabbed her, and they came fighting their way under the pine into the wind. I ran and helped them. Carry's face under the pine boughs looked like a brown, comely stone as she leaned toward us.

All four of us were under the pine then. Ma was gasping. "If we had so much as electricity!" she said. "I'd've had the radio or television on, like they do in the village." She was gasping, but she could still make a noise. Her voice cut above the sawmill grind of the cloud. She was pretty with her brown hair flying. "We'd 'a' had warning!" she shouted.

My father shook his head. Enough wind was hitting under here to make his hair string out over his forehead. My hair was doing that, and it felt tough all at once, like willow twigs lashing my skin. Carry was trying to hold her hair back from blowing.

My father shouted, "No warning in a tornado, you know that, Delly! Would have made no difference to have electricity!"

Ma's eyes flashed. She was cowering down low now, sitting on the big root where Carry'd sat, but farther back to the trunk. Carry was with her. They had their arms twined around each other. I looked back at the cloud. It seemed I couldn't stare away from it for more than a whisk at a time. It was as tall as the pine itself. It was a lot closer. All at once I couldn't even hear what my father was yelling. Then he was jerking me farther back under the boughs with him. The ground seemed to be whirling because of all the hatfuls of different color—yellow and gray blue and black and dark green—being spilled from the shadow of the cloud.

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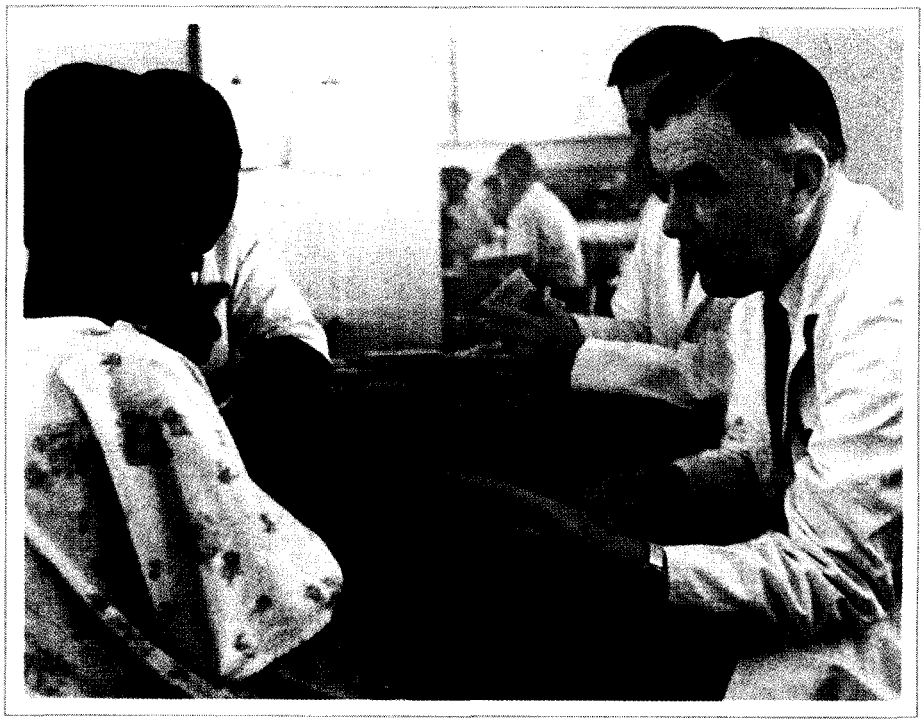
TRANSFUSIONS: THE GIFT OF LIFE

How many times can we reach inside ourselves and find something—anything—vital to transfer to another in need?

by Dr. Paul Brand, M.D.



Dr. Paul Brand examines the hand of a young patient at the All-Africa Leprosy and Rehabilitation Center (ALERT) in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia. Dr. Brand made several visits to the center, where he held clinics and taught about leprosy treatment.

I had the good fortune to join the Christian Medical College and Hospital in Vellore, India, just as it was blossoming into a world-class institution. Shortly after World War II, the hospital began recruiting specialists from many nations. Besides my responsibilities in orthopedic surgery, I was assigned to prepare the way for Dr. Reeve Betts, from the Lahey Clinic in Boston, who in 1949 became the father of thoracic surgery for all of India.

Betts, a tall, barrel-chested man of Scottish ancestry, had the usual amount of patience allotted to surgeons—in other words, very little. When he arrived in India he immediately saw an urgent need for lung and heart surgeries. But he faced a roadblock: We had no real blood bank at Vellore.

For orthopedic surgeries, I had been relying on a jury-rigged device that suctioned out and recirculated a patient's own blood. But chest surgery required a reserve supply of five or six pints of blood, which in turn involved an efficient collection and storage procedure. Betts had the experience and the skill to save the lives of patients who began streaming to Vellore from all over India, but he could do nothing without blood.

Thus, a blood bank became my priority that year. I had to learn the skills needed for typing, cross-matching and screening of donors for health problems. We had to develop ways to sterilize all our reusable equipment and to provide pyrogen-free water.

In the hot, dusty atmosphere of Vellore, among so many people afflicted with parasites or a hidden hepatitis virus, we struggled to make our system foolproof. Time after time a transfusion intended to bring health instead damaged the patient. I acquired a deep appreciation for the pioneers who tackled the many hazards of the transfusion process and made possible our modern blood banks.

However, one problem loomed far above all others: the attitudes of the Indian people. To them, blood held the magical property of life itself, and they could not tolerate the thought of giving up lifeblood, even to save someone else. I have a vivid memory of a particular scene that occurred when this age-old belief collided with the Scottish temperament of Reeve Betts.

A slim, 12-year-old Indian girl, in desperate need of lung surgery, was admitted to the hospital. As was the custom, her whole family accompanied her to the hospital, and we began a prolonged dialogue through a translator to explain what was to happen. Reeve first informed the family that the lung must be removed to save the patient's life. The family members nodded with appropriate gravity.

Encouraged by their response, Reeve continued: The surgery required at least three pints of blood, and we had only one in stock. Who in the family would volunteer to donate two more pints? Frowns creased the foreheads of the family elders. They huddled for a while and then announced a compromise. Although they would not donate the blood, they would pay for the additional pints.

Reeve flushed and muttered darkly to me, "How could anyone refuse to give blood that would save his own child?" The veins in his neck began to bulge, and his shining, bald head barometrically gauged his remaining tolerance. Working to control his voice, he explained that he had no other source of blood—it could not be purchased. They might as well take the girl home and let her die.

Back to the conference. After more lively discussion the elders emerged with a concession. They pushed forward a frail, old woman weighing perhaps 95 pounds, the smallest and weakest member of the clan. The family had elected her a transfusion donor. We could bleed her all we wanted.

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Reeve fixed a stare on the sleek, well-fed men who made the decision, and then his anger boiled over. His bald pate blazed. In a torrent of halting Tamil he blasted the dozen cowering family members. Few could understand his thickly accented words, but everyone caught their force as he jabbed his finger back and forth from the husky men to the frail woman.

Finally, Reeve could stand it no longer. With a flourish, he rolled up his own sleeve and called to me: "Come over here, Paul. I will not let this girl die just because these cowards can't make up their minds. Bring a needle and bottle and take my blood."

The family fell silent and watched in awe as I dutifully fastened a cuff around Reeve's upper arm, swabbed the skin and plunged a needle into his vein. As the rich, red geyser spurted into the bottle, a great "Ahhh!" rustled through the spectators.

At once there was a babel of voices: "Look, the sahib doctor is giving his own life!" Onlookers called out shame on the family. I reinforced the drama by loudly warning Reeve not to give too much this time because he had given blood last week and the week before. "You will be too weak to do the operation!" I cried.

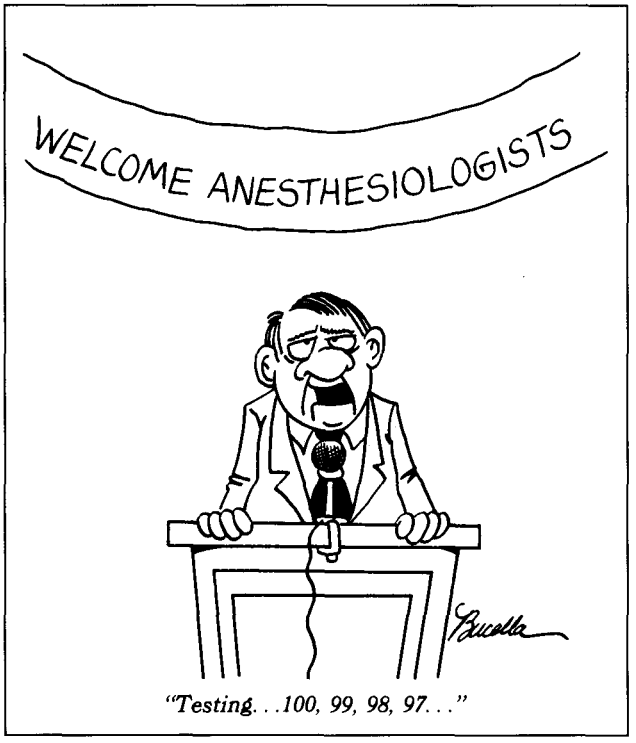
The family got the message at last. Before the bottle was half full, two or three men had sheepishly presented themselves. I freed Reeve and took their trembling, outstretched arms.

Over time, Reeve Betts' reputation spread like a miracle worker's. If a family refused blood, the great doctor himself would give his own.

That single image in the hospital courtyard, of Reeve Betts rolling up his sleeve for the sake of a patient, captures for me the very essence of medicine: one human being sharing his own life with another. Today the reality easily gets lost in the formality of computer-matched blood banks and sterile containers. But how many times can we reach inside ourselves and find something—anything—vital to transfer to another in need?

Initially, the idea of giving blood to an ailing person went against all medical wisdom. In the 17th and the 18th centuries, reputable physicians believed that withdrawing blood, not injecting it, offered the best hope for recovery. One eminent physician gained renown all over France by overseeing the letting of a total of 20 million pints of blood.

When blood transfusion finally did make headway as a medical practice, it was viewed with reverence. The procedure made concrete a symbol of shared life that was mythical, almost religious, for not so long ago blood was assumed to be a vital essence brimming with "humors" or soluble personality traits (we still speak of people as having "bad blood"). Some suggested using transfusions to inject sanity into an insane person or to modify personality types. Indeed, would marital strife end forever if the blood of quarreling spouses could be blended through transfusion? The possibilities seemed limitless.



"Testing...100, 99, 98, 97..."

It took until the 19th century for medicine to achieve some consistent success with the mysterious procedure of blood transfusion. In England, Dr. James Blundell saved the lives of 11 women out of 15 who had hemorrhaged after childbirth. In extant etchings of the event, the solemn Blundell looks on as one woman, standing, delivers her blood through a tube directly into the vein of another.

That etching of Blundell poignantly expresses the human-to-human essence of shared life. Yet for all its potential, blood transfusion involved horrible risks for many years. Perhaps a third of the time, the recipient's body inexplicably rejected a donor's blood; violent reactions often killed these patients. Decades of bewilderment passed before researchers sorted out the crucial vagaries of blood typing and Rh factors, along with proper techniques for storage and the prevention of clotting.

Finally, during World War I, the benefits of blood transfusion began to outweigh its risks. Medics carried wooden boxes that contained two large jars of the precious juice onto the battlefields. Word spread rapidly among the troops: "There's a bloke who pumps blood into you and brings you back to life even after you're dead!"

An American black man, Dr. Charles Drew, solved many problems of blood storage and shipping and made possible a nationwide Blood for Britain campaign during World War II. Since then a labyrinthine network of blood supply depots, refrigerated blood banks, trucks and planes has grown up—in technological mimicry of the body's own circulatory system.

I have a special interest in blood transfusion and its history, not only because of my experience in Vellore, but also because my career in medicine traces back to my very first encounter with blood transfusion. That event indelibly impressed on me the mystery and drama that lie behind every enactment of a common medical procedure.

The encounter occurred one dreary night at Connaught Hospital in east London. Until that night I had stubbornly resisted all pressure to enter medical school. For some time my family had tried to influence me toward medicine, even to the extent of an uncle's offering to pay all school expenses. But I would not listen. I did not tell them, and probably did not even admit to myself at the time, the real reason I resisted medicine: I had a violent visceral reaction against blood and pus. Memories of them had sick-

continued on page 112

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JOHNNY APPLESEED IN THE 80s

Had the legendary planter of apple trees lived 200 years later, what would have become of the fruits of his labor?

by Bob Greene

Illustrated by Philip Smith

Johnny Appleseed roamed the countryside in the early 1800s. Some people think Johnny Appleseed is a myth, but he isn't. His real name was John Chapman; he was born in Massachusetts in 1774, and he devoted his life to sowing seeds so there would be fruit for the pioneers as they headed west.

He often traveled barefoot, and sometimes he wore a coffee sack for clothing. He planted his seeds in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana. He was extremely kind to animals; sometimes he purchased sick livestock from farmers and then nurtured them back to health. Because of this, the story of Johnny Appleseed was passed down from generation to generation; he became a genuine American folk hero, and he is remembered fondly after all these many years.

But you have to wonder: What would the story of Johnny Appleseed have been like if he had lived in the 1980s?

He might start off in relative anonymity, but a reporter from the "PM Magazine" television show in Pittsburgh would hear about him by the time he reached the western border of Pennsylvania. The reporter would videotape a cute feature of Appleseed, including cutaway shots of the reporter, in his blazer and gray pants, talking to Appleseed, in his coffee sack, as they walked down the road.

Soon enough Charles Kuralt would pick up on the story; Appleseed would appear on the entire CBS network, and by the next day he would be the talk of every office lunchroom in the country.

Within a week, *USA Today* would give Appleseed its ultimate accolade—a small color picture on top of page one with a teaser headline referring to a story about him in the "Life" section. Phil Donahue would invite Appleseed on his show as a representative of a coming trend—men who dress in coffee sacks and walk barefoot dropping seeds on the ground.

By the end of the first month, Appleseed would sign on with the International Creative Management talent agency in New York. From that point on, all decisions about his career would go through the agency. The first thing the agents would demand: Anyone wishing to deal with Appleseed would have to fly him first-class and provide him with a chauffeured limousine when he landed.

After the initial flurry of stories in the press, Appleseed's new managers would hire the bicoastal Rogers and Cowan public-relations agency to handle all future media inquiries. Reporters wishing to speak with Appleseed would now have to rely on prepared statements from his publicist.

Appleseed would sign a contract for his autobiography, to be ghostwritten by a former newspaperman who would be paid a straight fee; all royalties would go directly to Appleseed. When in galley proofs, the book would be sold to NBC for a miniseries.

Appleseed's managers would license designer versions of his coffee-sack clothing, complete with his signature across the front, and fret over a way to license the rights to his bare feet before giving up in frustration.

A chain of "Johnny's Apple Shops," franchised in malls nationwide, would sell apples, apple pies, apple turnovers, apple candy, apple cake, etc. The visual trademark would be an apple tree planted next to the front door of each store; the apple trees would be made out of plastic, for longer wear. Appleseed himself, accompanied by managers, publicists and security guards, would make a national promotional tour, visit the stores and sign autographs. This effort would be buttressed by a series of television commercials, in which Appleseed would smile and say, "Hi! I'm Johnny Appleseed, and I'd like to invite you to my Apple Shops . . . ."

Appleseed would retain a team of investment counselors to ad-

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Appleseed himself, with managers, publicists and security guards, would make a national tour, visiting stores and signing autographs.

vise him on his growing wealth. He would buy a house with a pool, a sauna, a hot tub, a Jacuzzi and a tennis court in Beverly Hills, California. He would be spotted at a disco in the company of Cathy Lee Crosby; within a week their picture would appear on the "Star Tracks" page of *People* magazine.

Appleseed would appear as the featured guest on "Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous," offer host Robin Leach a tour of his home and grant an interview about the pleasures and headaches of being a world-wide celebrity.

In the fall, Westinghouse Broadcasting would offer Appleseed his own talk show. The company would cite surveys showing that Appleseed was the most trustworthy celebrity in the eyes of the American people. For his hosting duties Appleseed would give up the coffee sack and instead wear clothes made especially for him by Ralph Lauren. On the wall directly behind the talk-show chairs, though, a logo showing Appleseed in his old coffee-sack garb would be prominently displayed as a nostalgic reminder.

The book, the miniseries, the designer coffee sacks, the Johnny's Apple Shops and the talk show would be enormous hits for two years. In the third year, all of them would begin to decline in popularity.

By the fifth year the book would be out of print, the miniseries would be off the air, the designer coffee sacks would be out of production, the Johnny's Apple Shops would be in Chapter 11 bankruptcy and the talk show would be canceled.

In the sixth year Johnny Appleseed would be arrested for possession of cocaine. His picture would appear in the paper; his head would be hanging, his posture slumped. His managers would issue a statement saying he was "struggling with personal problems." A judge would release him on probation, with the stipulation he seek counseling.

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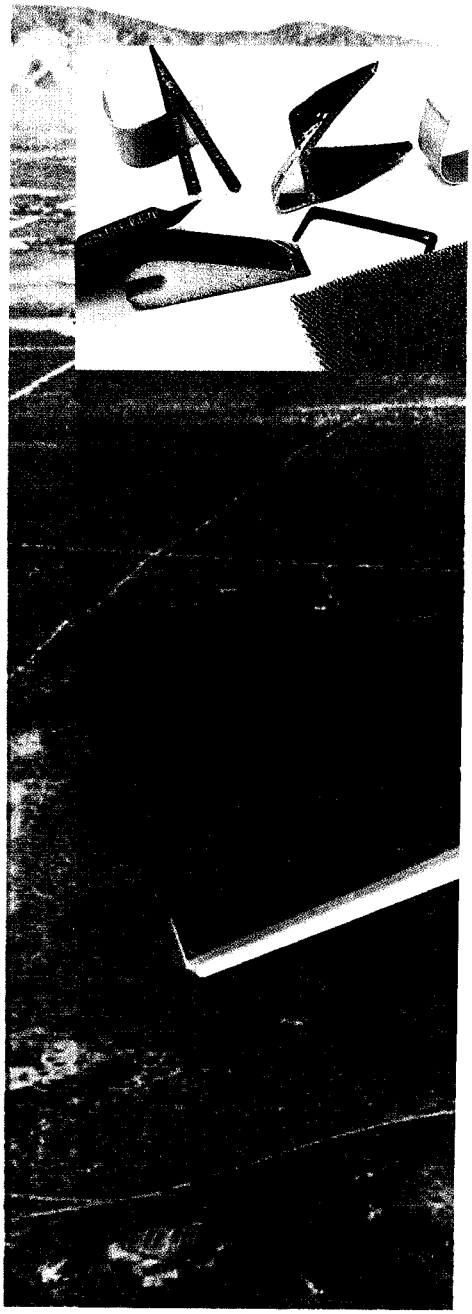

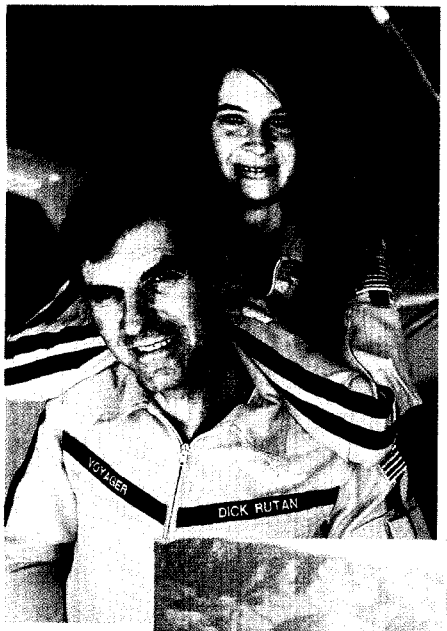

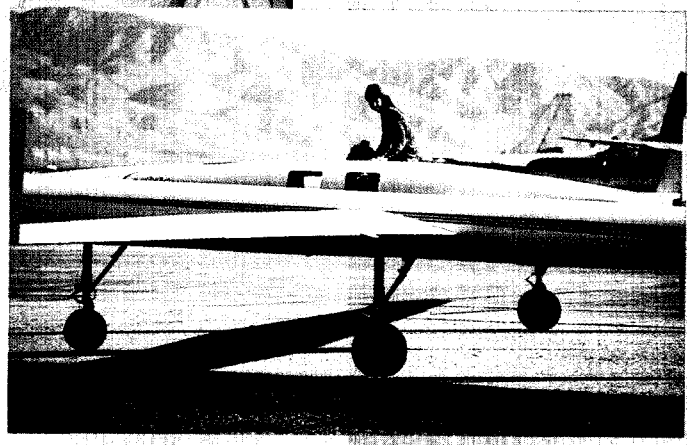

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A GENIUS FOR THE OBVIOUS

He'd always wondered what they call those frisky little bushy-tailed creatures that run across the road in front of your car—and with his wife's relative along, he didn't have to ask.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Illustrated by Don Trawin

Early one morning this year, as I sat at the bottom of the back steps, hat down over my eyes, a ruptured trash bag in my lap, trash scattered from the elm tree to the well pit, my dear wife opened the back door and called down to me: "The steps are slippery this morning."

You know something, folks? I may not be the fastest mental draw in the West (west of Bloomington, Indiana, that is), but I had already arrived at the conclusion that the steps were not exactly the Sahara.

It's possible, of course, that I have a few faults of my own—although I can't think of any at the moment—and I'm certainly not going to ask what's-her-name, or we could be here all day. The point is, this habit some people have of stating the obvious gets me steamed up to where it has become life threatening. Psychologists warn that if we don't get these vexations off our chests, they'll keep gnawing away at our internal system until nothing short of radiator solder will plug the holes.

This has nothing to do with small talk. This is smaller than that. I don't mind hearing people say such things as "You're looking younger," or "Haven't you lost weight?" or even "Here's the ten bucks I owe you." But when that flash comes down from the rain cloud and strips the bark from the old elm tree, I don't need to be told that it's lightning.

To be fair, my dear wife has come by this addiction via the trickle-down route—her family has cultivated the habit for generations. One relative in particular, who shall be nameless (you'll notice I didn't name my wife), could teach a college course on the subject. In the interest of preventing a name-calling contest at the next family reunion, let's refer to her as "Auntie."

At the last such gathering, we were awarded the dubious honor of driving Auntie to the reunion site at McCormick's Creek State Park. I found her in her kitchen, where she was trying to fit a watermelon and a lemon-meringue pie into a picnic hamper.

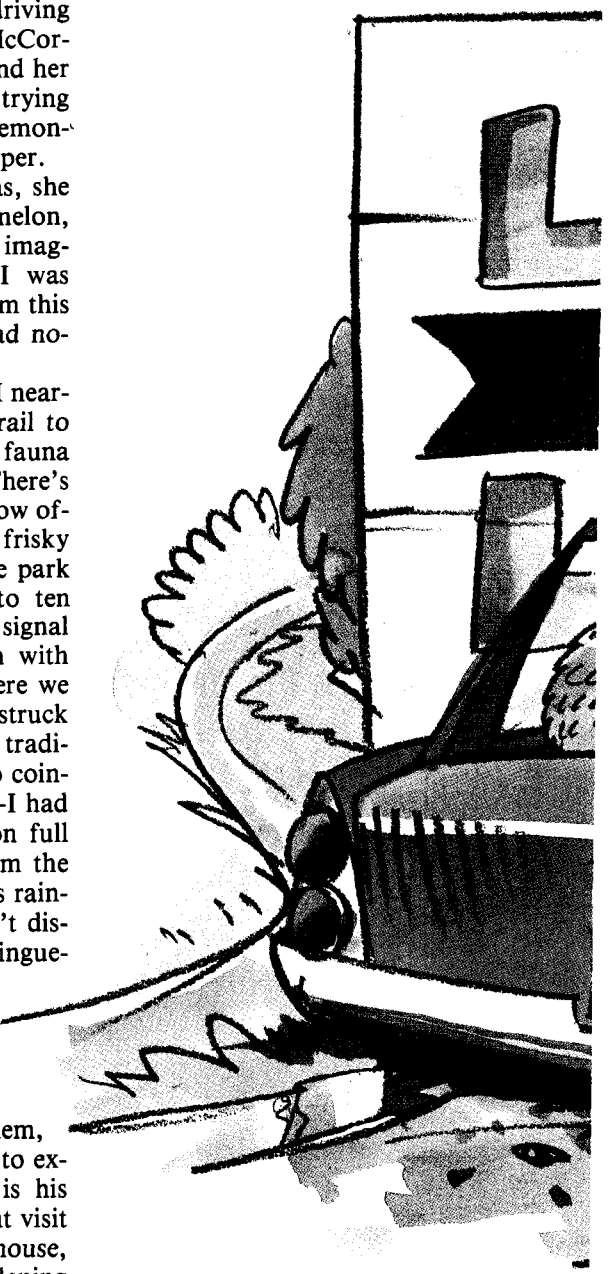
After making sure who I was, she said, evidently to the watermelon, "Oh, it's Maynard." You can imagine my disappointment, for I was hoping to be Tom Selleck. From this high point her observations had nowhere to go but downhill.

As we approached the park, I nearly hubbed the car on a guardrail to avoid running over a rash bit of fauna scampering across the road. "There's a squirrel!" I was informed. How often I had wondered what those frisky little fellers were called! At the park entrance, as the car slowed to ten miles an hour and the turn signal blinked, Auntie came through with the timely announcement, "Here we are!" And when the monsoon struck—the family has a longstanding tradition of timing their reunions to coincide with threatening weather—I had no sooner turned the wipers on full blast than she leaned over from the back seat to enlighten me: "It's raining!" Upon unloading, I wasn't disappointed to observe her meringue-topped watermelon.

Nothing is more dependable for inspiring obvious remarks than a new, or new-to-them, house. Parents of a new, or new-to-them, baby may not feel called upon to explain, "That's his nose, this is his mouth, those are his ears"—but visit this same couple in their new house, and you get the whole maddening gamut.

Take this nameless couple on my wife's side who invited us to Michigan. For our charming company? No—to show off the vacation house they had built in the boondocks. And having already driven 500 miles to their workaday home, I was voted best qualified to drive the extra 200 miles to Lost Lake. And a well-named body of water it was.

Why they didn't drive their own practically new car became apparent during the final 20 miles. The road of logs and inlaid chuckholes had evidently been hacked out of the brush as a proving ground for army tanks. Why submit their shiny model unnec-



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essarily to this torture test, when a few nuts and bolts from our machine wouldn't make much difference? Thus my mood ring was already registering a deep purple before we came to the fork in the tracks. Facing us was a 10'x20' sign sporting a flame-red arrow pointing to the right and huge block letters spelling out "LOST LAKE."

"Take the road to the right," my brother-in-law announced. Otherwise, of course, I would have had to look up a native and ask which fork led to Lost Lake.

When at last we came rattling out of the woods, we saw a sizable body of water alive with sailboats sailing, fishermen fishing, motorboats motoring, water-skiers skiing, swimmers swimming, and on the beach some boys and girls boying and girling.

From the back seat Lois' sister-in-law cried, "That's the lake!" I still have nightmares in which I think that it is a mirage and then try to drive across.

Eventually the road led to a mailbox painted black with our in-laws' name in two-inch gold letters. "This is our place!" they chorused. He added, "Turn in at the drive." Thank goodness. I was about to turn in at the culvert and drive across the lawn to the house.

How can I say enough, in mixed company, about their patience in identifying the rooms? The room with the stone fireplace, the television and the picture window overlooking the lake was not the garage at all; it turned out to be the "family room." Before I could make a wild stab at the area displaying the stove, the oven, the refrigerator, the sink and the cupboards, she announced that it was her "kitchen."

I was spared further embarrassment when shown the room featuring a bathtub, a lavatory and a commode. I was told it was—hold on to your hats, folks—the bathroom; not where they kept their live bait at all. By the time we had walked down to the lake and they could point out the boat, I had slipped the telltale mood ring into my pocket. I only hoped it wouldn't explode.

• • •

Since moving to our hilltop haven here in Freedom, I've been boasting to big-city friends about small-town advantages. Last week, a fellow from my investment club stopped off to see what I'd been bragging about. My nameless wife and I were hoeing knotweed in the garden when he came huffing and puffing up from the turnaround.

I said, "Well, well, it's Jim Walker!" because there are two Walkers in our club, and considering his age, he might have thought he was the other one. I added, "This is my wife," in order that he wouldn't get off on the wrong foot by mistaking her for the hired man.

You might ask why, after putting down my hoe, walking through the corn, avoiding the watermelons and stepping over rows of lettuce, cabbage, carrots and tomatoes, I explained, "This is our garden." Jim has lived all his life in the city, and I didn't want him to start thinking we were raising our knotweed for a money crop.

I don't know why he started back for the car when I pointed out our breath-taking view. Could be a person unaccustomed to all that grandeur gets vertigo.

What a shame! I would have liked to take him back to the woods and show him the trees. And nameless wife didn't have a chance to explain the house. She does *such* a good job of it. That sort of thing runs in her family.

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Will the confident, suave, ornery, overbearing J.R. Ewing ever become truly contrite? Not if his alter ego, Larry Hagman, has anything to say about it.

THE LOW-DOWN ON LOW-DOWN J.R.

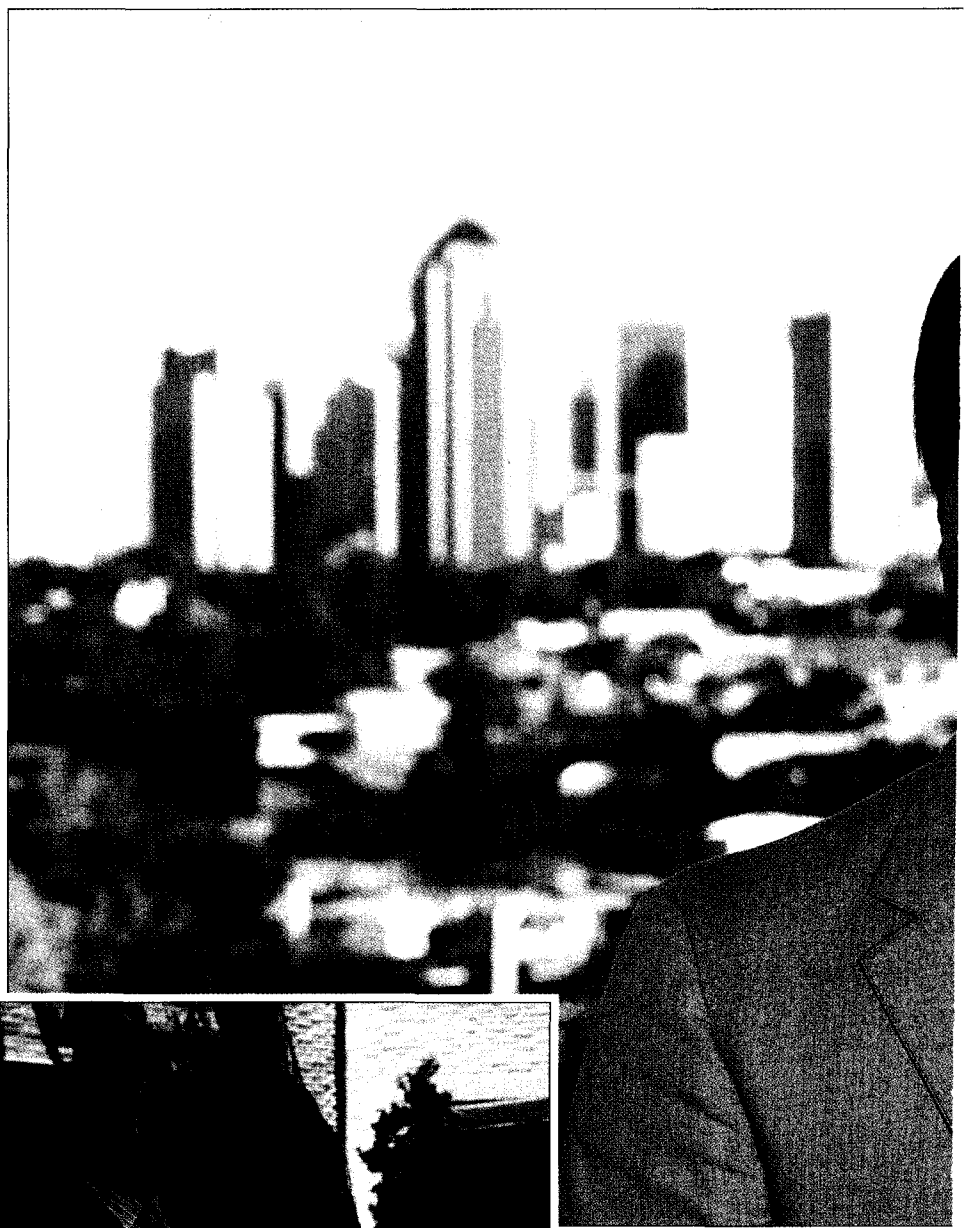
Away from the "Dallas" set, Larry Hagman, 54, emerges as a doting husband, father and grandfather who allows only the eight fireplaces in the Hagman home to smoke.

by Paul Rosenfield

Television fans like their J.R. Ewing the way folklore says Texans like their bourbon—straight and in large doses. They want him just the way Larry Hagman plays him each week: ornery, overbearing, suave, confident, shady, rich, the ultimate Texan and an incurable Casanova. Changing J.R.—or allowing Hagman to appear as he is in real life—would tamper with both success and Mother Nature.

But if Hagman were somehow allowed to exit from the set of "Dallas" into a phone booth and to change clothes, he would be less likely to emerge as the Wicked Witch of the West than as Dudley Do-Right of the Mounties. Ask anybody on the set of "Dallas," the CBS-TV serial that has brought Hagman international fame as an unrespected bad guy without morals. The crew will stick up for the smiling, sneering man with the roving eye who's become the most lovable—if not necessarily the most likable—TV villain in history.

Pull back Hagman's Texas trappings; ignore his carefully written TV



J.R.'s villainy sinks to new depths opposite his sister-in-law Pam (Victoria Principal).

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lines. Underneath is lovable—and likeable—Larry, a new grandfather who was 54 last September.

Born 30 miles west of Dallas in Fort Worth, Hagman spent his formative years a little farther west in Weatherford, the hometown of his mother—the *grande dame* of Broadway musicals, Mary Martin. Larry seemed destined to walk in her shadow forever—then seven years ago came "Dallas."

The more Larry Hagman slipped into the role of J.R. Ewing, the more difficult it became to separate the two, like a game of "Will the real Larry Hagman please stand up?" Today many people meeting him for the first time call him J.R. Thus, the transition between real and fictional existence has come full circle. For the audience, Hagman has made it seem that J.R. Ewing has taken over his very soul, that he has no private life. The reason? The world wants a man like J.R. Ewing to exist, and Hagman is the perfect medium.

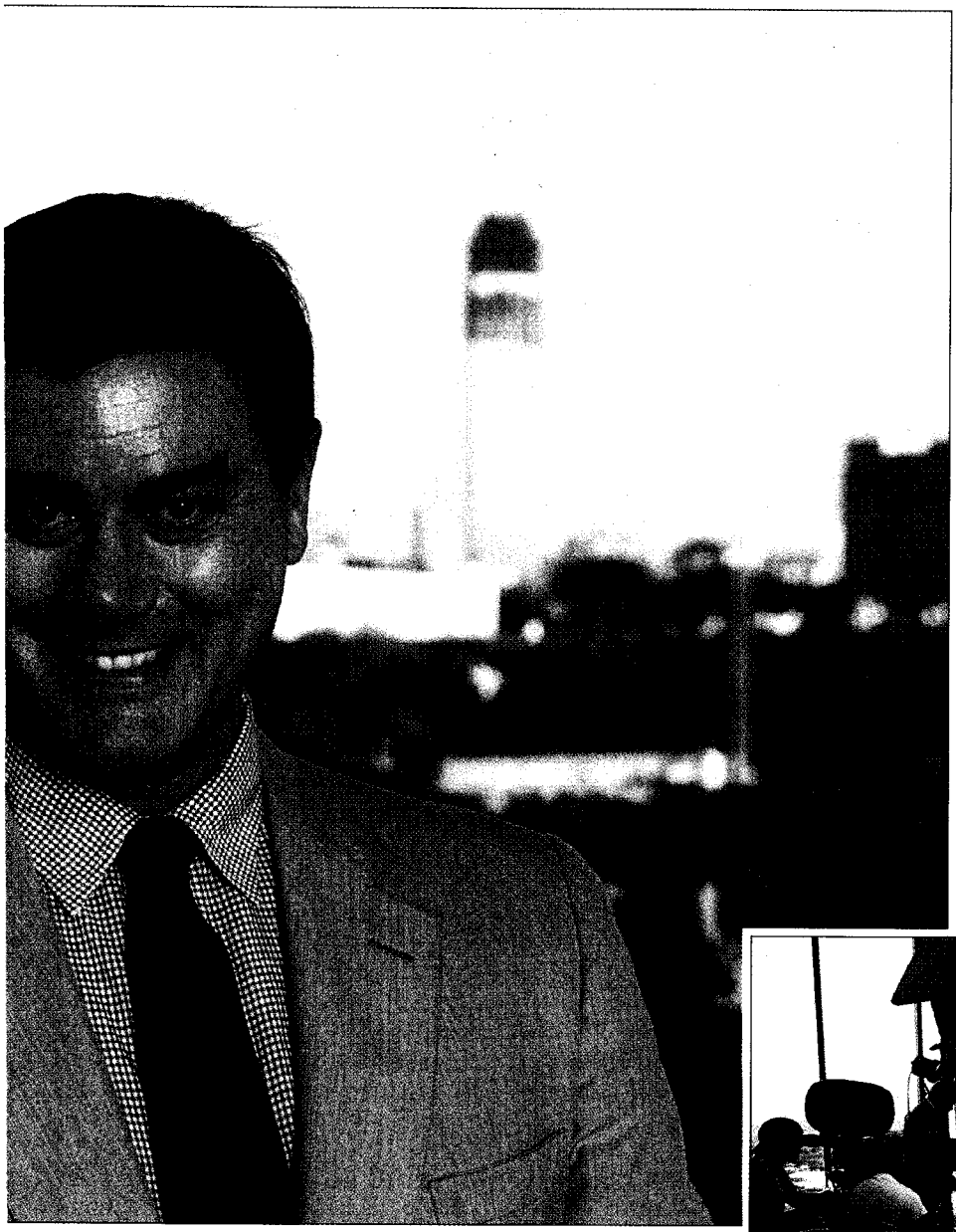
Privately, Larry Hagman is a doting husband, father and grandfather, constantly concerned about his Swedish-born wife of 31 years, Maj (pronounced "My"), and their spacious home at the edge of Malibu beach in California. (On days the ocean is rough, water actually laps at the Hagmans' front door.)

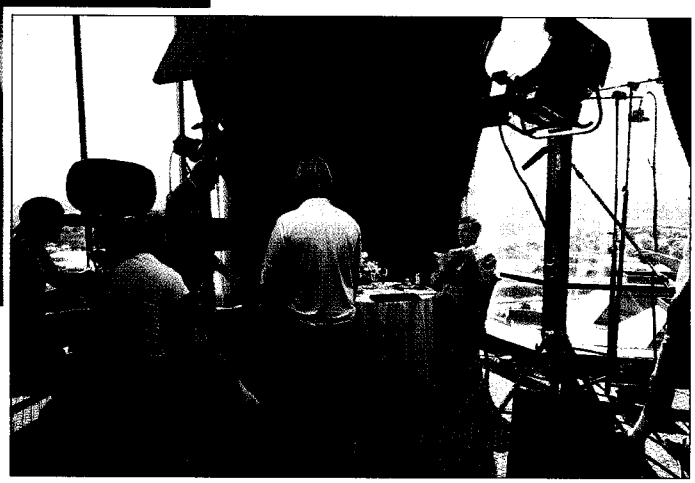
The Hagmans yearn for their Spanish-style home when they are away—which is most of the time. Here, Larry can maintain the regimen that promotes his health—the right diet, running two miles early each morning and daily swimming. The beach is sloping, so he runs on the road. He uses the pool instead of the nearby ocean for easier, better exercise, usually with the television on at one end "so it won't get so boring."

In the sizable Hagman abode—four bedrooms, eight fireplaces and a capacity for 250 guests (although Larry prefers dinner parties of no more than 20)—a structure finished a little more than a year ago after the Hagmans had their previous home torn down, the ground rules are the same as in the old one: No Smoking. The regulation, well-known to those who might be invited to a Hagman party, is nonetheless underlined by three small, brass plaques that inform guests of the owners' preference.

Violators are not fined or asked to leave the premises, but those who can't control their smoking habits are often asked to go outside. The chief offenders, Hagman says, are Carroll O'Connor and David Wayne.

The heavy hand of Hagman, as it deals with smoking, extends especially to the set of "Dallas," regardless of the filming location. The smoking lamp is always out within breathing and smelling distance of Hagman, and several aides keep their eyes peeled and their nostrils unclogged so





Playing a Texan (on a "Dallas" set, above, right) is second nature to Hagman, who grew up in nearby Weatherford. Being from Texas "is something you never get over," he says.

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they can quickly banish violators. At a recent filming in Dallas' Wyndham Hotel, even on-looking guests in the hotel lobby were asked not to smoke.

The set is almost as much Hagman's domain as is his home—his voice is the loudest, his smile the broadest. After a scene shot in a bar off the Wyndham's lobby, Hagman called the barmaids nothing but "darlin'," in the same Texas twang he uses in the TV show.

He likes to relax in a nearby chair between scenes. When Hagman heads for a chair after shooting is done, it means to the rest of the cast, the camera crew, the sound crew, the light crew, the script girls, the costume people, the publicity personnel, make-up and everybody else that he would like to sit there, even if the chair is occupied. Quickly, with no word spoken, the chair is vacated. A glass of white wine almost magically appears at his fingertips.

"Of course, there is no smoking on the set," Hagman says, as if it were a foregone conclusion. "I discovered early on that by 3 p.m. the smoke was affecting my voice. It was mostly—not always, but mostly—the young people. They figure, you know, that they'll never die."

It was not love at first sight for Hagman and his wife, Maj. They met while he was serving in the air force in England. "He was very odd," she recalls. Nevertheless they were wed on his 23rd birthday, September 21, 1954. Her assessment after 31 years? "He has grown up," but not matured.

The late Jim Davis, J.R.'s father in the original cast, forgot one day and lit a cigarette on the set. It caused a stir, and Davis never forgot again. Barbara Bel Geddes, the matriarch of the Ewing clan, did smoke heavily, but not on the set—and has now quit the habit for health reasons.

"This is something I live with every day of my life," says Hagman, who for five years has been national chairman of the American Cancer Society's Anti-Smoking Campaign. He has converted the chiefly honorary position to one of action, made addresses in many cities and taken the chief role in radio and TV commercials. This year, he was joined in a TV spot by Mary Martin.

"There is no way you can bludgeon people about their habits, especially smoking, so I keep a sense of humor about the whole thing," Hagman says.

Until 22 years ago, Hagman smoked two packs of cigarettes a day. When he read in *Time* magazine about the U.S. Surgeon General's statement on smoking, he simply quit. Actually, his decision wasn't simple; it was difficult, and it took two years to accomplish. He first tried filter-tipped cigarettes and then pipes, because he didn't realize he was addicted. Today, he gives away 1,000 small, battery-operated fans each year to those who want to disperse the smoke of others' cigars or cigarettes.

As chairman of the Anti-Smoking Campaign, Hagman is also chairman of the Great American Smoke-Out, which draws attention to the dangers of smoking and seeks to persuade smokers to stop for one day. Last year, the event encouraged people to "Adopt a Smoker" and to help them

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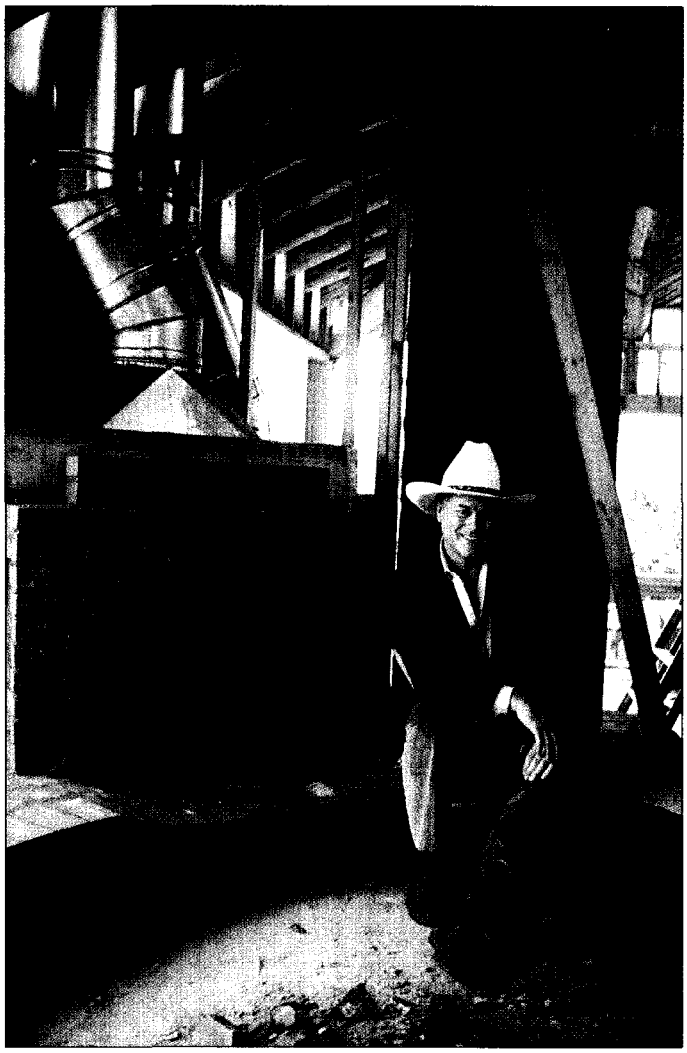
get through the day.

Hagman has launched the Anti-Smoking Campaign each year from Saint John's Hospital in Santa Monica, California, where his sister-in-law is the head of nursing. Of course, just being Larry Hagman or J.R. or whomever you prefer brings him considerable attention. His own choice of words brings him even more:

"I say people are the victims of smoking. It's like hitting your head against the wall; when you stop it feels so good," he explains. "Smoking is a form of population control. It kills 350,000 people a year in the United States, and you can't outlaw tobacco."

Hagman has an irreversible opinion of smokers, even though many are his friends. He brands them all "losers." "If these people—these smokers—realize what they are doing, then you must have less respect for them. They're losers. Take Alexander Haig. This man smokes four packs of cigarettes a day. Now, how can you trust a man like that?" he asks.



Hagman says the only things allowed to smoke in his house are his fireplaces. He follows this rule not only to protect his lungs but also to protect his voice. For the sake of the latter, he also maintains total silence on Sundays, something he started several years ago.

Hagman cannot fathom the use of chewing tobacco or snuff. "Why would anybody do it?" he asks, and then he reflects that he once—just once—tried snuff in England and sniffed it up his nose the British way. He sneezed quite a bit and almost choked, and that was that.

Hagman's own children and their friends are keenly aware of how he feels about all forms of tobacco. The family includes a son, Preston, 23, and his wife, Starla (who introduced a daughter, Mary Noel, to the world last summer) as well as a daughter, Heidi Blount, 27. None of them has ever smoked, but Hagman knows he cannot influence all the other young people of the world who want to use tobacco.

But he may be able to make them think. "I want to influence them against it, of course. But to battle the entire population of the world—well, I feel that if young people want to kill themselves . . . " His voice trails off. "You know, all smokers are cripples, and they must be taken care of and humored."

Many of Hagman's friends are smokers. Some of them are now former friends. "Of course I'm concerned about what my stance against smoking has cost me in friendships. I'm concerned, but I don't worry about it. It's true," he says, "that I don't see some of my friends any more."

Hagman thinks the TV show will last at least five or six more years, and he wants to be right in there pitching until the very end. He is careful about his food intake. He eats on time and consumes the right things—for him. On the set, he is usually first in line at the mobile commissary, where the meal is warm and well-balanced.

Rarely does he eat beef in any form, although he admits to yearning for a hamburger more often than the three times a year he allows himself. Commissary cooks are instructed to provide alternatives when they serve beef; Hagman always chooses fish or fowl. In addition, he takes three vitamins a day and concentrates on foods high in fiber content. Milk or milk products are not included in his diet—not in any form. He dismisses them with an observation: "They're terrible—terrible for your cholesterol."

Hard as it is for TV audiences, especially the younger people, to imagine Larry Hagman as anyone but J.R. Ewing, he has been an actor for more than 30 years. "I've never had trouble making a living," he says proudly. "Acting is a craft. I'm no Laurence Olivier, but I work. I worked before 'Dallas' arrived and I'll be working after it is gone. Meantime, it is an awfully good living."

A new phase of Hagman's career was launched this year by his narration of an eight-episode history of Texas on the Public Broadcasting System, to begin December 15. Hagman regards the role as natural for him. "I'm a Texan. Born in Forth Worth. I'm still a Texan. Now, that's something you never get over," he says with a grin.

The PBS series, to be seen all over the United States and abroad, was filmed entirely in Texas; Hagman appears at the beginning and the end of each episode.

If Larry Hagman has a philosophy for the kind of life he leads and the outlook it embodies, it is something Maj had etched on the bottom of the big wall mirror in their master bath. He sees it every morning and he thinks it all day long:

"Don't worry. Be happy. Feel good."

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PETER UEBERROTH: AT BAT FOR BASEBALL

The dynamic new commissioner of America's favorite sport describes himself as an "unabashed patriot," a "pretty ordinary individual" and an optimist at heart.

by Ken Rappoport

On a wall in Peter Ueberroth's office hangs a painting of a phlegmatic pastoral scene: cows grazing in a field, a lazy windmill overhead and a sunset in the background. It is an important reference point for Ueberroth, as much a perspective of life as it is a work of art.

"It's a 'pace' painting," he explains. "It reminds you that there are other paces. When you have a hectic life, as I do, you have a painting that reminds you that the windmill keeps rolling and the cows are still eating the grass, no matter what's going on around you."

Clearly, that reminder serves as a quiet counterpoint to the kind of pace Ueberroth has set in his first year as the commissioner of major-league baseball, a year in which he has dealt with a variety of controversial and significant issues: drugs in baseball, a players' strike, an umpires' strike, the impact of so-called "TV superstations," declining attendance, baseball's shaky financial structure and the return from exile of Mickey Mantle and Willie Mays.

More than a few surprises have awaited Ueberroth. "It's just been more difficult, more intense than I thought it would be," he says. "I didn't think I would be here eight o'clock at night, nine o'clock at night, working most of the night sometimes. I thought it would be a low-pressure job. But there are 26 independent operations going on over two countries, Canada and the United States. I underestimated the intensities and the difficulties."

Ueberroth is no stranger to difficult situations. He found more than his share of sticky problems in his five years as the chief organizer of the Los Angeles Olympics, but in no way did the experience prepare him for his present position. "They are distinctly different types of roles," he points out. "One is a huge, fast build-up against deadlines—trying to amass 72,000 people who want to make a short-term commitment to make their country proud. Baseball, on the other hand, is steeped in rich history; change comes about slowly, which is good. It's a different kind of situation entirely."

Before experiencing a baseball strike, however, Ueberroth did face a boycott of another kind, when the Soviet Union and most of its allies pulled out of the 1984 Olympics. In the face of such antagonism and other added tensions, he managed to pull things together in Los Angeles, and the privately funded games wound up with an unheard-of surplus of nearly $215 million.

His business acumen, and not necessarily his background in baseball, made Ueberroth an attractive candidate to replace Bowie Kuhn. He took over as baseball commissioner on October 1, 1984, when 22 of the 26 major-league teams were losing money, and attendance was down. He thinks things have improved a little since then. "The health of the game is back in the right direction, after a leveling off in attendance in recent years, and in fact, a downturn in 1984," he says. "And I think we are making progress in the financial infrastructure of the game, even though there are still many individual problems. Some teams still aren't doing well, and some are for sale without buyers [the Pittsburgh Pirates, for example]."

Before making an international name for himself in the Olympics, and rising to the highest office in baseball, Ueberroth was highly successful as a businessman. At 22, he was the vice president of an airline, and in his 30s, the millionaire head of First Travel Corporation, the second largest travel agency in the country after American Express.

Nothing was handed to him. The son of an aluminum-siding salesman, Ueberroth lost his mother when he was four, and his family moved frequently before settling in the San Francisco Bay area. By the time he was in high school, he supported himself by working on a chicken ranch ("a terrible job, because chickens are miserable creatures that never cooperate") and as the recreation director at an orphanage where he earned $125 a week.

Like most other boys in America, Ueberroth kept up with box scores and baseball heroes. (He notes that one of his earliest idols was Les Fleming, a minor league first baseman.) His own baseball career was less distinguished than he would have liked. "I played baseball in high school, but not very well," Ueberroth says. "I was a third baseman, pitcher and catcher." He had more success in water polo at San Jose State, where he led his team and the league in scoring "against the toughest college competition in the country" and nearly made the United States Olympic team in 1956. He still wears a badge of that rugged sport—a broken nose that one staff aide describes as looking "like a slalom ski run."

Ueberroth eventually took his business degree to Hawaii, where he became the operations manager of Trans International, a new nonscheduled airline. His development of clientele for the airline so impressed the owner, Kirk Kerkorian, that he offered Ueberroth a vice presidency. Not long after that, Ueberroth struck out on his own to develop First Travel, which eventually blossomed into 200 offices and 1,500 employees world-wide, and an annual revenue of $300 million.

On his way up, Ueberroth lived by two main business precepts—"Take risks. . .and try to force growth"—and unabashed optimism. "I might carry a little more positive attitude than most people," he says.

He needed all of that for his staggering Olympic assignment, which he says was "a very difficult experience." Working under the strain of such Olympian proportions, Ueberroth was bound to rub some people

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the wrong way. His administrative style bothered some, particularly an aide who labeled him "Captain Queeg" (after the ironfisted officer of *The Caine Mutiny*) and quit after 13 days. Joan Ryan, who resigned as public-relations director in 1982, told the *Los Angeles Times*, "His management style is one of imposing power on people; it's heavy on intimidation, not participation."

This is not apparent to the public-relations man presently under Ueberroth. "I can't say he's ever been demanding," says Rick Cerone, the PR man for major-league baseball. "There just becomes an understanding that I know what my responsibilities are, and that I have to carry them out. He's very good at delegating responsibility. It's then up to you to carry it through."

Ueberroth described himself to one reporter as "shy and ruthless at the same time. . .toughest on the people that are the best and that I care about."

He adds that he is "a very private person. People go to public-relations firms and contact writers to get stories about themselves. I go in the opposite direction and try to maintain my privacy. You do things and a lot of people try to put labels on you and dramatize. But I come from a pretty ordinary background, ordinary education. I'm really a pretty ordinary individual."

Ueberroth allows himself a moment of immodesty: "There may be some leadership qualities there," he says. "The only other thing I can tell you is that I am an unabashed patriot of this country. It's where I live and I am proud of it. I believe in the good side of it. That's why I believe that we will get rid of the difficulties in baseball."

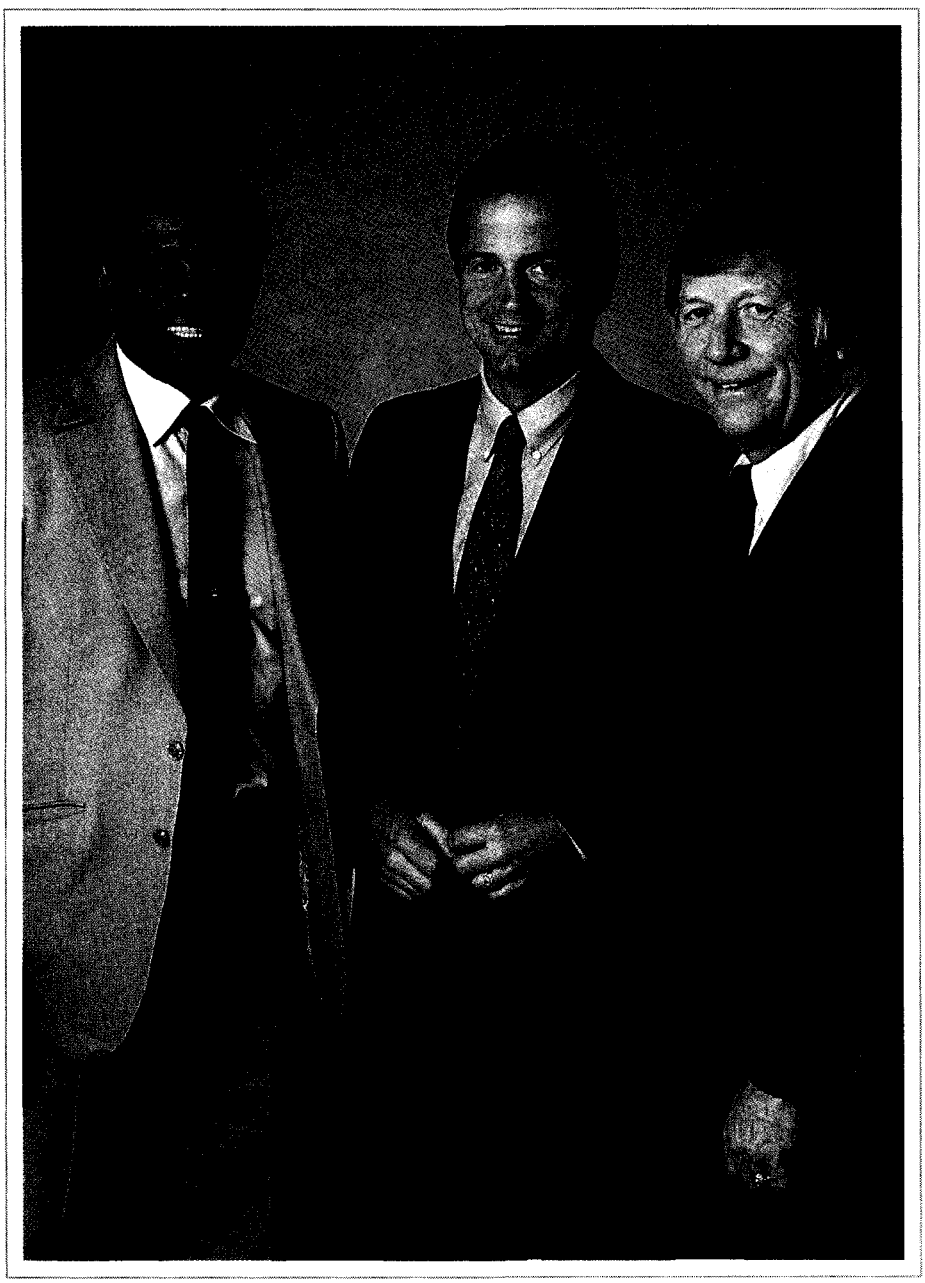
On a late summer day, not long after the players' strike has been settled, Ueberroth sits in his office at an elegant address 17 floors above Park Avenue in New York and discusses a wide range of subjects—everything from drugs to designated hitters.

He arrives for the interview session jacketless, in shirt and tie—a reminder of a staff member's observation that Ueberroth is "a working-class guy who fought his way up." Several photographs of his wife, Ginny, and their four children—Vicki, Heidi, Keri and Joseph—sit on the shelves that surround his spacious desk. "It's a very supportive family. . .a great family. I spend a lot of time with them. That's been my *real* interest," he says.

Ueberroth's biggest concern is baseball's drug dilemma. He calls it the sport's No. 1 problem but declines to estimate how many players are involved. Is the cocaine problem less than or greater than it was several years ago in the major leagues? His succinct response: "Greater."

Earlier in the summer, Ueberroth announced plans to institute mandatory drug testing for all baseball personnel except major-league players, whose participation must be approved by their union. The drug testing, which includes more than 3,000 minor-league players, as well as the front-office personnel all through the major leagues, has been "working perfectly," he says. "I'm very pleased with all of the people involved in the program."

The program created somewhat of a furor among major leaguers, although they were not involved in the testing. Ueberroth, aware of media criticism, doesn't mind—he still sees



Regarded by owners, players and fans as "his own man," Peter Ueberroth, to the dismay of some, overturned a ruling by baseball's former commissioner, Bowie Kuhn, and allowed the Hall of Famers Willie Mays (left) and Mickey Mantle (right) to return to the game.

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The Green Village

Somewhere in Europe in the dark spring of 1941, something lay hidden, living stubbornly and tenaciously in a world ringed with death.

by Margaret Rhodes Peattie

Illustrated by Phil Smith

He was lost. Or perhaps it was the peak by which he had oriented himself that was lost—that pile of snow-capped rock hiding itself behind the mist. For here he was on the tilting earth, waving his arms in the moisture-hung air and shouting, not for help, but joy. He strode across the snow field, followed the sagging of the earth, took the turns and gullies as they came to him. To the devil with a way out of the French Pyrenees to a Spanish port! What if his belly was empty and only the end of a loaf was in the knapsack? He was alive and free.

It wasn't possible to make a sharp descent, and so he went in loops and spirals, shook the snow from his boots onto the jade-green upper meadows, leaped the low evergreens with a shout, slid along the pink floor between the upright stripes of the tall pines and at last came into the beeches. Finally he stood on a rocky promontory beyond the forest, and his eagle look swung out. The mist was splitting like the cocoon of a butterfly. Suddenly a spear of sunlight tore the veil wide open and struck deep into a valley. His heart began to race.

The valley lay in a cup beneath him. From where he stood he couldn't see any cut in the steep walls, any entrance. Still, across the valley there was a waterfall, and on the valley floor he saw the glint of a stream. And there in the middle of this scooped-out world was a clot of houses half-smothered in green.

Suddenly he started. The mountains are full of sounds, but a human footfall is always different, like a gun crack. What was strange now was that he really heard no sound. He simply looked up, and the cretin was there. This little fellow was uncommonly like one of Rip Van Winkle's friends. Andrew had seen cretins before. He remembered two of them in the Swiss village where he had gone to school as a boy; "innocents," Monsieur Clerc had called them. He had said there was something the matter with their glands. But the schoolboys called them "snow-eaters." At any rate, they were harmless. This little fellow was evidently a woodcutter. He had an enormous bundle of sticks bound down over his curved back. His big head was thrust forward, and under his thick eyelids his eyes glittered like those of a small forest animal.

"Good day," Andrew remarked in careful French.

The moist lips moved loosely across the yellow teeth, but Andrew couldn't be sure the dwarf had really spoken. He smiled in a friendly way and signed the little man to show him down to the village. The dwarf turned obediently and waddled back into the forest.

Their path took them half round the rim of the valley. It was a cattle path, rough and twisting, and every

The village seemed to be all green. Indeed the whole of the world he saw was of a strange watery greenness.

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now and then they heard the boom of cowbells. Then they began the steep descent, loose fragments slipping and rolling under their feet. A turbulent stream joined them, and presently path and stream disappeared underneath a shelf of rock. The dwarf went into the cool twilight and Andrew followed, glancing quickly about him. He found he could stand upright in the tunnel, and the ground beside the stream was wide enough for several cattle to pass through abreast. At the farther end the cave opened again, and here the cretin stood a moment, his short, bandy legs far apart, his crooked finger pointing to the village that lay beyond. Then, a moving bundle of brush, he trundled away into the thicket and was gone.

To Andrew's startled eyes the village seemed, at first glance, to be all green. Indeed the whole of the world he saw was of a strange watery greenness; the trees, whose branches dripped with leaves, half smothered the stone huts, whose thick walls were hung with vines and chinked with moss. Everywhere he heard the sound of water running swiftly between grasses. This, he realized, must be one of the lost villages of France. He had known remote villages in Brittany to which one jolted over a rough road or sailed by boat. He wondered how many foreigners had ever found this place. Probably a mule track was the only communication with the outside world.

As Andrew strode eagerly into the valley, the odor of moss grown stones and wet leaves assailed him; he felt as if he were stepping into a primordial dream. He turned his head quickly, eager for the first glimpse of the inhabitants, but he

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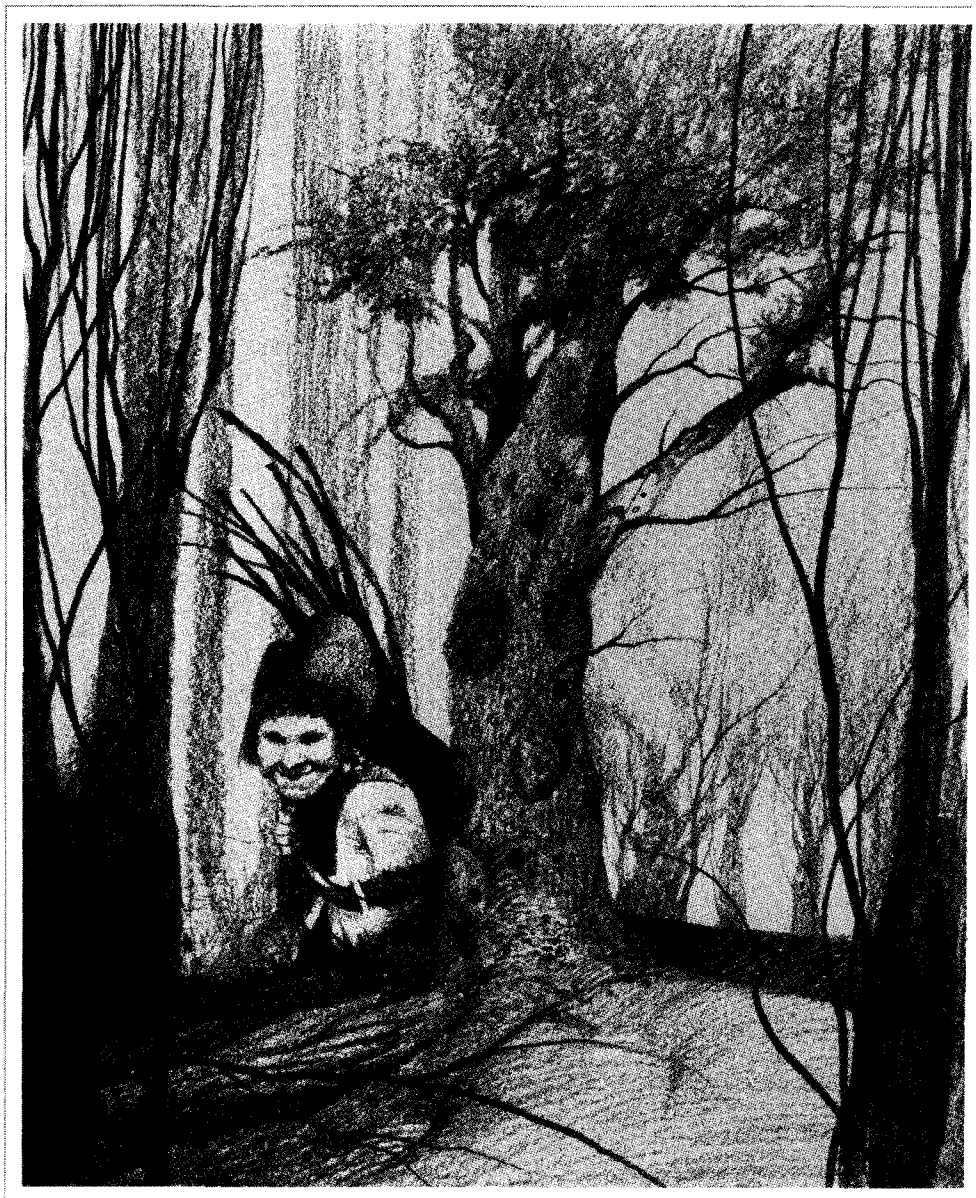
The little fellow was evidently a woodcutter. He had an enormous bundle of sticks bound down over his curved back.



saw no curious faces in the windows curtained with cobwebs and vines; there was not a single loiterer in the tiny *place*.

All of them must be in the fields, Andrew thought, for the open doorways, a cat licking her paws, the smell of animals, and the chickens pecking between the cobbles made him sure the village was not deserted. There were perhaps a dozen ragged dwellings, and a chapel whose slender belfry was broken off halfway up, like the stem of a flower with the blossom bells rolled in the grass. There, at least, no one lived, unless it were the ghost of God.

After his long climb, Andrew felt tired and hungry. He looked for a haycock, and climbing on top ate the end of his loaf and was soon fast asleep. He slept placidly, as if he knew exactly where he was on the map. After all, when he woke, he knew it was late afternoon and he was on the haycock, a million miles or so away from the war, and that was enough.

Lazily he sat up and began to pull the stickers out of his dark, tumbled hair while he looked about him. The view from the haycock showed him lush fields divided into checkers by the little canals edged with feathery willows. He thought he heard singing, but it was so mingled with the sound of water that he couldn't be sure. Gradually it became clearer, and in a moment the singer stepped out from behind a clump of willows. He was a tall, blond young man, naked to the waist, his nondescript trousers bound low over his thighs by a red sash. Over one sunburned shoulder he carried a bundle of grass, and he was beating time with his sickle. As he came nearer, Andrew saw a bobbing of heads behind him, and suddenly a whole troop of little people came into sight. They were loaded down with baskets, scythes and rakes, and they were humming like a swarm of bees. There were perhaps two dozen in all—six or eight old men and women, small with age, a crowd of children in dusty pinafores, and two more cretins.

Andrew pressed himself deep into the hay, so that he couldn't be seen. He hadn't an idea why he wanted to keep out of sight, unless it was a kind of sympathy with this youth and a feeling that he might not like to be caught playing Pied Piper. When the whole lot had trailed out of sight beyond the village wall, he slid to the ground.

"So," he ruminated, brushing his corduroys, "a whole village inhabited by dotards and children, with a few idiots thrown in, except for this one young man. I suppose, after the occupation, he might have been glad to get even here. I was certainly glad to have only echoes answer me in the mountains. But how can he stay? If he's stuck, perhaps I can help him to get out."

Busy with speculations, he moved toward the village square. One building, bigger than the others, was evidently a café. The afternoon was darkening, and Andrew decided to sleep here. He had seen chickens, and wine, thank God, was still to be had most places in France.

He pushed open the door of the café. Before he had gone three steps into the dark interior he was halted by a subdued snarling. At first he could see nothing but the gray patch of floor in front of him, then the row of bottles caught the flecks of light, and now the long, thick bar took shape. Piled in the middle of it was a heap of dirty rags, shaken spasmodically by that long, rasping sound. Andrew tiptoed over to the bar and discovered a man asleep, sitting cross-legged, his gray head sagged onto his chest, his

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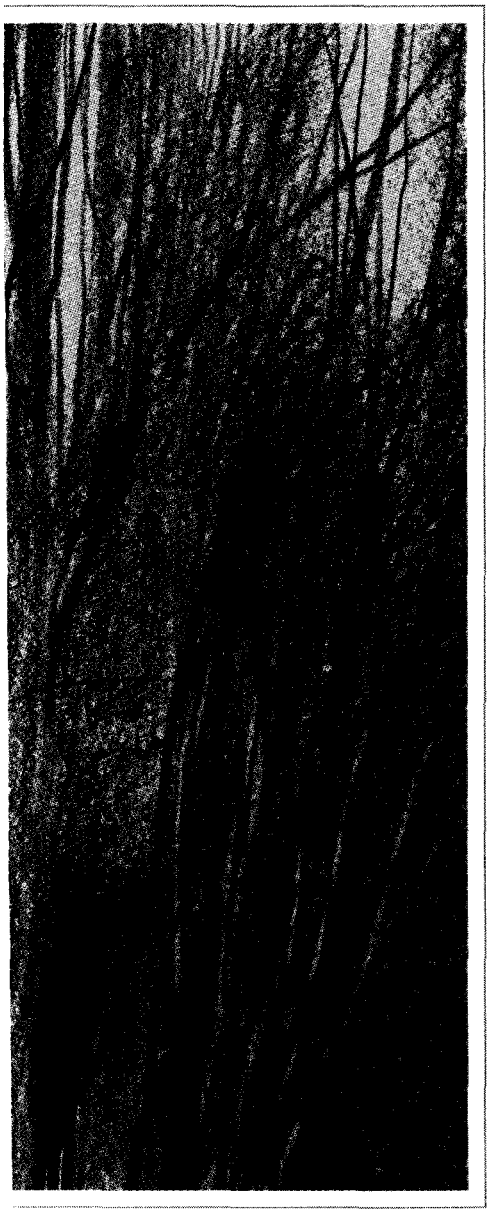

lips parted, horny hands woven across his knees. The man, he saw, wore the remnant of a dirty blue apron. So here was the *patron* taking his siesta. Andrew began to chuckle, and the man's head jerked backward so that he almost fell off the bar.

"Pardon, monsieur"—Andrew put out a hand to steady him—"you certainly must have an easy conscience. Can you give me something to eat and a place for the night?"

The old man got off the bar with dignity and did not bother to answer. He wiped the bar ferociously with his dirty apron. Andrew unslung his knapsack and sat down. There was a pewter lamp on the greasy tabletop. "With your permission," he said, and lighted the blackened wick. The *patron* shuffled off.

He had begun to hum in a bored fashion when he heard the *patron's* step again. There in the doorway, where the bent old man held a candle above his head, stood a girl of about 15. She looked frightened, but the man was pushing and pulling her forward. Over one arm was folded a red-and-white-checkered cloth. A blue plate was between her hands. Her hair stood out like a thin nimbus in the candlelight. "Enter, Saint Anne," Andrew whispered under his breath, and smiled in encouragement.

He thought he heard the *patron* call her Colette, but she was too timid to answer his greeting. She spread the cloth and laid the cutlery, and then ran out of the room. After a long wait came the chicken, lettuce and a flute of bread. He would have liked a little conversation, but the girl came and went as silently as a shadow, and the old man had disappeared. At last, by dint of repeated questioning and a twirled franc, he drew from her a whispered "Yes, I know where he is. It must be Tito you mean. Maybe I will show you. You mean him no harm?"

"Only good, the utmost good," Andrew nodded, and added to himself, "You funny little frightened thing."

She led him out across the darkened square. Between the houses, where the vines whispered in the evening wind, dusky figures hurried back and forth or called to one another in deep, guttural voices. Beside the fountain an old woman lingered, her thick skirt brushing the stone flagging, a child pressed close against her as she bent to fill a great jar at the jet of water that flowed, palely shining, from between the crumbling lips of a stone lion. Here and there the giant stalks of trees rose from between the stones, shooting up and up toward the starry sky, their branches frothy above the fluted tiles of the housetops. Down below in the stone houses, so small and damply green, the orange lights of candles had begun to glow.

"*Quel village*," Andrew murmured as the child left him at the door of the dilapidated church. "No wonder the Germans have not bothered it. Decay. Green scum on a pond has the same odor. I remember a smell like this in the lab at school where we were raising polliwogs in that little tank."

He passed over the threshold, worn to a deep hollow, and stood a moment, listening to his own breathing. No other sound or movement disturbed the utter silence. At the far end a faint light fell on the dim, neglected altar from an open door leading into what must be the vestry, but the body of the church was in complete darkness. He wanted to call "Hello," but the silence forbade him to disturb its peace, and as he came down the central aisle his footfalls seemed to ring insolently on the stone. The dim saints let him pass; he crossed the chancel rail unchallenged and looked through into the lighted room. The man's back was toward the door, his head supported on his hands as he bent over the book spread on the table. To keep himself warm he had put on a ragged vestment, pulled from a cupboard still trailing colored silks. It was embroidered in gold and hung in incongruous stiff folds from the muscular neck; the bright hair was young and unkempt. Andrew wanted to laugh. Still, perhaps it was more a matter for tears.

He tested the reality with his voice. "*Bon soir*, Monsieur Tito. May I come in?"

The youth raised his head from his book and stood up, scraping his chair. "Who's there? Ah, monsieur, come in. You startled me. I was deep in my book." He pushed a pile of books back along the table among a stack of dusty volumes and seated himself beside them, waving Andrew to the chair as if he offered the stranger his throne.

For a moment Andrew felt awkward. The other possessed such unexpected ease! He seated himself, then stretched his legs and hitched up his trousers at the knee. "Let me introduce myself. I am Andrew Spencer, an American. I did a bit of fighting up there along with your armies in Belgium, but when the Germans got too thick I took to my heels. I started over the Pyrenees for Spain with some other refugees, but I lost them when I lay down to take a nap. Then, when I started on again, I fell, literally, into your valley."

Tito laughed pleasantly. "Our good fortune."

"Tomorrow, perhaps, you will set me on my way. Tonight—well, I came out to amuse myself—some books, perhaps." He picked up a couple of the books on the table and read off, "Rousseau, Zola, Pasteur, Bulletin de la Société de la Culture des Animaux." He patted the Rous-

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Her hair stood out like a thin nimbus in the candlelight. "Enter, Saint Anne," Andrew whispered.

seau affectionately and flecked the leaves of the bulletin. "You are interested in farming, monsieur?"

Tito shifted his vestment where it sagged from one shoulder. "And why not? The land is always here and Frenchmen have always been rooted in *la terre*. Do you not find it so, monsieur?"

Andrew nodded, without speaking. He did not wish to read these books. He would far rather read this man.

Encouraged by his silence, Tito continued, "French people and the soil from which they spring are one and the same, is it not so? Here in this village, for example, we are able to live much as we have for a thousand years. We sow, we harvest, we thresh the grain. The earth yields us fruit. Our old women still spin in the sun."

"You are speaking proudly of France as it has been," Andrew interrupted him. "Soil, as you know, may become polluted. Unfertile. Poison has been spread in this land. The fumes of that poison rise from her fields as surely as disease spreads from a miasmic swamp. Even here you must feel it. I do not find that France is now a healthy place in which to breathe, for me or for any free man." Tito watched him quizzically from under straw-colored eyebrows, and Andrew hastened to continue before the Frenchmen could interrupt: "You understand that I have loved France. Otherwise I should not have risked my life to fight here. But since the Germans came, the land stinks." He stopped, suddenly reddening. "Forgive me; I have seen things. I am talking out of turn."

Tito shrugged under his golden rags, and his eyes looked at this stranger without malice.

Andrew bent forward ingratiatingly. "I have been rude. Let us talk of other things." He smiled and turned to look about. "This place, for instance. These books. This village and you, yourself. How do these come to be here, deep in these mountains?"

Tito settled back on the table, his arms crossed over the frayed brocade, one foot in its thick peasant shoe swinging. Andrew regarded the intelligent light blue eyes, lighter and brighter than the sun-browned face, the mobile lips speaking the fine words with the peasant tongue. *This man is anyone's equal*, he thought. *I ought to get him out of here. Why, this very room smells like a crypt. Here is a priest in tattered vestments serving dead men.* And then the smooth tones caught him up and he listened.

"He who knows the answer to the riddle of this valley, monsieur, knows also why the mountains raised their barriers. We have been here some centuries by the count of history. You saw the Roman lion in the *place*, perhaps, where we still take that clear water that flows from the eternal snows. But the lion is young among these mountains. The rock could tell you better tales. La Roche, that is the name by which my village calls itself. Such it is, and so it will stand. No invader will conquer it." He traced the faint pattern of a fleur-de-lis across his knee, and then looked up again into the dark eyes that probed him. "Myself, that is a more simple tale. I am here because I was born here. My father and mother were born here, too, but they are dead. The priest was my friend. He taught us all to read, all of us children of the village, and me he hoped to have follow him into the church. But I am not religious. These books"—he put his hand, palm down, on the nearest pile—"are more to me than the Mass. Many of these men came from the villages of France. I am glad to call them my friends. It is a fancy of mine. So, when he was dying, Père Hyacinthe forgave me. He even said he would speak to God about my soul." Tito smiled at him like a pleased child and went on simply, "Since the good father died we have had a priest only now and then to say a Mass. But we have had war."

"You went away, then?" Andrew felt himself waiting for some flash of resentment, some handle by which to draw this fellow.

But Tito went on speaking evenly. "Yes, we all went. The gendarmes came, and we went out of the valley with them. There were seven of us boys and others, the fathers. Some were left here at first, but after a while those went out too. Some of the wives and the young girls followed us, to work in the factories, in the hospitals. Three were sick and died. When I found my way back here after the war, the village was as you see it now—the old, the fools and the children. I call them all 'my little ones.' "

Andrew put his fingers around that muscular knee. He searched the young face. "They may never come back, those others, do you understand? For a man like you, this place is a tomb. To a fellow like you, it is death to stay here, even if the Germans let you alone."

But Andrew saw that Tito had not heard him. His eyes had the vacant look of someone listening to a distant sound. Andrew heard it now, that distant sound of humming. It rippled under the stillness. Tito stood up, pulled off his yellow vestment and stuffed it into the cupboard.

"*Les petits*," he whispered, and began to laugh. "Halloo!" his voice went out into the stillness. The humming grew louder, and then around the corner of the door, out of the darkness of the church, a head appeared. It was one of the cretins, and he was grinning, showing a gap in his

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The first collector's plate in the first series ever produced with the authentication and sponsorship of the Norman Rockwell Family Trust.

"A Young Girl's Dream"

by Norman Rockwell

Certified as a true "Rockwell classic" by the Rockwell Society of America.

She is the Dreamer. From the tilt of her head, the light in her eyes, the nervous tension of her pose – mere hints, but in the masterful hands of Rockwell, enough. We can, indeed, sense the private vision that leads this ingenue to an unknown and unknowable destiny. This is "A Young Girl's Dream," the first plate in the Rockwell Society of America's Rockwell's American Dream collection.

Norman Rockwell understood the American Dream as no other artist has. He knew that while it may take many shapes (some of which will be explored in subsequent plates in the series), in truth, the dream is an attitude; it is a pervasive optimism about the future, and the courage to translate one's fondest hopes into action.

"A Young Girl's Dream" is issued under the sponsorship of the Norman Rockwell Family Trust and is the first plate in the first series ever to be accorded that distinct honor. In addition to the hallmark of the Edwin M. Knowles China Company and the certifying seal of the Rockwell Society of America, each "A Young Girl's Dream" plate bears an official seal attesting to its certification by the artist's heirs, an affirmation that, in the words of the artist's son Tom, "The combined skills of Edwin M. Knowles China and the Rockwell Society have produced a plate that is faithful to the spirit of Norman Rockwell's portrayal of our better selves."

A Young Girl's Dream captures the American spirit with the sure touch that only Norman Rockwell could provide. The plate is the clearest testimony by America's Artist that, above all, the American Dream is a triumph of the human spirit; that, in the final analysis, the Dreamer is the Dream. Those fortunate enough to acquire this limited-edition will have a work of art of the very highest quality, a work that will bear eloquent witness to its owner's taste for many years to come. And, if you act now, you can have "A Young Girl's Dream" at the eminently affordable $19.90 issue price. But, please note: "A Young Girl's Dream" is issued in an edition strictly limited to 150 firing days, and you may well find yourself competing against a legion of collectors and Rockwell enthusiasts for this superb fine-art plate.

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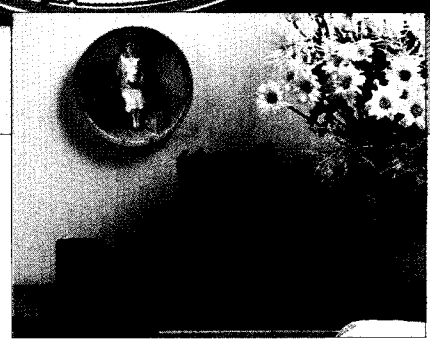
You'll also receive a free copy of *Plate World* magazine when you place your buy-order for "A Young Girl's Dream." *Plate World* is the definitive word on the fine art of plate collecting, filled with the kind of valuable information you'll need to buy and trade plates. To grace your home with "A Young Girl's Dream" from the Rockwell Society of America, and to receive your free copy of *Plate World*, simply complete the buy-order form and mail with your check or money order to: The Bradford Exchange, 9345 Milwaukee Avenue, Niles Chicago, Illinois 60648.



The plate is shown smaller than the actual size of 8½ inches in diameter.

Bradex Number 84-R70-7.1

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teeth, and then there was another head lower down along the door frame. The bright, beady eyes regarded him, unwinking; the lips were mouthing unintelligible words. Suddenly Colette came into the light, not shy, because she was angry, stamping her foot and waving her apron as if she were shooing chickens.

"Tito, they are of such a stupidity! I told them thou wert busy, but they would come. They would bring thee the news that the mare is in labor. 'What is that,' I asked—'what is that when he speaks with someone from the great world?' " She looked at Andrew and frowned and stamped her foot again, as if the great world were not altogether good, even though one had to regard it.

There was the ringing of quick steps on the stone again, and a breathless boy thrust himself between the dwarfs and the girl. "Papa François says thou art to come at once. The mare has need."

"We come!" Tito cried, and catching Andrew by the arm, began to race down the dark aisle. In the open they found themselves moving along in a welter of gesticulating arms and leaping shadows, small flames coming from nowhere and voices speaking out, "It is the moment, the time . . . .It goes not well with the mare . . . . The bran mash and the hot cloth, I tell you . . . . Tito will know . . . . It is the coming."

Where it smelled of manure and blood, sweat and the breath of many with their mouths open, Tito knelt in the straw. He was stripped to the waist, as when Andrew had first seen him. The mare had been moving restlessly when they came into the shed, standing with rolling eyes showing the whites, tossing her head, but now she lay on her side, and her great flank rose and fell with the hard-drawn breath. The lanterns held high in the hands of old men and women cast high lights on the russet hide, bright with sweat.

"Help me!" Tito called to Andrew. "And thou, Jacques, thou art a strong lad. Look, she must have help for this. The colt is turned about. See the small hoof there through the sheet." The mare made no sound now. Her legs were stiff and the great muscles in the flanks rose in knots. "Now," cried Tito, "up with the lantern, Papa François! Forth with it now, *mes amis*!" And the colt came onto the straw, so that they saw the legs folded, the head pointed through the sheet that was still over the dun-colored beast. Tito put his hands on the sheet and ripped it open. The soft nose came out of the veil and the nostrils widened, drawing the air in gulps, coughing and gasping. The mare shivered all over, gathered herself and stood up, hung her head to this small creature she had dropped, felt him with her tongue and whinnied softly. Then the clamor broke, the laughing and shouting, and the story had to be told over and over how it had gone with the mare.

"No, it's even worse than the '60 Minutes' team being here. The 'A-Team' is here to see you!"

Andrew found his way back to the café across the deserted *place*. He passed a thick building with wide-arched doors. Behind the building he heard the swish, swish of a mill wheel as it dipped in the small stream.

There was a light in the café and the old man was waiting for him. Andrew climbed the crazy stones of the twisting stair to a small room and fell onto the narrow bed under the black crucifix in sudden exhaustion. In the morning he was awakened by the sound of many tinkling bells. He lay on his back, blinked at the white-washed ceiling and tried to remember where he was. The leaves of a grapevine looped across the window seemed to remind him of some strange dream, and gradually it all came back to him—the dwarf, the village, young Tito kneeling in the straw, the circle of lanterns lighting the intense faces turned upon the mare. He seemed to hear again the shout and the laughter and see the weak, damp animal dropped upon the straw. Wide awake, he flung back the blanket.

From under the grapevine he saw that the square was suffused with a queer, transferred light, for the sun's rays could not dip directly into the valley for several hours yet, but were reflected from the mirror of the wet rocks to the west. The sound that had wakened him was louder now, and he heard a boy's voice rising above the clamor of bells and little bleating goat voices. From the narrow passage between two houses the goats came scrambling, climbing up on one another and up the sides of the rough, cobbled houses, each bell of a different cadence. Andrew laughed out loud to see one little goat come tripping down a long flight of stairs from the balcony of a house built against a rocky bank. The goat leaped upon a wall, ran along the top until she came to the goatherd and then jumped lightly down with a rill of baaing self-approval.

As Andrew watched from the window, the whole village came alive. A little boy and girl struggled, with a big jug between them, to the fountain. Papa François yawned in the doorway, and his wife pushed him aside to set a rabbit cage in the weak sunlight. For a moment Andrew saw through the doorway into a kind of courtyard, where one of the dwarfs stood on tiptoe, poking green stuff through the bars into rabbit hutches piled one above the other against the wall. Beyond, a hoe thumped between the rows of cabbages. Cocks crowed, and across the square the old miller in his dusty smock was hurrying toward the mill. Smoke rose, thin and fine, from

continued on following page

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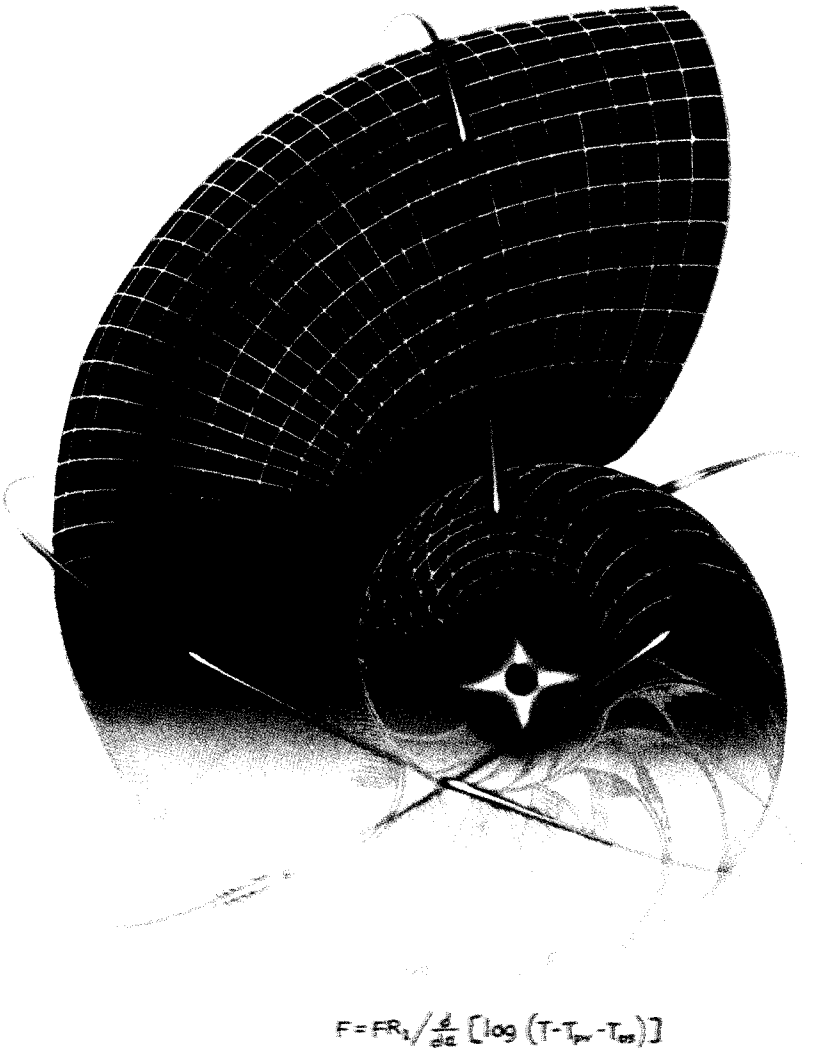

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crooked chimneys. A boy beneath the window of the café whistled under a basketful of buns balanced neatly on his head. Why, there was nothing of a tomb about this place; Andrew saw that now. Even the old and the fools were about the business of life. Full of appetite, he hastened to wash and dress and present himself below.

Tito had been there before him. A note of polite farewell lay under a tight package of cheese and cold meat. Tito had also made him a neat little map with arrows pointing the way out to Spain, and Andrew saw that he could make it in a day if he were spry. The *patron* had his rolls, bowl and pot of honey ready on a tray, and Colette came running in with hot milk and coffee. She was talkative this morning, and he had to ask her twice for the bread to put in his knapsack.

"It is a pity monsieur cannot stop to see the new one," she lamented. "He is of an incredible softness and already stands on four legs to suck from the mother. I do not want to go to school today. I wish to stay with the colt and make sure the mother does not step on him while he is so young and foolish. But Tito is a very stern teacher. He will not let us stay away."

She bade him good-by at the foot of a stony path that zigzagged up the cliff. He could see her looking back at him as he climbed slowly. He waved now and then, and at last reached the top in the full sunlight. He shed his pack and sat down to rest a moment with his back against a sapling. Colette had disappeared now, and he looked down on the village as he had first seen it.

He saw no people from here. Only a small clot of green, and now the sunlight slipped down into the valley and caught on the damp tiles in jets of flame.

He searched the small island of darker green for any signs of life, but there were none; no cow, no dog, no small, bent man or agile child, no plume of smoke even. "Could I have dreamed it?" he asked himself. "The mill wheel turning, the wheat ripening, the fruit on the tree? Colette and the little people? And Tito? Was it all a dream?"

Under his hand the ground was warm. If he listened, he told himself, he might almost hear a great heart beating steadily. Below him, in a green village, there was something hidden, living stubbornly and tenaciously in a world ringed with death. He rose and broke a branch from the tree to use as a staff on his journey to the outer world. He broke it quickly, for he was suddenly jubilant. "In all the green villages of the old world," he exaulted, "the seed lives in the secret womb."

He raised his hand in confident salute, and then he turned to seek his own land.

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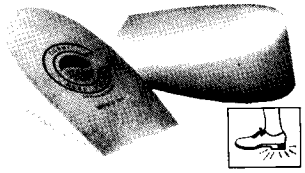

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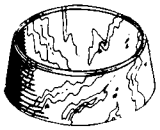

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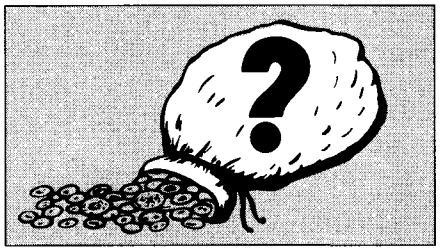

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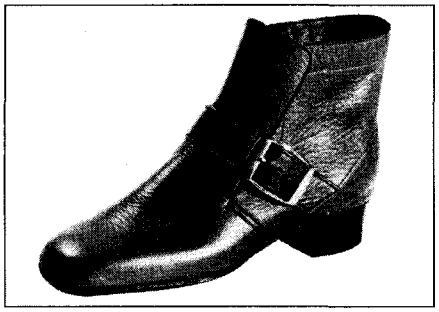

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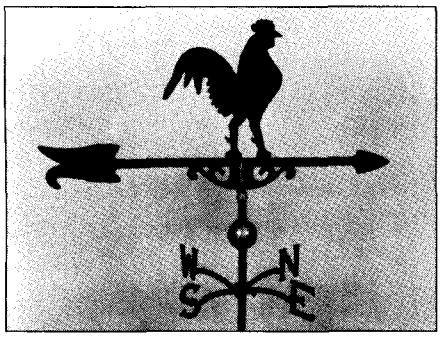

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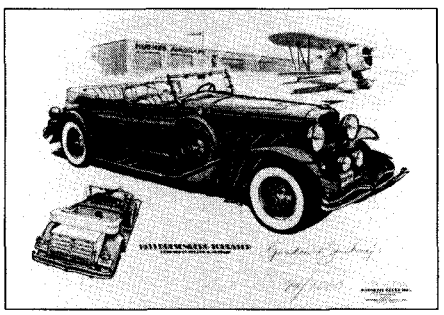
That's Gary Cooper's Duesenberg



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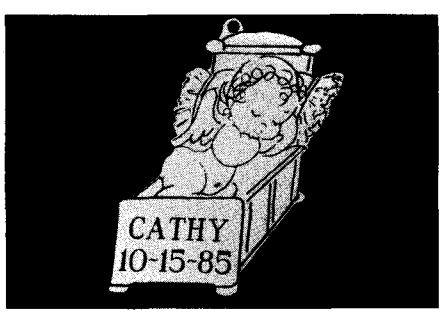

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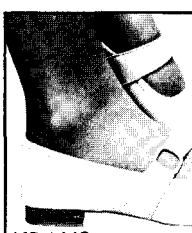

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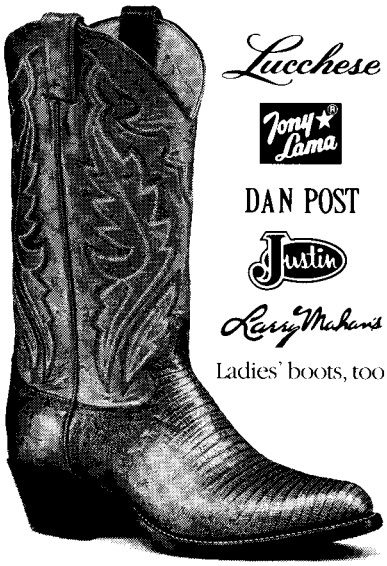

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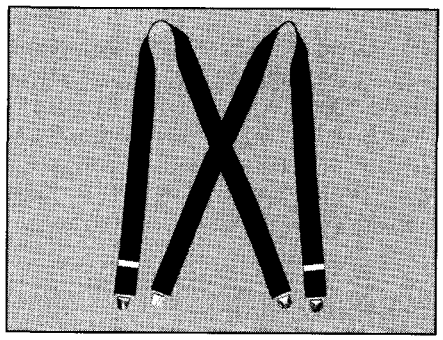

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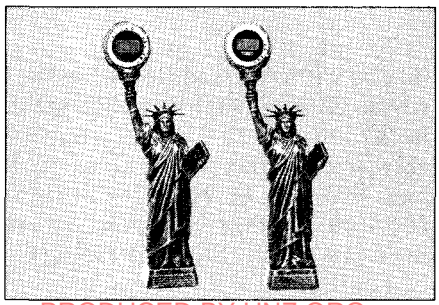

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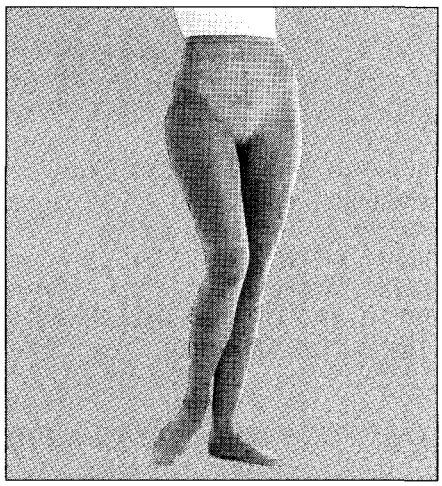

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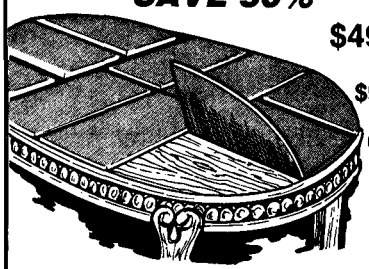

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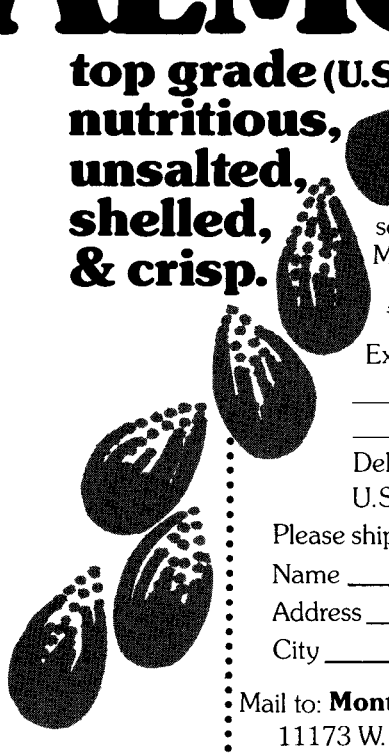

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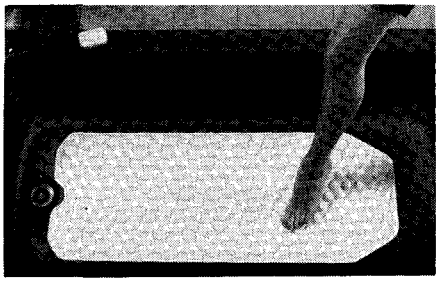

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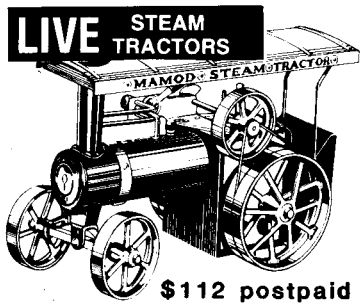

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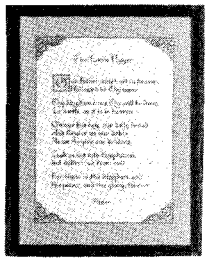

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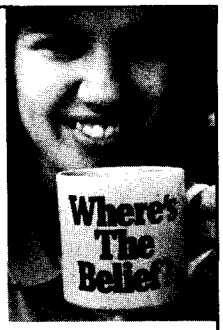

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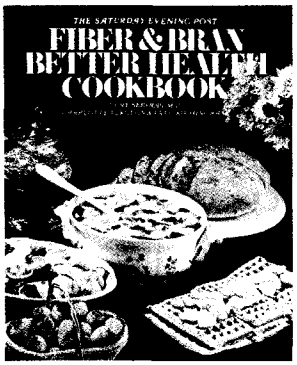

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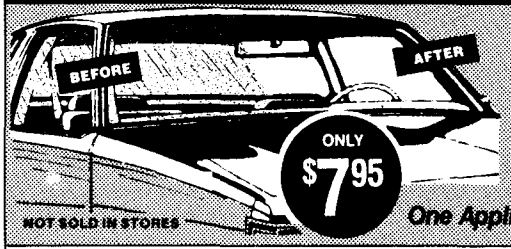

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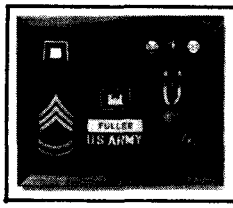

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Twister

continued from page 47

Rain laced out across the air hard as hail.

A bunch of it hit my face just like stones raking. I was scrooching down with my father and ma and Carry. The cloud was almost on us. Nobody could have heard anything else. It was screeching and lamenting the way flame might talk if fire had words. Yet it was the opposite of fire and hateful as the breath of hell. And yet, too, it was a mighty thing that, even if it swept you up and whirled you in it and squeezed out your breath and killed you, you had to admire.

The cows, bewildered, had moved a little distance and stood facing the cloud. Its reflection made their faces look amber and gold and sheep white, with their eyes peeled back and innocent like little chaps'.

Then the whole pine shook. The ground under it quaked and for a second felt soft as a blanket tossing, and I thought fast as light, *It'll open and swallow us; we are done.*

The earth steadied. The wind was still bad, then not so hard and then slacking even more. I stood up. My father was standing too. So were ma and Carry. Tall as our pine tree, the cloud was moving on. It was going fast as a jet plane. I couldn't even open my mouth to talk. Nobody could. The cloud went on and hit our house square. Things went exploding into the belly of the cloud and were sucked up to its throat and whirled around the top of it; the whole house was gone—just sticks and stones and a rubble of foundation. It'd missed the barn. The cloud screeched down past the creek and then away. It howled up toward the mountains.

Everything was quiet and fresh. The air felt as though God had cleaned it good for a long time. My father was looking at ma. He said, "Delly."

She was still looking out where our house had been—at the nothing there. Her eyes looked like the nation's end or maybe something beginning. Carry stroked one of her hands.

"Ma?" she said sort of soft and weak. "Ma? We're all alive; even the stock's all right. Ma."

My father said, "Delly, we'll be thanking the Lord a long time for us bein' spared."

I said, "Missed the village, ma. Step around and look south, you can see.

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Whipped over the road, went right by alongside our pine—see the swath?"

She was looking straight at my father.

His Adam's apple worked. All at once he grabbed her and kissed her strong.

He said, "Delly, I'll build a new place—right up here where we can get the electric from the road. Build her on the other side, too, so you can see your village anytime."

It sounded as if what ma said came from a well—a well once leaf choked, but no more. "I've acted the fool! Why, why"—she looked up—"if we hadn't been under it——" Most of the sky was getting blue as the eyes of big angels again. It was cool-bright under here. "It was put here by the Lord," she said.

Boughs moved lazily. A redbird came floating and sat rocking. Ma looked up and up. Needles drifted to her hair. My father had an arm around her. I thought how long the trunk had been here in every wind. I was glad. She said, still with her head back, "We'll have a right nice house in its full, deep shade. But let's build on this side. I don't care a snap 'bout overlooking the village."

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(Answers from page 83)

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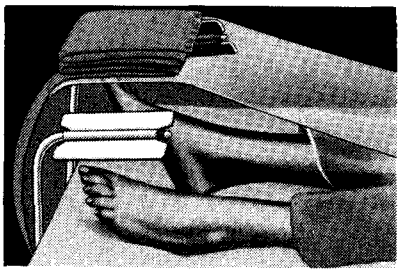

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CRUISING: A SEA CHANGE

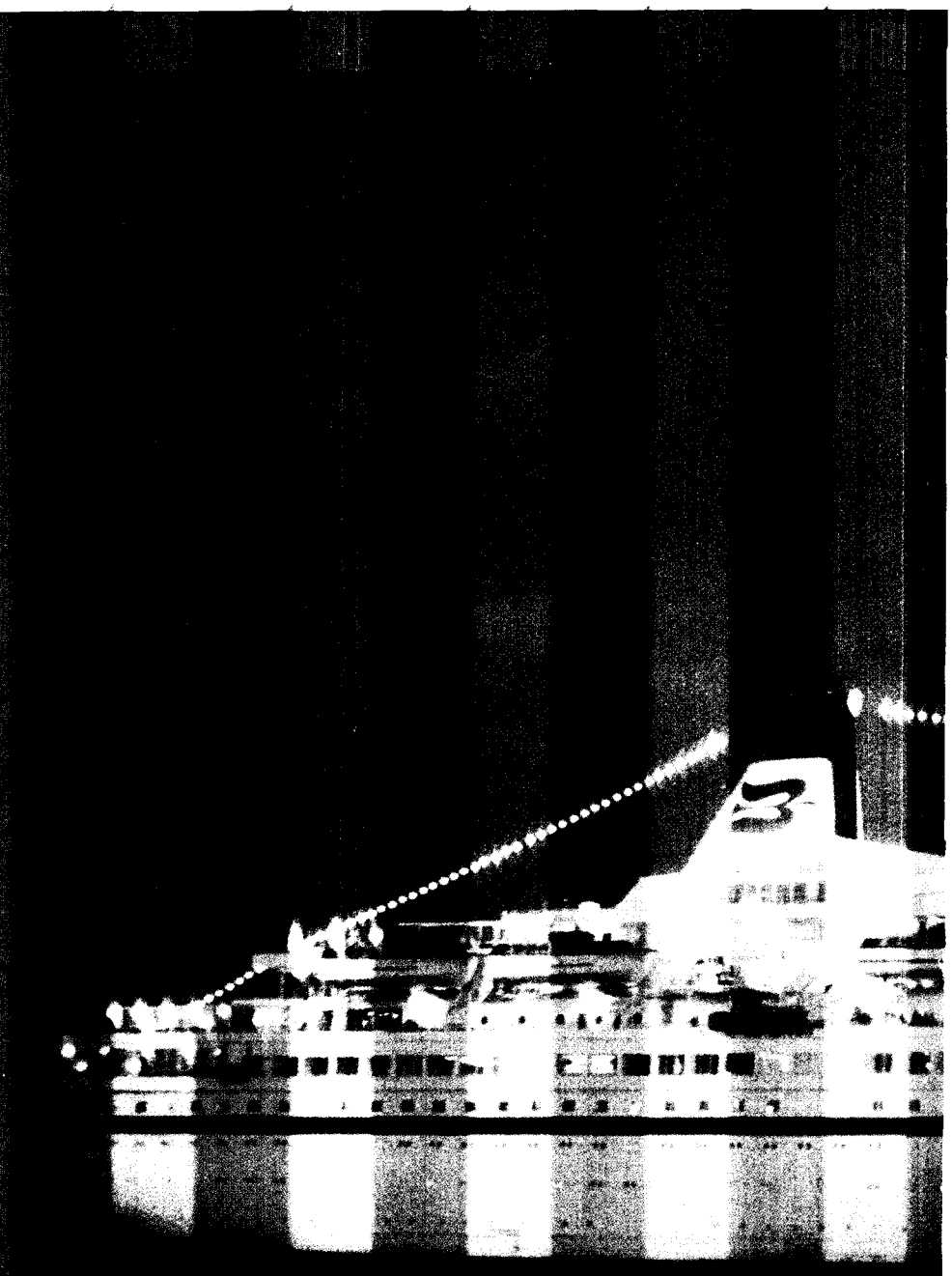
In the past generation, cruising has blossomed in popularity as Americans searched for new ways to use their leisure dollars. After a temporary slump brought on by overcapacity and the early-'80s recession, cruising vacations are more popular—and more diversified—than ever. In the past year,* Post *editors and writers have sampled just a portion of the multitude of cruises now available. First, a report on the traditional large-liner cruise:

You've heard the expression "getting there is half the fun"? That may hold true if you are traveling by train, by plane or in the family van. But if you are getting there by cruise ship, the percentage of fun will be much higher.

A cruise ship, best described as a grand hotel afloat, offers pleasures that have been known to muffle the siren call of stopover ports' enticements and to keep you aboard throughout the cruise. And why not? If it's food, fun, excitement, entertainment or possibly romance you are looking for, you have only to take your sandaled feet off the rail and heave yourself out of that deck chair to find it.

Your cruise price, which varies with cabin accommodations and location, will likely have included round-trip air fare and transportation from the airport to your ship. Shore excursions, tipping and tippling will be extra, and so will those carved coconut shells and other attic adornments you buy for the folks back home. Oh yes, you'll pay about three bucks each for photos taken of you on the flimsiest excuse by the ship's photographer.

Cost of shore tours? The ones we



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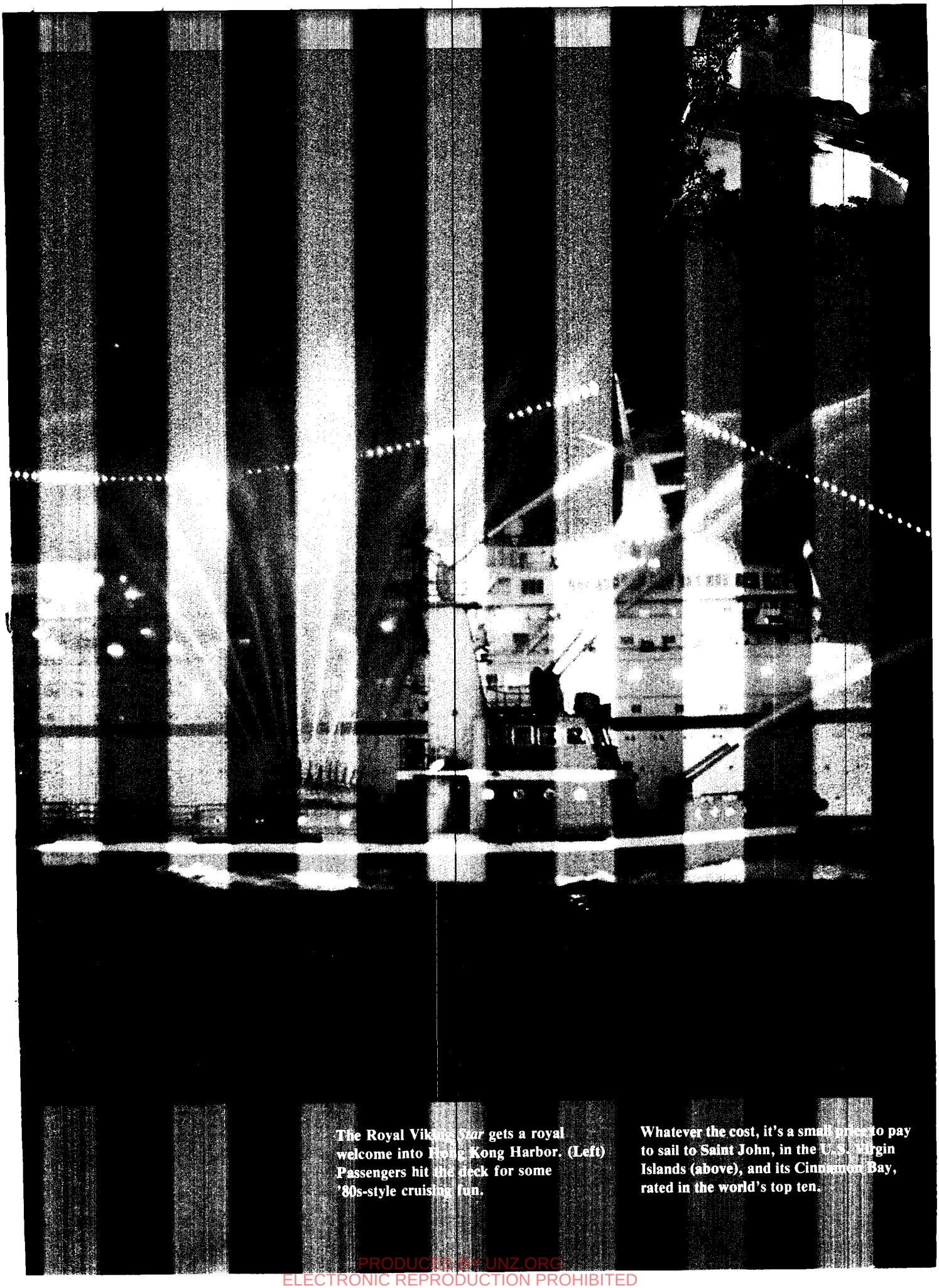

The Royal Viking *Star* gets a royal welcome into Hong Kong Harbor. (Left) Passengers hit the deck for some '80s-style cruising fun.

Whatever the cost, it's a small price to pay to sail to Saint John, in the U.S. Virgin Islands (above), and its Cinnamon Bay, rated in the world's top ten.

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signed up for aboard the S.S. *Skyward* (S.S. meaning steamship as opposed to S.S., steamship) were $1[illegible] to ride a jackass up the mountain to La Citadelle Laferrière, Cap-Haïtien, Haiti, and anywhere from $1[illegible] to $17 a head at St. Thomas and the Dominican Republic.

Although tipping is left to your conscience, a shipboard pamphlet will suggest that your conscience consider giving the cabin steward and the dining-room steward $2.00 to $2.50 a day per person; the busboy, $1.00 per. As for the tippling, my nondrinker bar tab totaled zero; yours may run higher. I nearly forgot—if you want your luggage brought from the dock to your cabin, give the porter who greets you there 50¢ a bag. Even then you'll begin to think he made off with it, but fear not—you'll find it outside your door by the time you need your nightshirt or whatever.

The first order of business on board is an "emergency boat drill." Go back to your cabin, put on the life jacket you'll find atop the closet and return to your assigned station. Here you will listen to a three-minute lecture on how to proceed should the ship spring a leak.

Everything you have heard about the free dining opportunities is true. In addition to breakfast, lunch and dinner, your "Welcome Aboard" sheet will suggest morning coffee and rolls on deck, midmorning bouillon, afternoon tea and a midnight buffet. Complimentary hot dogs and hamburgers are served pool-side during luncheon hours, and room service is available from 6:30 a.m. to midnight. As Donn Lewis, our sadistic cruise director on the *Skyward*, predicted: "You come aboard as passengers, and seven days later we roll you off as cargo."

Sunrise on Nantucket Island, Massachusetts, is a time of tranquil magic. Cruise-ship passengers can savor such moments before the crowded ferries arrive.

[illegible]tainment? [illegible] your [illegible]e? Digesting [illegible] the help of [illegible] coffees in the [illegible] bar? The [illegible]w in the lounge? The latest [illegible] in the ship's theater? Dancing to the music of the ship's orchestra? [illegible]g for prizes? Jackpot bingo? Slot machines? Whatever your [illegible] or choices, except for discoing into the "wee" hours of the morning, nighttime fun usually culminates in the dining room with that sumptuous 12 o'clock binge, guaranteed to restructure your abdominal profile.

Days at sea are anything but dull. Again, whatever turns you on, you'll find the spigot here. Exercise class with the masseuse? Dance class, where you can do no wrong? Travel talk on ports of call? Duty-free shopping in the arcade? Getting your money back from the slot machines? Calypso music under the sun? Bridge, shuffleboard, backgammon tournaments? Trapshooting, bridge inspection, table tennis? Games, from checkers and chess to Monopoly? Horse racing, shipboard style, for lots of cash? A service-club meeting, swimming-pool games, an ice-carving exhibition or grandmothers' champagne tea?

For diversion, one of the most memorable moments on our cruise was standing at the rail watching lights on the heights of Puerto Rico dissolve into stars along the horizon as we sailed out of the harbor at 1:30 a.m.

Don't be misled—for all its carefree ways and pleasant pastimes, a cruise ship does have limitations. As our jovial cruise director himself confessed: "If you think the dance floor is small, wait till you try the swimming pool—you won't have room to swim sideways, only up and down."

Not until we were well under way did he comment on that emergency boat drill. "Unlike the *Poseidon Adventure*," he said, "if a giant wave turns us over, we'll go down like a rock!" He was, of course, only having fun—I think. This much is for sure: The fun will be yours—whatever the ship, wherever the ports it takes you.

—Maynard Good Stoddard

In the San Blas Islands off Panama, a Kuna Indian works on a *mola*, a native embroidery.

THE CARIBBEAN: SO NEAR TO HOME.. YET SO FAR

Reading between those Maynard Good Stoddard lines, you may have figured out that he and Lois took their cruise in that semitropical sea just south of the continental United States—the Caribbean. Rather typical: Last year a heavy majority of all U.S. cruise passengers chose the Caribbean for their week or two of utter abandon. It's no secret why: The Caribbean is comparatively near (cheap to reach), warm in the winter (great for a prestigious tan) and unimaginably exotic to McDonald's-and-K-Mart-weary Yankees.

There are some new wrinkles out there in the Caribbean, cruise-wise. (No revolutions lately, for one thing.) The cruise lines are making waves, you might say.

The older, conservative lines, as on Holland America's recent-vintage *Noordam* and *Nieuw Amsterdam*, are making their cruises more than a calories-and-cutaway escape for gourmands. And other lines have eschewed the floating-city style of ship. Some have even

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continued from page 55

foot runway. She is heavy—1,500 gallons of fuel in 15 tanks from wingtip to wingtip and everywhere else where there's room. Her wings droop and her booms give to every uneven patch on the taxiway. Lined up, the two engines start. In the bubble canopy her pilot's head bends over the few instruments. In Washington, D.C., a command post at the Smithsonian's National Air and Space Museum will be tuned in and ready to relay messages.

Finally the engines pick up a high note, and gradually the great plane begins to move. For some 7,000 feet she slowly gathers speed. At last the long, slender wings rise with lift—and she's off. The wheels, worked by hand crank, come up into the sleek underbody, and the pilot replaces the bubble canopy with a clear panel that fairs into the fuselage.

Voyager heads southwest, reaching for the friendly Pacific. Originally, the course was planned eastward, to take advantage of the prevailing westerlies of the Temperate Zone. But because the flight hugs the tropics, Dick and Jeana decided to go west and to get a boot from the easterly trades nearer the equator.

So it's over Hawaii and across the South Pacific, down to Australia, across that continent and the Indian Ocean. It's down to South Africa, either through that nation's air space or rounding the Cape of Good Hope. Then it's over the South Atlantic, back across the equator, up to the Caribbean and finally across the Gulf of Mexico to the coast of Texas.

And so, if all goes well, they will be home at last. After more than 11 days of just sitting, of getting buffeted around, of watching the weather-radar screen and playing tag with storms, of doing puzzles to stay alert, of reading and sleeping and checking themselves and the plane, the desert country of Kern County is going to look mighty good to Dick Rutan and Jeana Yeager.

And when *Voyager* appears again in those clear skies, she'll look mighty good to Burt Rutan. Her strange white shape moving against the bleak hills will seem almost like an ideograph, a symbol from another age. Come to think of it, that's about what it is.

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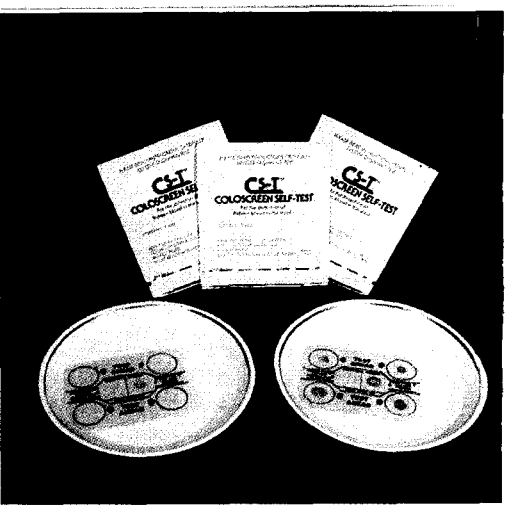
Choose A Gift For Your Good Health.

We want to reward you with a gift for your own good health. Choose the one that will benefit you most.

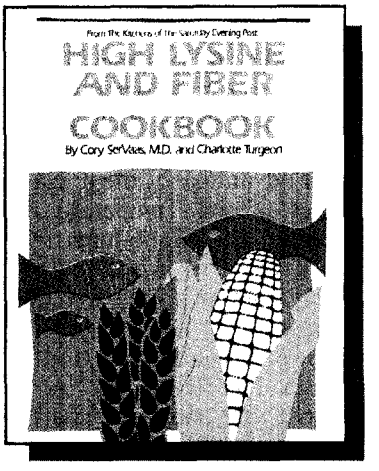
Our Society's current priority is continuing the high-lysine/low-arginine mouse experiments. The results from the first tests were significant, as evidenced by the fact that they have been published in the medical journal *Anti-Cancer Research*. Your contribution will help us buy more mice and mice chow to repeat the experiment. Only with the support of such generous volunteers as you are we able to extend this important cancer-prevention research that is widening our knowledge and will, we hope, lead to that day when cancer becomes an almost completely preventable disease.

Please send your tax-deductible gift for medical research today—and our gift for your good health will be on its way.



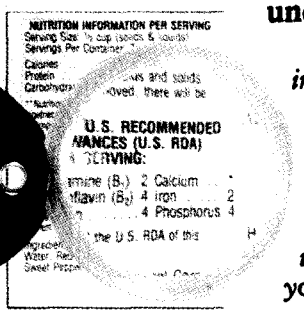
A. Home Testing for Hidden Blood Easier with the New CS-T.

The new ColoScreen Self-Test eliminates unpleasant handling of stool specimens. A chemical detector pad in the toilet bowl is all it takes. We'll mail three tests with directions. You use it three successive days.



C. A High-Lysine and Fiber Cookbook Offers Ways to Prevent Cancer.

The Post offers a new cookbook with cancer prevention in mind. The information is based on new material from the National Cancer Institute. High-fiber/low-fat diet is stressed.



B. Labels Become Big Enough to Read under This Handy Magnifying Glass.

No more squinting and guessing, or giving up altogether. You now can know what the fine print on the label says by whipping out this magnifying glass and verifying the contents of the container to which you will be entrusting your health.

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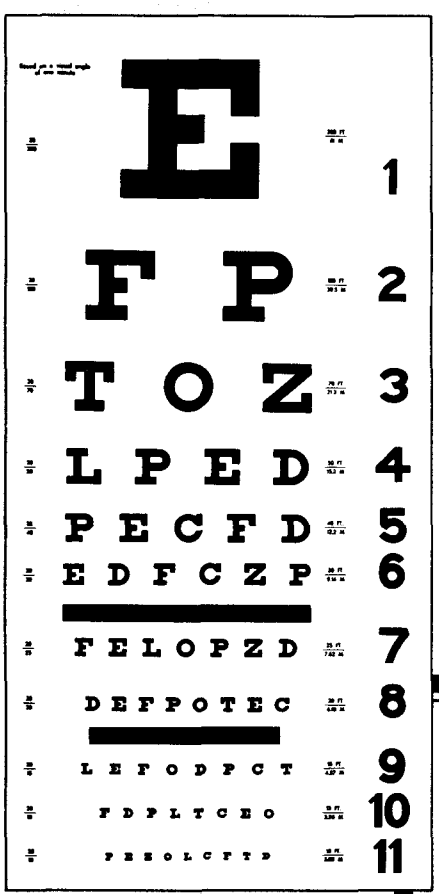
D. Instead of Reaching for a "Lucky," Be Luckier and Reach for a Pacifier.

Here is the answer for those nervous fingers that have to be holding something to rap against an ashtray every few seconds. Instead of a lung-corroding cigarette, one of these Post Pacifiers will do the trick. Not only can they help you overcome the stealthy addiction attacking your good health—these "phony smokes" will also protect the lungs of those around you.



E. A Simple Chart for Detecting Early Signs of Vision Problems.

A functional examination will tell you how well your eyes are working. To test your vision, you simply stand 20 feet back and read progressively smaller letters on the eye chart. If you aren't able to see within a normal range, at least you can see an ophthamologist. He will take it from there.

G. Slow-Mag Time-Released Magnesium Is Easily Absorbed.

Magnesium, an essential mineral, helps your body cells complete their metabolic functions. Researchers credit it with safely inducing restful sleep and with reducing high blood pressure and irregular heartbeats.

F. Begin Your High-Fiber Diet with High-Lysine Corn Meal.

Among the gifts offered for your good health, the one that combines nutrition and good taste is a bag of high-lysine corn meal. Sixty thousand Society members can't be wrong—it makes the best pancakes, waffles and corn bread your family will ever taste.

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Yes, I have made my good-health selection checked below. ☐ A. colorectal kit, ☐ B. magnifying glass, ☐ C. high-lysine cookbook, ☐ D. Post pacifier, ☐ E. eye chart, ☐ F. high-lysine corn meal, ☐ G. magnesium.

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FOOD

LENTILS—FOOD FOR THE WISE

Ancient Egyptians and Greeks believed these protein-packed legumes would enlighten the mind, open the heart and fill people with cheer.

by Habeeb Salloum

From the days of the Mesopotamian and the Pharaonic civilizations, lentils, probably the first food plants cultivated, have been a mainstay in the Middle Eastern diet.

The Bible indicates that Esau sold his birthright to his brother, Jacob, for a dish made from lentils; that the victory of Shammah was won in a field of lentils; and that this vegetable formed a part of the bread of Ezekiel. The Koran asserts that lentils were one of the foods the Jews in Sinai asked Moses to provide.

The ancient Egyptians and Greeks believed lentils would enlighten the mind, open the heart and fill people with cheer. On the other hand, the Romans were convinced that this legume made men reserved, indolent and lazy.

The Arabs carried the legume to Spain, where in later centuries lentils entered European literature in anecdotes and folklore. Don Quixote's Friday meal of lentils is still the preferred fare of Spanish peasants.

This historic vegetable, one of the most nutritious foods cultivated by man, contains a significant amount of calcium, carbohydrates, iron and vitamin B, and has (with the exception of soya beans) the highest percentage of protein of all vegetables. Dried lentils contain more protein than an equal weight of lean sirloin steak. For this reason, lentils are considered a vegetarian's gourmet delight. For centuries the preferred vegetable to replace meat, lentils are often prepared by Middle Eastern Christians during Lent, when meat is forbidden.

Lentil dishes make a delicious, nutritious and satisfying common fare. The seeds do not require soaking; they are usually only washed before boiling. Nonetheless, soak them for faster cooking or for special dishes: Immerse them in water overnight, and only half the time is required for a dish to be cooked.

A great ingredient when employed in salads, soups and stews, and as a cooked vegetable with other food, lentils are mouth-watering no matter how they are prepared.

Around the Mediterranean basin, especially in the Middle Eastern lands, the variety of dishes concocted with lentils is endless.

From this great Mediterranean storehouse of lentil delights we have chosen these recipes for the uninitiated. Watch it! Some are slightly hot.

Puréed Lentil Soup
(Shawrbat 'Adas Majrujasha)
(Serves 6 to 8)

4 tablespoons olive oil
2 large onions, chopped
3 cloves garlic, crushed
6 cups water
1 cup split lentils
2 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon ground coriander
½ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon cumin
Pinch of saffron
2 tablespoons rice, rinsed
4 tablespoons lemon juice

Heat oil in saucepan, and sauté onions and garlic over medium heat until they begin to brown. Add water, lentils, salt, coriander, pepper, cumin, saffron and rice; bring to a boil. Cover and cook over medium heat for 30 minutes or until lentils and rice are well-cooked. Place in blender and purée, then return to saucepan and stir in lemon juice. Heat and serve immediately.

Lentil Soup with Spinach
(Shawrbat 'Adas Ma' Sabaanikh)
(Serves 6 to 8)

1 cup lentils, rinsed
8 cups water
2 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon cumin
½ teaspoon pepper
2 large onions, finely chopped
4 cloves garlic, crushed
½ cup finely chopped fresh coriander leaves
¼ cup olive oil
½ package spinach, chopped into large pieces
½ cup lemon juice

Place lentils, water, salt, cumin and pepper in saucepan; bring to a boil, then cover and cook over medium heat for 30 minutes. In the meantime, in a frying pan, sauté onions, garlic and coriander leaves in oil over medium heat until the onions begin to brown; add frying-pan contents to lentils. Stir in spinach and lemon juice, and simmer over low heat for 20 minutes or until lentils and spinach are well-cooked. Serve hot. Swiss chard or ½ cup vermicelli may be substituted for spinach.

Lentil Dip
(Serves 6 to 8)

1 cup lentils, rinsed
2 cloves garlic, crushed
¾ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon cumin
⅛ teaspoon chili powder
¼ cup lemon juice
3 tablespoons olive oil
3 tablespoons finely chopped, fresh coriander leaves
2 tablespoons finely chopped tomatoes or pomegranate seeds

One of the most nutritious foods cultivated by man, lentils contain calcium, carbohydrates, iron and vitamin B, besides more protein than an equal weight of lean sirloin steak.

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Place lentils in a pot, and cover with generous amount of water; bring to a boil. Cover and cook over medium heat for about 45 minutes or until lentils are well-cooked. Drain lentils and allow to cool, then place them in food processor with garlic, salt, pepper, cumin, chili powder and lemon juice; process into a paste. Add more water if necessary. Place on flat serving dish; sprinkle with olive oil and decorate with coriander leaves and tomatoes or pomegranate seeds.

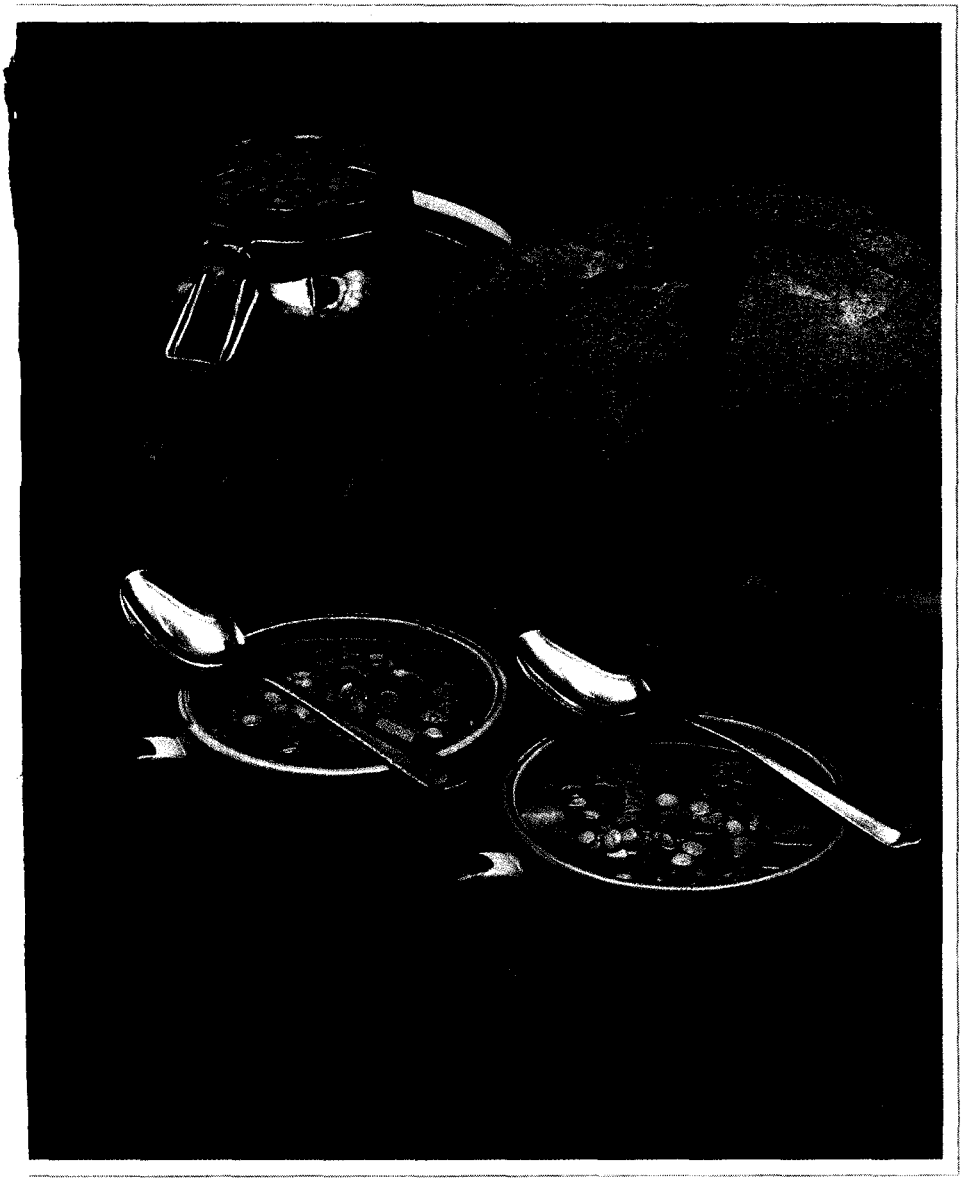
Vegetable Lentil Soup
(Serves 8)

1 pound hamburger
5¾ cups tomato juice
4 cups water
1 cup lentils, washed
1 cup diced carrots
1 cup diced cabbage
1 cup chopped celery
½ cup chopped onion
½ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon green pepper (or green-pepper flakes)
1 bay leaf

Brown hamburger until crumbly. Stir in juice and 4 cups water. Add remaining ingredients. Bring to a boil, reduce heat and simmer 1½ hours.

Lentil Salad
(Salatat 'Adas)
(Serves 6 to 8)

1 cup lentils, rinsed
6 cups water
1 bunch green onions, finely chopped
3 large tomatoes, diced into small cubes
1 large sweet red pepper, finely chopped
¼ cup finely chopped, fresh coriander leaves



½ can (19 oz.) chickpeas, drained
6 tablespoons olive oil
¼ cup lemon juice
2 teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon pepper

Place lentils and water in a pot and bring to a boil; cook for about 20 minutes over medium heat or until lentils are tender but intact and slightly firm. Drain lentils; mix thoroughly with remaining ingredients just before serving.

Lentil Pottage
(Mujaddara)
(Serves 4 to 6)

In the eastern Arab world, the most common dish made from lentils is *mujaddara*, a pottage that has been popular since biblical times. However, it is only the peasants and the poorer strata of society who eat this dish regularly. The well-to-do eat it secretly in their homes and deny with great fervor any notion that they enjoy this ancient food. In my many trips to the Middle East, I have never been served this dish, even in village homes. No peasant or city laborer will admit he is so poor that he must serve *mujaddara* to his guests.

1 cup lentils, rinsed
5 cups water
6 tablespoons olive oil
2 large onions, rinsed
¼ cup rice, rinsed
1½ teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon cumin
2 tablespoons butter

Place lentils and water in saucepan and bring to a boil; cover and cook over medium heat for 30 minutes. In the meantime, in a frying pan, heat oil and sauté onions over medium heat until they turn golden brown. Add frying-pan contents and remaining ingredients (except butter) to lentils; cook for another 20 minutes or until lentils and rice are tender but slightly firm. This dish may be served hot or cold. However, if served cold, butter is to be omitted.

Lentil-and-Eggplant Stew
(Yakhnat 'Adas Ma' Baidhinjan)
(Serves 8 to 10)

8 tablespoons olive oil
1 medium-size eggplant (about 2 cups) peeled and diced into medium-size pieces

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2 medium-size onions, chopped
4 cloves garlic, crushed
½ cup finely chopped, fresh coriander leaves
1 cup lentils, soaked overnight in 4 cups water
¼ cup rice, rinsed
4 medium-size tomatoes, chopped
3 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon powdered ginger
½ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon cumin
⅛ teaspoon cayenne

Preheat oven to 350° F. Heat 6 tablespoons oil in frying pan; stir-fry eggplant pieces until they turn limp. Remove eggplant pieces with slotted spoon and set aside; add remaining 2 tablespoons oil and sauté onions over medium heat until they begin to brown. Add garlic and coriander leaves, and stir-fry for a few more minutes; place frying-pan contents and eggplant pieces in a casserole. Stir in remaining ingredients, then cover and bake 1½ hours or until lentils and rice are well-cooked. Serve hot or cold.

Chickpea and Lentil Delight
(Serves 4 to 6)

*½ cup chickpeas, soaked overnight and split**
7 cups water
½ cup lentils, rinsed
¼ cup coarse bulgur
4 tablespoons margarine
2 medium-size onions, chopped
2 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon ground coriander
½ teaspoon pepper
Pinch of cayenne

Place chickpeas and water in saucepan and bring to a boil; cook over medium heat for 40 minutes. Add lentils and cook 20 more minutes, then stir in bulgur and cook another 20 minutes. In the meantime, in frying pan, melt margarine and sauté onions until they turn golden brown, then stir into the mixture of chickpeas, lentils and bulgur. Stir in remaining ingredients and simmer on low heat for 10 minutes before serving.

*To split chickpeas: Drain water, place chickpeas on half a tea towel and fold over to cover. Roll with rolling pin, with some pressure. Chickpeas will split in two and skin will loosen. Remove skin by hand and discard.

Stuffed Grape Leaves with Lentils (Mihshee Waraq 'Inab ma' 'Adas)
(Serves 6 to 8)

In the eastern Arab world grape leaves are usually stuffed with rice and meat. However, gourmet cooks stuff them with lentils and rice, and produce an excellent vegetarian dish.

¾ cup lentils, soaked overnight, then drained
½ cup olive oil
4 tablespoons lemon juice
¾ cup rice, rinsed
1 cup finely chopped, fresh mint leaves or 3 teaspoons dried and crushed mint leaves
1 bunch green onions, finely chopped
½ cup finely chopped fresh coriander leaves
2 teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon allspice
½ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon cumin
⅛ teaspoon cayenne
1 jar (16 oz.) grape leaves, drained and thoroughly washed
1½ cups tomato juice

Make stuffing by thoroughly mixing lentils, ¼ cup oil; 2 tablespoons lemon juice, rice, mint, onions, coriander leaves, salt, allspice, pepper, cumin and cayenne; set aside. Place 1 heaping tablespoon stuffing on each grape leaf (depending on size), and roll; be sure to tuck in ends while rolling. Place a few torn grape leaves on bottom of saucepan; arrange rolls in alternating layers over leaves. Pour tomato juice and remaining oil and lemon juice over the rolls, then place an inverted plate over the top of the rolls. Pour in enough water to cover the plate; bring to a boil. Simmer over low heat for 1 hour or until lentils and rice inside rolls are tender but still intact. May be served hot or cold.

Lentil-and-Potato Stew (Lentejas a la Andalusía)
(Serves 6 to 8)

1 cup lentils, soaked overnight in 4 cups water
3 tablespoons olive oil
2 medium-size onions, chopped
3 cloves garlic, crushed
¼ cup finely chopped, fresh coriander leaves
3 medium-size potatoes, peeled and diced into small pieces
1 can (28 oz.) stewed tomatoes
2 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon ground ginger
½ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon cumin

Place lentils with their water in saucepan, and bring to a boil. In the meantime, in frying pan, heat oil and sauté onions over medium heat until they begin to brown, then add garlic and coriander leaves and stir-fry for a few more minutes. Add frying-pan contents and remaining ingredients to lentils, then cover and bring to a boil. Simmer over medium heat for 50 minutes or until lentils and potatoes are well-cooked. Add more water if necessary. Serve hot or cold.

"I don't understand it, doctor. I've been skipping desserts four, maybe five times a day."

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Microwave

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with nylon tie or 2" strip of plastic wrap and leave an opening the size of a quarter for a steam vent. Microwave (medium-high) 15 minutes. Turn bag over, untie bag and spoon sauce over drumsticks. Reclose bag and microwave (medium-high) 15 minutes. Let stand 15 minutes before opening bag and serving. Remove bay leaf.

Note: Turkey thighs or wing drumettes can be substituted in equal weight for drumsticks in this recipe. If package weighs more or less than 2 pounds, calculate microwaving time at 15 minutes per pound (medium-high).

Brunswick Stew
(Serves 5 to 6)

2½ pounds turkey-wing drumettes or 2 pounds turkey drumsticks or thighs
1 package (10 oz.) frozen mixed vegetables
1½-2 cups carrots, sliced into coins
1 pound potatoes, peeled and cut into cubes
1 cup chopped onion
2 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon dried basil
1 bay leaf
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 cups very hot tap water
2 tablespoons cornstarch
¼ cup cool water

Rinse turkey parts and arrange in 4-quart microwave-safe pot so the meaty ends are toward the outsides of the pot. Break up frozen vegetables and distribute over turkey. Add carrots, potatoes, onion, salt, basil, bay leaf and pepper. Pour hot water over all. Cover with lid or with plastic wrap. Microwave (high—100%) 15 minutes. Then, microwave (medium-high—70%) 15 minutes. Rearrange turkey parts and spoon vegetables over them again. Re-cover and microwave (medium-high) 15 minutes. Let stand 15 minutes, covered. Remove turkey parts and spread out on plate to cool. In small bowl, combine cornstarch and cool water. Stir until smooth. Blend cornstarch mixture into liquid in pot. Re-cover and microwave (high) 4 minutes or until thickened. Remove meat from turkey parts, cut into bite-size pieces and return to pot. Discard skin and bones and bay leaf.

Turkey Cutlets Limone
(Serves 3 to 4)

1 pound raw turkey cutlets
1 egg, lightly beaten in pie plate
½ cup seasoned dry bread crumbs
Paprika
2 teaspoons cornstarch
2 tablespoons fresh lemon juice
½ cup very hot tap water
1 teaspoon instant chicken-bouillon granules

Dip both sides of cutlets into egg and coat with crumbs. Arrange in circle on a bacon or meat rack, or round microwave-safe tray. Cover with wax paper. Microwave (medium-high—70%) 4½-5½ minutes; rotate utensil midway through cooking. To make sauce, combine paprika and cornstarch with lemon juice in small glass dish. Add water and bouillon granules. Microwave (high—100%) 1 minute or until thickened. Serve over cutlets.

A Timeless Food Reappears
Who first knew the nutritional wisdom of combining grains and legumes? Ezekiel did 2500 years ago! The instructions given in the Book of Ezekiel are for a special flour that contains balanced protein and can be made into a variety of healthy, delicious foods. Arrowhead Mills invites you to rediscover this nutrition packed, multi use flour at your favorite natural food store.
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Vets On Pets

continued from page 26

dogs, introduce them at an early age. Remember that pets are learning all the time.

Consistency in applying punishment or reward to a cat is invaluable. Rewarding a behavior at one time and punishing it at another may produce emotional disturbances in pets.

Knowledge of cat behavior and proper training can help you establish an enjoyable human-cat bond. C.K. and I still have a rewarding relationship, even though he's not destined to be rich and famous.

Questions for the Vet

Dear Dr. White:

Your answer to a cockapoo owner about the use of aspirin to treat both humans and animals for arthritis failed to warn cat owners that aspirin is lethal to cats! Unfortunately, many cat owners (and some vets' helpers) are not aware of this.

A.J. Beaudoin
Los Angeles, California

Dear A.J.:

Your concern is appreciated. Cats have idiosyncrasies for many medications; therefore, I advise consulting your veterinarian before giving medication. Aspirin and the ingredients in Tylenol can be toxic to cats.

H.E.W.

Dear Dr. White:

A letter from K. McCurry in the July/Aug 1985 "Vets on Pets" says three vets claim that his dog, a three-year-old half-Labrador, has epilepsy. All they recommend is the drug Dilantin; four tablets a day. You say there is no cure. This morning I read an article about a 12-year-old terrier that had epilepsy for years. Its owner had given him the drug Dilantin, but after two months of brewer's yeast, no more attacks.

Ruth LaFave
Green Bay, Wisconsin

Dear Ruth:

I must express reservations about brewer's yeast curing or controlling epilepsy. For those who would like to experiment with it, the dosage for dogs is about 50 to 100 mg. per pound of body weight once daily.

H.E.W.

Send your questions for the vet to: Vets on Pets, *The Saturday Evening Post*, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. Because of the volume of response, the editors regret we cannot reply personally to all letters.

"Euclid is working on something called 'parallel parking.'"

Bought A Lie

continued from page 32

to during this century?

How did we get into this steadily deepening condition? Was the intention merely to neutralize religion in public life? Some proponents of church-state separation might have sincerely believed that free religious expression puts undue pressure on some elements of our increasingly pluralistic society. (Of course, they would have completely ignored the religious liberties and related freedoms that fostered the emergence of this free country in the first place.) The problem is that the move toward church-state separation went far beyond neutrality.

Let's look at one example. When you tell a little child that he can't pray or read the Bible in school, you haven't neutralized prayer and Bible reading in his mind. Given an average amount of respect for his teachers and other school authorities, a youngster will assume something is "wrong" with praying and reading the Bible —something "wrong" with God. And he will not want to have anything to do with religion. He will have been separated from God by a school system that may sometimes have more influence over him than his parents. Is there any wonder we have been growing a nation of secularists?

Happily, President Reagan understands the problem. So does a Supreme Court justice, William J. Rehnquist. In a dissent from a court ruling this year forbidding a moment of silence for school prayer in Alabama, Justice Rehnquist built a logical, historical argument. Citing records of debate in the first Congress, which passed the original ten amendments, Justice Rehnquist wrote: "One would have to say that the First Amendment establishment clause should be read no more broadly than to prevent the establishment of a national religion or the governmental preference of one religious sect over another." Further, he said, neither James Madison, the sponsor of the amendment, nor the other congressmen participating in the debate saw the admendment "as requiring neutrality on the part of government between religion and irreligion."

Now all Mr. Reagan needs is the opportunity to appoint some other clear-thinking justices to join Mr. Rehnquist.

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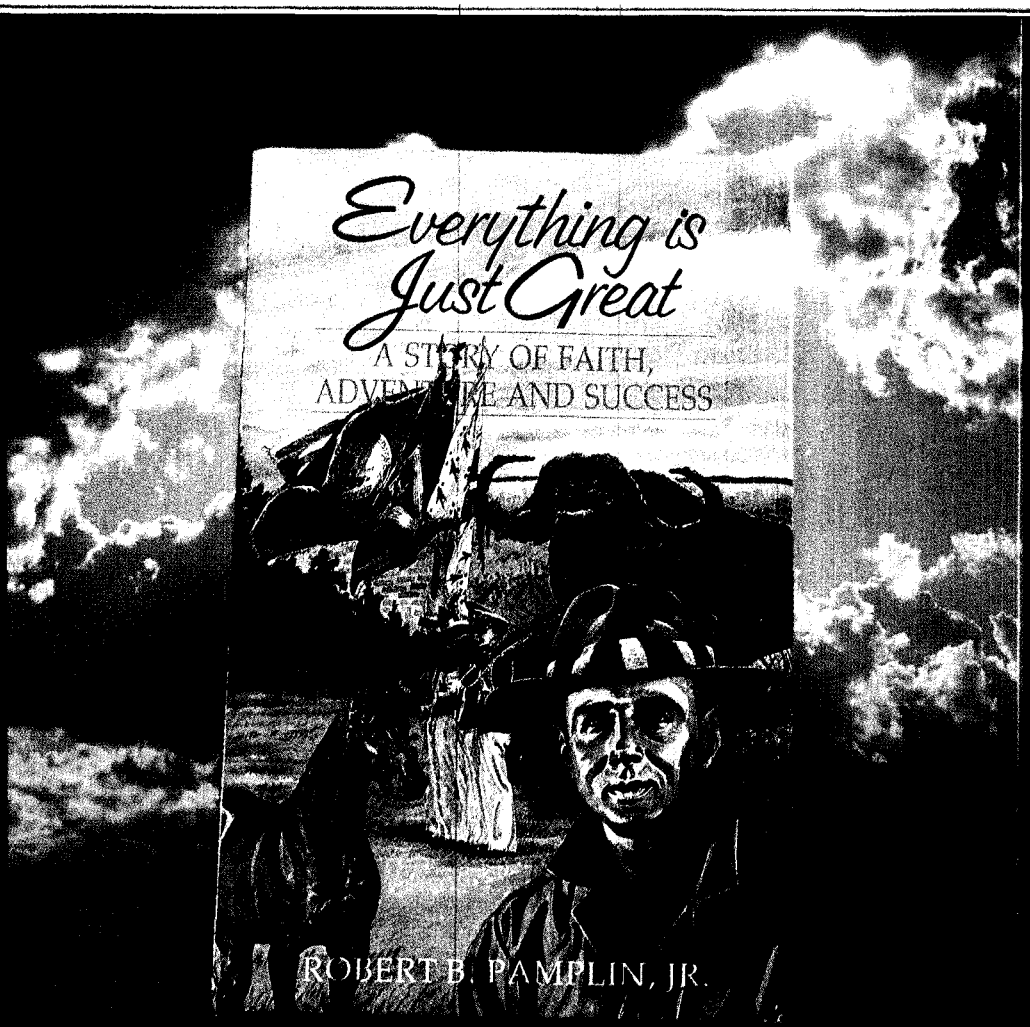

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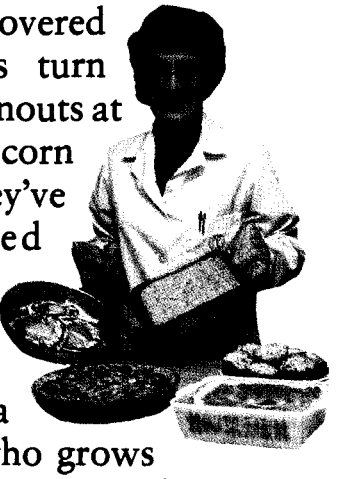

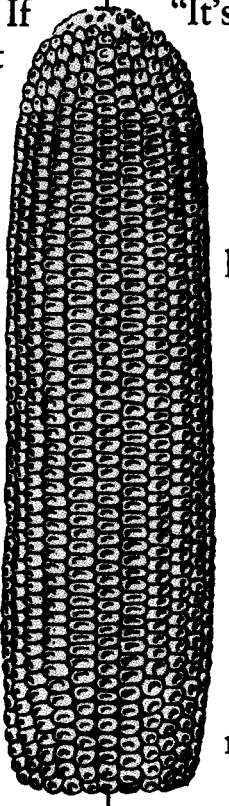

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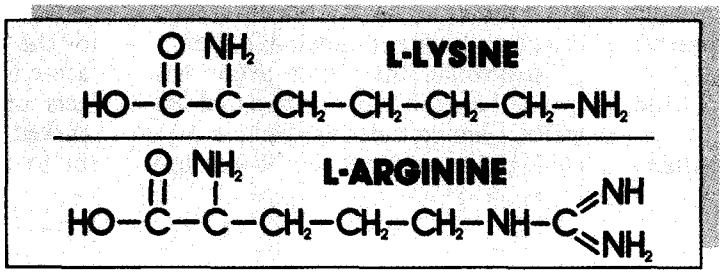

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Mice

continued from page 14

looked out the window as if he had just arrived on the scene and didn't know anyone in the room.

"He's still alive!" said my son, "but he's about dead. He's in awful shape. We have to put him out of his misery."

Fool cat! He can't even kill a mouse without botching the job!

"You're gonna have to put it out of its misery," my son insisted. At about this point I began to realize the difference between hating a mouse and killing a mouse. Hating the mouse was an easy, passive sort of thing. Killing the mouse was something altogether different.

Not wanting my son to think I was afraid, I stalled.

"Why don't you go outside while I take care of this?" I told him. Simultaneously I began pondering possible execution methods in my mind. The mouse continued to squeal on the floor.

The easy way, I thought, would be to shoot it from across the room with a large-caliber rifle. Such a method would be less personal, sort of like firing a nuclear missile at someone you can't see. I realized, however, that not only would shooting the mouse disturb the neighbors, but that I had no rifle.

Then I considered picking it up with a pair of ice tongs, putting it in an empty mayonnaise jar, tightening the lid and suffocating it.

Too slow and inhumane, I thought.

I considered taking a string, looping it around the mouse' neck and then just sort of . . . no, I couldn't handle that. I've always had a fear of choking.

Seeing the expression on my face, and having obviously gone through similar ideas and rejected them, my son volunteered that we could throw the mouse out in the snow and let it freeze.

"That's not much faster than just letting nature take its course," I told him.

We both decided we liked that idea —to just let nature take its course. I picked the mouse up with a pair of ice tongs (don't ask for a drink at my house) and put it back in the aquarium. That's where it died some time later.

Quite a lengthy time later—in which my daughter, wailing, rending her clothing and calling the wrath of Zeus down on our heads for leaving the cat in the room with the mouse, carried the cold, stiff body from room to room—my daughter has forgiven us.

The cat is now tranquil again.

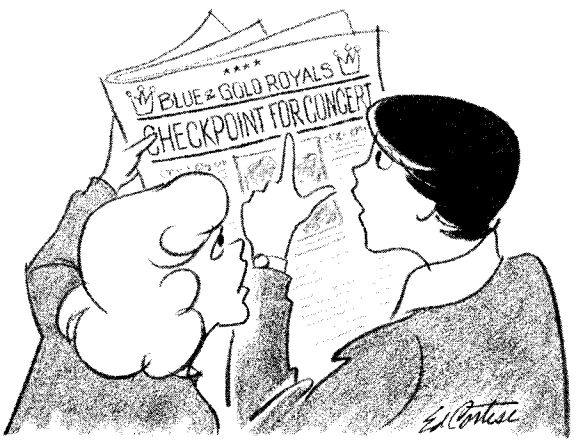
My daughter says she will buy another mouse so her "scientific efforts can go on in spite of the winds of fate."

Meanwhile, the whole affair has brought me full square into a mid-life crisis. I am considering seeing a psychologist to sort out why I was too cowardly to do the noble thing when the pressure was on.

My son says he understands—that he didn't want to kill the mouse either.

My wife, as usual, offers a simpler sort of answer. "Have you ever considered the possibility that you are just a twit?" she asks.

I'll have to think about that one.



You be the Judge

by John A. Ritter

When a city high school booked a rock band into the auditorium for a concert, the city council took quick action.

"There was more marijuana than music at the last concert," the city fathers moaned. "We won't ban the concert, but we'll set up a checkpoint just like at airports and frisk everyone coming into the auditorium."

The student council hollered "foul" and hired a lawyer to strike down the search rule.

If you were the judge, would you allow blanket searches of everyone entering a rock concert?

The concert can go on without searches, ruled the judge. "Frisking a person who is not even suspected of a crime violates his constitutional rights," said the judge. "Airport searches are entirely different because they protect passenger safety."

(Based on a 1979 New Jersey Supreme Court decision)

Rockwell

continued from page 43

tions spill over to his relationship with other people. He rarely lost his temper with the boys and left most disciplining to Mary.

"He once did a facts-of-life cover for the *Post* . . . you know, where a father is telling his son all about the facts of life. Well, my brother remarked the other day that when we got to the age where a facts-of-life lecture might have been necessary—instead of sitting us down and having the talk, our father would go out and paint a picture about it. But he sort of got a comeuppance because he had a terrible time with that picture. It took him about five months. He probably would have been better off talking to us," Tom relates.

If his parenting style was different, it was because his job was different from other parents'. He had the luxury of setting his own hours, but the pressure of churning out work solo as well. No one could help him with a painting beyond assuring him that it was progressing nicely. When he needed feedback on a project, he'd summon Mary by tapping the intercom buzzer twice. But her words of support seldom convinced him of a picture's merit. He fretted about new illustrators coming into the field and wondered if he could keep up with them. He refused to rest on past accomplishments; he was always thinking ahead to the next

continued on following page

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*15 Maranatha

Did you ever want to start all over? be Born Again. *16

Are you tired of chasing Rainbows? *17 ...try Jesus

Jesus is Everything *18

I'M POSSESSED by a spirit. (the Holy One) *19

I'M GONNA LIVE FOREVER! *21

GOSPEL MUSIC gets me goin' *22

#23 I'M NOT RELIGIOUS, I JUST LOVE THE LORD

I'M A *24 FOOL FOR JESUS (Whose fool are YOU.)

*25 C PRAISE the LORD

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cover. It was surely going to be the best one yet.

Even occasional "burnout" didn't slow his pace. His remedy? More work. He often said he had to keep working, because if he let down for a minute he'd lose his ability. Although he rarely worked in the evening, holidays were only slightly abbreviated workdays. Tom remembers: "On Christmas we always opened the presents in the morning, and when we were done he'd go out and work. We used to joke about it as kids because we knew that our mother bought all the presents, but when we opened them he'd fake it and say, 'Oh, I'm glad you like it,' as if he had picked them out himself."

Rockwell patiently worked with the boys to develop their art abilities; today, each is involved in an artistic career of one sort or another. The oldest brother, Jarvis, is a painter, though in a more modern style than his father's, and the youngest brother, Peter, is a sculptor, living in Rome. Tom, in the middle, is an award-winning writer who preferred art by association: He married a painter.

All three boys modeled for their father's illustrations, but neither father nor sons had any idea those covers would survive beyond their one-week allotted life spans on the newsstands. They should have been tipped off by the numbers: Whenever a Rockwell painting was slated for a *Post* cover, the editors ordered an extra 250,000 copies. Now the boys' youthful faces and those of their neighbors, also Rockwell models, are preserved in numerous anthologies, posters and oversize picture books.

"He used to say that he had a point of view the people liked. He thought people were all right, so that's the way he painted them. In other words, the people in his paintings look like they're, well, sort of *nice*. Just as important, they look as if they're going to be all right in the sense that no disasters are going to happen," Tom says.

At least part of the Rockwell point of view has been passed from father to son. Tom philosophizes, "The way a person approaches the world is picked up from his or her parents." Bringing it closer to home, he admits he and his brothers "all tend to be not terrifically aggressive." Like father, like sons. But which of the three boys is *most* like their dad in personality and appearance? Tom declines to answer for lack of time.

"I'd have to think about it . . . for about a week," he says. Then he grins, and there it is again. The look. No spittin' image, dead-ringer sort of thing, just a passing expression that's all Rockwell. ✱

Church of God

continued from page 31

show and of buying TV time in major markets.

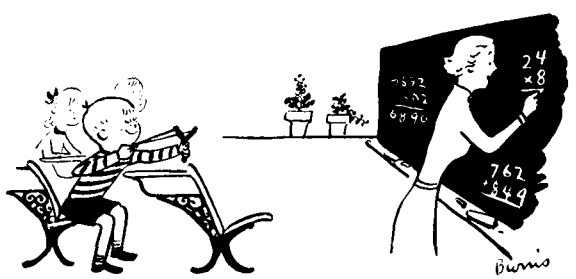
The emphasis of the TV special was on the Church of God's international headquarters in Indiana. However, the church reaches around the globe; its overseas constituency is actually larger than its number of followers in the United States. Of the movement's 4,089 congregations, 2,286 are in the United States, 54 in Canada and 1,759 in foreign countries. Along with the convention conducted annually in Anderson, a world conference is scheduled every four years; the next gathering is set for 1987 in Seoul, Korea.

The growth of the church has been particularly dramatic in Latin America, where the Church of God influence more than doubled during the '70s, and in Asia, particularly in India, which contains more than 440 congregations and many church-related organizations dedicated to the relief of poverty and famine. Some 80,000 converts are found in Africa alone, and the Mission Board predicts in the near future a majority of its missionaries will be neither Caucasian nor English speaking.

Because of the opportunities for growth outside the United States, a sense of mission and an enthusiasm for service are stressed among Church of God youth. Many who enter mission work become interested while participating in a congregational work camp or while on a Student Summer Service (Tri-S) trip. The latter program, sponsored by Anderson College, the largest of the movement's six colleges, attracts nearly 600 students and faculty members each year. Participants travel to remote areas of the world on study and service projects, then return to school and share their experiences with their peers. The program, which adds a surprisingly cosmopolitan dimension to the central-Indiana campus, has given reality to the words "mission" and "service."

"Tri-S had an effect on my going into the mission field in that it opened my eyes to a world bigger than my own environment," Alan Reed says. "I saw there was life beyond college. It was an important stepping stone to my recent assignment in Japan."

Such opportunities as Tri-S, enthusiastically endorsed at Church of God colleges, are among the selling points that attract students to the schools. Anderson College and Graduate School of Theology, the mother institution, has grown from a handful of students in 1917 to more than 2,000 multidenomina-



The Perfect Squelch

At some personal risk, the school principal proposed at a parent-teacher meeting that teachers be permitted to chastise persistently unruly pupils. He pointed out that classroom disorders were increasing and that a handful of overgrown, spoiled youngsters were largely to blame.

There were nods and murmurs of approval from many parents present. One woman, however, the doting mother of the most notorious young ruffian in the school, was outraged at the thought of punishing her precious boy. Interrupting the principal, she denounced his suggestion and added: "A switch in the classroom, indeed! Such things went out with the barbarians."

"Quite so," the principal agreed. "But the barbarians are now trying to make a comeback."

—William H. Walton

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tional students today. In 1917 the curriculum consisted of Bible lectures on Friday evenings between October and May; the college now offers 60 programs and majors, including fully accredited, preprofessional programs in law, dentistry and medicine. Other Church of God colleges are Warner Pacific in Portland, Oregon; Midwest Bible College, Oklahoma City; Warner Southern College in Lake Wales, Florida; Bay Ridge Christian College in Kendleton, Texas; and Gardner Bible College in Camrose, Alberta. The church also lends assistance to some 20 schools in other countries.

Constituents support their educational programs with the same zeal and vitality they direct toward their church work and toward their forays into the world of mass media—whether it be their publishing efforts, their radio broadcasts or their TV projects. The number of Church of God followers may be small in comparison to older denominations, but believers seem to feel individual contributions to the movement will ensure its growth and success. All talents, whether vocal, teaching, missionary or preaching skills, are actively solicited.

"If the Church of God will continue to take seriously the message of unity," Gloria Gaither adds, "if it can remain true to the central theme of the fellowship of all believers across denominational lines, bringing relevant Christianity into the 20th century, then there is no group in a better position to help bring joyous reconciliation among God's people and to spread that joy to all the precious human beings God created."

Or as Gary Moore summed up the church's growing strength and burgeoning membership: "We're sort of like the mouse that roared."

Cruising

continued from page 86

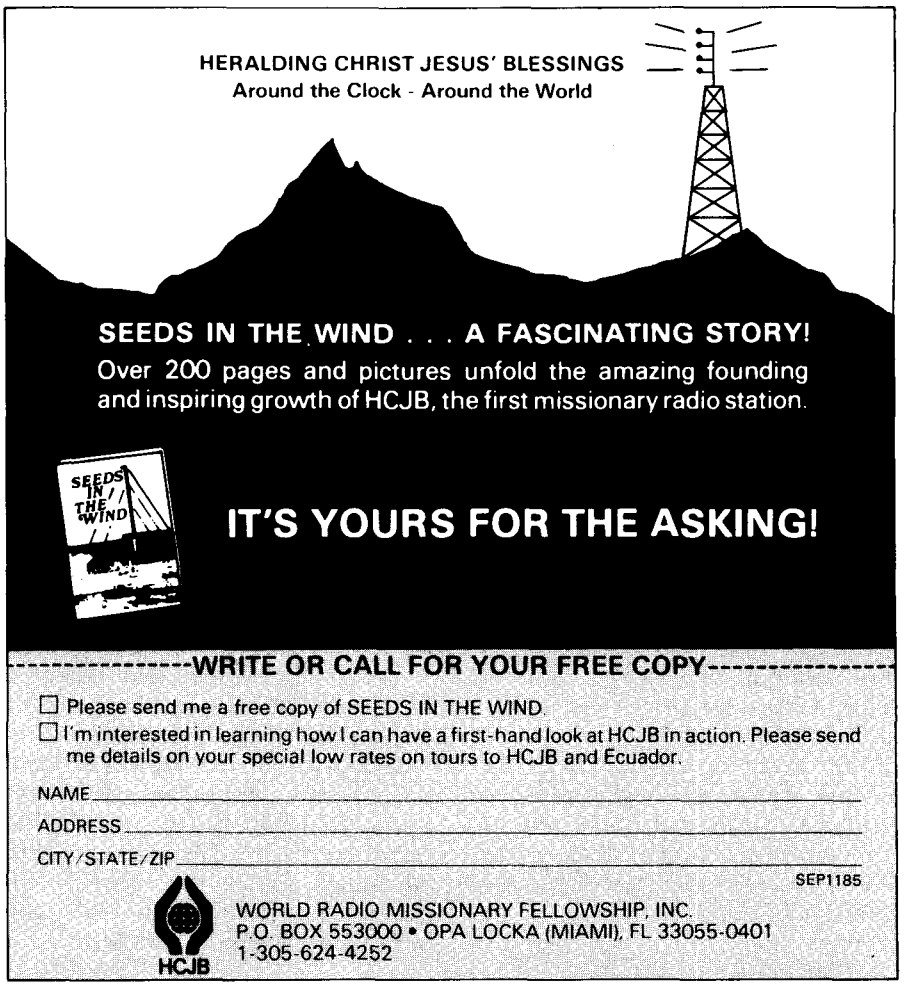
dispensed with engine power—but at the very least, you might be able to do without a necktie for dinner.

Big boat or little boat, for generations Americans cruising the Caribbean have found it hot and exotic. The area's profusion of peoples and nationalities makes our melting pot look like a teacup. The different accents and dialects created by centuries of immigration and mixture put Brooklyn to shame. Stepping ashore on Virgin Gorda, the eastern extremity of the British Virgin Islands, I made conversation with a cabdriver, who said he was a native of Saint Nevis, farther south, in the Lesser Antilles. Where was *I* from? he asked me in a singsong that resembled English. "Indianapolis," I answered; getting no response, I continued, "Where they hold the 500-mile auto race." He looked over at me, took one hand from the wheel and gave me the universal palm-up gesture. I knew then I was a long way from home.

But if you don't like the culture you're in during a Caribbean cruise, get back on board for a few hours. Less than a day's sailing separates Mayan sacrificial temples in the Yucatan from British colonial great houses near the reggae-filled Blue Mountains of Jamaica. Another half-day away lie the Caymans, seemingly comprising more beaches (and banks) per square mile than any spot on earth and an accent that sounds more Scottish than Caribbean.

Recreation is hard to avoid in the Caribbean, too. Any number of spots seem to be vying for the honor of the world's best scuba diving and snorkeling; on this nonscuber's voyages, the waters off Cozumel, Grand Cayman and Saint John all seemed worthy competitors for the title.

Nonetheless, you will spend at least as much time on board your ship as you will snorkeling or translating Creole. And the accent today is on a more robust, informal shipboard lifestyle. The dignified Holland-America line now emphasizes its 14 types of exercise and swim equipment, pools, saunas and massage rooms (two of each), a whirlpool and a new use for the hardwood upper promenade deck—jogging (five laps equal one mile). The much smaller Clipper Cruise Lines, based in Saint Louis, Missouri, sends a shallow-draft "yacht" holding about 100 passengers (cf. the *Noordam/Nieuw Amsterdam*'s 1,214) in and out of the Virgin Islands' countless coves and cays—close enough to let passengers dive off and swim ashore! Such smaller ships usually feature larger cabins and a more informal atmosphere—but it's B.Y.O.B. except for perhaps some dinner wine.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Caribbean cruising—it's the closest thing to going far from home.

—Robin Roberts

Panama: Gatun Down to Cruising

The Americans who dredged, blasted and hacked their way across the Isthmus of Panama from 1907-1914 did their job so well that a cruise ship on the Panama Canal goes through "the big trench" now the same way the first ship did on August 15, 1914.

As your cruise ship approaches the canal from either side of the continent, you'll see what looks like a seagoing tollgate. What you're really viewing is the first in a series of locks that, along with its various lakes and rivers, comprise this engineering wonder. Still, the analogy to a tollgate is valid: Every ship pays a toll based on tonnage to the Panama Canal Company in return for the privilege of taking the "shortcut" rather than the treacherous trip around Cape Horn on the southernmost tip of South America.

Look down from the railing of your cruise ship, and you'll see narrow-gauge railroad tracks on the land bordering each side of the locks. On both sets of track are "mules" towing locomotives that pull the ship through the locks. Then the strange part: Two men *in rowboats* approach from both sides of the bow and throw up lines secured to the deck. They row back to shore and attach the other ends to the mules; soon, as the water levels in the locks even out, you're pulled through.

The locks, each 1,000 feet long and shaped like giant bathtubs, take up a surprisingly small amount of the canal's length. Gatun Lake, one of the largest man-made lakes in the world and bordered by lush, tropical jungle, occupies most of the waterway's 51-mile distance.

More than any other part of the Panama Canal, the eight-mile-long Gaillard Cut gives the impression of an enormous, man-made ditch. It was blasted through solid rock; the subsequent landslides killed many of the workers.

A Panama Canal transit, eight to nine hours, is only one part of your voyage. All canal cruises, regardless of the line you're traveling on, make stops on both sides of the continent.

On the Pacific end, the two most popular ports are Acapulco and Cabo San Lucas. However, the stops on the eastern side of the Americas—Cartagena, Colombia and the San Blas Islands off the Panamanian coast—are far more interesting.

Cartagena's beauty is its contrast between the old and the new. Ancient battlements that protected the place from seagoing pirates surround the exotic, old city's narrow, cobblestoned streets, easygoing people and shops with pungent smells. Visit the high-rise dwellings and the gem shops, in the newer section of the city, and hold the most exquisite emerald you've ever seen. If your pocketbook is so inclined, you can also buy one at a very good price.

"Hmmm. . .let me see the first one again."

Less than a day's cruising time from Cartagena are the San Blas Islands, where you'll meet the Kuna Indians, a pre-Columbian culture whose women still swathe their limbs in complex bracelets of colored beads and wear their family wealth in pounds of beaten gold hung round their necks in elaborate jewelry. The Kunas are hard bargainers, but their native *molas* (reverse appliqué panels of cloth with intricate design) are a rare prize.

—Fred Rosen

The United States: Whistlin' Dixie and Other Tunes

Unregenerate stick-in-the-muds, sufferers from seasickness, provincials, those bored by reggae and voodoo, the tuxedo-less, rabid xenophobes and easy sunburners—READ ON! *You don't have to leave the continental United States to take a full-feature, every-care-provided-for cruise.* We're talking about Maine, the New England islands, the heart of the old Confederacy—in short, some of the most historic and scenic spots America can offer.

One beauty of cruising is its combination of destinations that would be unfeasible or unthought-of in the average travel itinerary. An outstanding example is American Cruise Lines' "New England Islands Cruise," a seven-day jaunt that would otherwise involve too many cab, ferry and plane changes for even the hardiest traveler to contemplate without flinching. No flinching's involved when you ply the (usually) peaceful summertime waters off New England on the M.S. *Savannah*, another of the new generation of "minicruisers." Informality is the keynote, the cabins are considerably more spacious than those of the larger liners and you don't suffer any culture shock when you step ashore into the eager embrace of "natives" waiting for your cash.

Fogs swirl in and out of these islands at a moment's notice; sunbathers and photographers are at their mercy, and cruise passengers may find their itinerary temporarily postponed, or even changed—but not to worry. The distances between stops on these cruises are so much less vast than the Caribbean's that your captain will have no difficulty getting all your destinations in.

And a colorful sprinkling of Americana they are. To my mind, Newport, Rhode Island, provides one of the widest panoramas of any American community, from its harbor choked with sailboats and framed by the bridge, to its colonial-era port

continued on following page

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Why Are We Giving Away Diamond-Inlaid Wristwatches for only $3?

Hard to believe, *but true.*

During its nationwide publicity campaign, a famous New York firm will give away one million (1,000,000) of its most expensive diamond-inlaid wristwatches for the astonishing price of only $3 to the first one million persons who return this publicity ad to the company before Dec. 31, 1985.

This *entire* publicity ad must accompany your request. No copies or photostats.

These are the same famous diamond-inlaid designer watches nationally advertised in leading media throughout America. The face of each watch is distinctively set and inlaid with a genuine 17-facet .25 pt solitaire diamond of the same size and quality regularly sold by this multi-million dollar jewelry firm to its most fashionable New York clientele; and it will be accompanied by a Certificate of Authenticity to that effect issued by GCI of New York.

Not some "pretty" piece of jewelry created to adorn the wrists of the idle rich, each watch is a precision timepiece with a genuine quartz movement that is so powerful it never needs winding and is accurate to within seconds per month. The most expensive diamond-inlaid designer wristwatch of its kind ever sold by this large New York jewelry firm, it is astonishingly lightweight, elegantly slim in profile, and available in both men's and ladies' models.

These diamond-inlaid designer wristwatches will not be sold at this price by the company in any store and there is a limit of two (2) watches per address at this price. But if you order early enough (before Dec. 25) you may request up to five.

SPECIAL PROMPTNESS BONUS: If your diamond-inlaid wristwatch request is mailed before Dec. 25, you can also order a genuine diamond pendant, diamond stud earrings, diamond dinner ring—or all three—for the same special publicity price of only $3 each. This is the same diamond jewelry nationally advertised in *Vogue* and *The New York Times* and set with genuine 17-facet .25 pt solitaire diamonds of the same size and quality regularly sold by this multi-million dollar jewelry firm to its most distinguished New York clientele. All settings (and the 18-inch pendant chain) are entirely layered in genuine 14 karat gold.

TO ORDER, Complete and mail this *entire* ad (no copies or photostats)

Mail this *entire* ad to: Carter & Van Peel, Diamond Watch Offer, Dept. 150-102, Box 1225, Westbury, NY 11595. (V29020)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

ITEM DESCRIPTION		ITEM #	QTY.	PRICE	TOTAL
Diamond-Inlaid Wristwatch	Men's Model	(V27901)		$3	$
	Ladies' Model	(V27902)		$3	$
Diamond Solitaire Pendant		(V82480)		$3	$
Diamond Stud Earrings		(V82350)		$3	$
Diamond Dinner Ring (circle size: 5 6 7 8 9)		(V8388)		$3	$
				TOTAL	$
				New York residents add sales tax	$
				Shipping and Handling (two dollars)	$ 2.00
				GRAND TOTAL	$

For Your Protection
All items will be self-insured by the company and shipped direct from our New York corporate vault. Mail promptly and we guarantee earliest shipment for holiday season. All watches and jewelry are covered by the company's full 1-year money-back guarantee.

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dominated by the spire of Trinity Episcopal and surrounded by the fantastic turn-of-the-century "cottages" of that era's *nouveaux riches*. Less extreme in its contrasts—and accessible to the noncruiser mainly by ferry—is Nantucket Island, a mid-1800s whaling haven that matured by the end of the century into the resort it remains today. Signs of the nautical past—and present—abound on Nantucket amid buildings almost relentlessly clad in blue gray clapboard shingles.

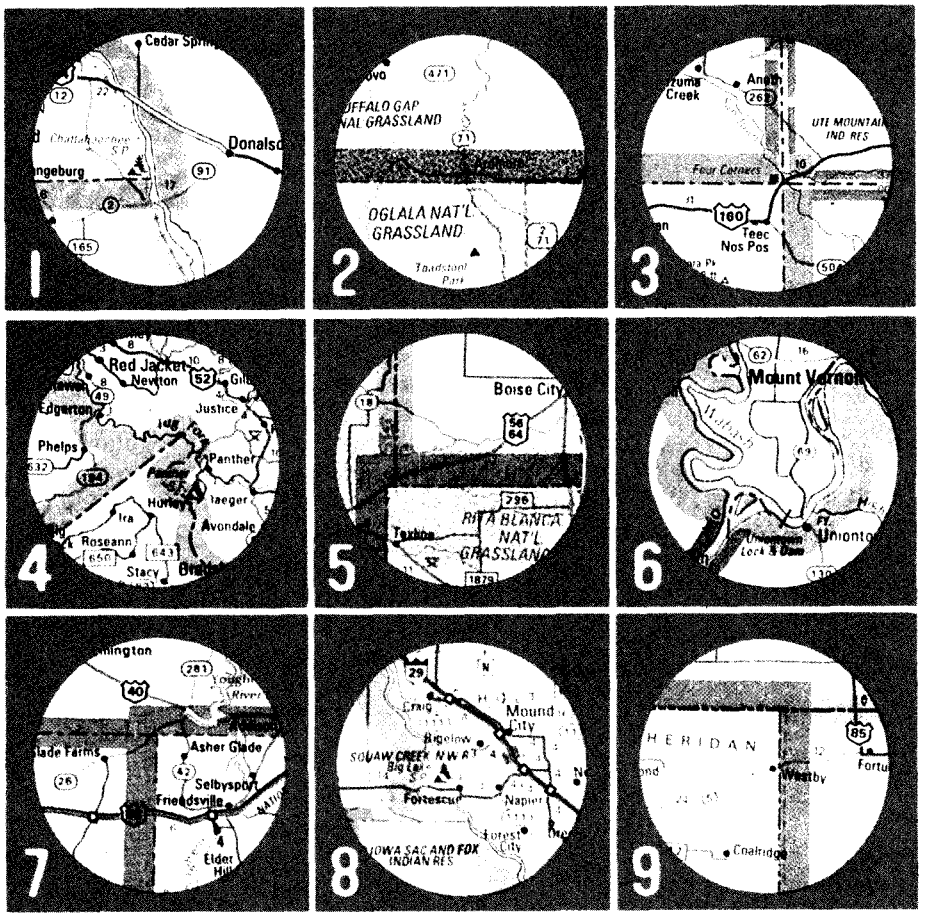
To the west of Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard and Block Island present a less crowded, more rural image—the former a green isle dotted with lookout points, multicolored Gay Head among them, long beaches and the secluded estates of the rich and famous; the latter a sandy, tiny, little-developed and altogether charming stopping place for the wind-aided sailor and the fleer of crowds.

Farther north in New England, along the Maine coast, the minicruisers also run. But here the main attraction is nature, and the natural way to visit the Maine coast is by "windjammer"—a sailing vessel, in Maine one of the schooners of the Maine Windjammer Association, Rockport, Maine. Windjammers can visit every nook of the Maine coast, particularly the fairly well-sheltered Penobscot Bay. The schooners, some built in the 1980s, some as far back as the 1880s and before, use human power—passengers—to raise their sails. Most passengers enjoy being useful, and no one is forced to pull the sheets (ropes)—but the practice does make windjamming the most reasonably priced cruise of them all, as little as $350 a week per person.

Other home-grown cruises are plentiful. There are Chesapeake Bay cruises, Okeechobee cruises, inland-passage cruises and the grandmother of all domestic cruising—the Mississippi cruise, as exemplified by the *Delta Queen* and her younger sister, the *Mississippi Queen*, as they steam past reminders of the Old South and the sites such as Vicksburg where that society met its end.

Only in America can you see sights like these.

—L.S. Edward



Where do you think you are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the map of a single city, state or province. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify these locations? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't), add the requirement that you place the area, north, south, east, west or central in the designated locale.

(Answers on page 83)

Chinese Junkets

As the doors to the once reclusive China and the Orient open wider to tourism each year, Americans are casting an adventurous glance to the east.

Hong Kong, Shanghai, Peking, Japan, Korea—cultures both ancient and new can hypnotize you with their blaze of diversity and color.

Cruising to the East proved to be two vacations at the same time. First, I was aboard a world-class vessel and enjoying the relaxed pace of a pampered world at sea. Second, I explored not one but several ports and countries.

Royal Viking *Star*'s China/Orient cruise glides easily into the forefront of exotic cruises at its expert best. The 28,000-ton, 725-passenger, 676-foot-long, whitewashed and pristine *Star* offers an exciting itinerary of ports of call with well-planned and organized shore excursions. A staff of more than 400 includes the customary professional navigational team, galley crew and service personnel available on first-class sea giants. But our royal treatment concurred with travel-guide ratings stating that the predominantly blond, smiling Norwegian crew leads the industry in world-class service.

Travel to a foreign country requires a considerable amount of preparation and planning. Consider that the air/land traveler must first apply for and schedule his trip with the Chinese International Tourist Service, book reservations, hire an interpreter and arrange transportation (which for a

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Steamboatin' on the legendary *Delta Queen* or the luxurious *Mississippi Queen* offers a unique cruise vacation featuring delicious food, entertainment and historic landmarks and brings Mark Twain's America back to life. Circle 6

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November 1985

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tourist without custom or language familiarity is a true challenge). Many times you will taxi-hop, and hope to find a driver with just a whisper of English understanding.

The shore-excursion office and officers on board the Royal Viking *Star* deftly ironed out these wrinkles. Our only responsibility was keeping track of our cameras and film. At each port of call, the ship's crew dealt with the officials, provided us with excellent transportation, made the necessary hotel arrangements for our overnight excursions and arranged for a native speaking guide at each port of call.

But what about ports of call? Our varied itinerary included an optional two- or three-day land package that allowed us to spend more time in Hong Kong before embarkation or in Kobe at the end of our trip. We began our adventure in Hong Kong in all its glamour and clamor. The Star Ferry, the floating population in Aberdeen alive with sampans and junks, the Jade Market, Kowloon and its shopping districts—there's enough in this city to fill a vacation in itself. On top of this, we stayed at the famed Peninsula Hotel, which overlooks crowded Hong Kong Harbor. We sailed up the Huangpu River to Shanghai, where 11 million people live in this one-time colonialist stronghold. While there, we visited the Temple of the Jade Buddha and were entertained by China's new hope—the exceptional children of the Children's Palace. We traveled inland to the garden city of Wuxi and boarded boats to travel down the Grand Canal.

Sailing further up the coast on the China Sea to Dalian, we saw giant pandas and watched artisans create beautifully crafted sea-shell sculptures. To many passengers, Peking was the highlight of the expedition. The heart of the People's Republic of China, Peking—or Beijing, as it is known today—offers a view of the history of China in vivid color. The Forbidden City and its fabulous, ornate palaces were once the lavish homes of dynastic emperors. Tien an men Square is a bold statement on modern China. We climbed the Great Wall at Badaling Pass. Pusan, Korea, is a modern port city with beautiful parks and friendly people: the citizens of Nagasaki, Japan, have rebuilt the once devastated city. The Statue of Peace and the museum are impressive reminders of mankind's nuclear responsibility. We then sailed through the mysterious, misty and elusive Inland Sea of Japan to Kobe, where we ended our 14-day experience.

The Royal Viking *Star* has a dining room large enough to accommodate all passengers at a single seating as well as all the luxurious amenities mentioned in previous articles: spacious penthouse suites with butlers; a new sports deck with deck tennis; a driving tee; a jogging course; and of course, more spacious lounges, more bars and hideaways than your two-week cruise will allow you to discover. Along the way, however, you'll bump into more tables of five-star feasts than your wardrobe can accommodate—particularly Norwegian Day, where the ship celebrates its country of registry in fabulous food and native dances.

The China/Orient line sails each spring and each fall. An alternative cruise begins in Kobe and sails along the same route to Hong Kong.

An oriental cruise should prove to be your most memorable of all.

—Patrick Perry

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MEDICAL MAILBOX
by Cory SerVaas M.D.

"Next to creating life, the greatest thing one can do is save a life."
—Abraham Lincoln

Heimlich for Drowning

Dear Dr. SerVaas:
What do you do first for a drowning victim, the Heimlich Maneuver or CPR?

Louise Morgan
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

In a recent conference in Dallas, the National Conference on Standards and Guidelines for Cardiopulmonary Resuscitation and Emergency Cardiac Care endorsed the abdominal thrusts of the Heimlich Maneuver as the first step in treating drowning victims. Prior to that conference, the advice had been to remove any foreign object from the victim's mouth and then begin mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. The new advice is to perform the Heimlich Maneuver before beginning the mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

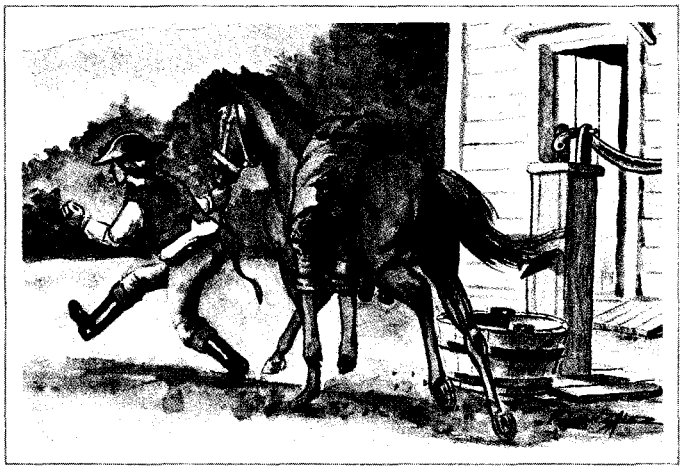
Though the principle is the same as that used on choking victims, the maneuver is applied to drowning victims in a prone rather than in a standing position.

To apply the maneuver, place the drowning victim on his back, remove any foreign objects from his mouth and turn his head to one side. Then straddle the victim's thighs and place both of your fists firmly on the person's upper stomach at the edge of the rib cage. With a quick upward motion, push the fists under the rib cage and into the diaphragm. This should expel a considerable quantity of water. A second maneuver may be applied.

Many times the victim will begin breathing at this point. If not, mouth-to-mouth resuscitation must be applied.

Dr. Heimlich recommends that this measure be employed first in attempting to resuscitate drowning victims because "you have to get the water out of the lungs before you can get the air in."

"By golly, Hoskins, you *can* clone things."



In olden days, drowning victims were said to have been draped face down over the backs of trotting horses in order to joggle the water from their lungs. If this is true, it might be called a "Horseback Heimlich Maneuver."

Corn Fiber to the Rescue

Dear Dr. SerVaas:
I have had a constipation problem over the years, and one drawback that I have is that I am allergic to wheat, so my question is: What fiber can I use to eliminate my constipation, diverticulosis, etc.?

M. Scarpone
Las Vegas, Nevada

A recent study has suggested that corn fiber (as found in corn bran) is the best of all fiber grains for alleviating constipation.

Slo-Mag Is Safe

Dear Dr. SerVaas:
Would Slo-Mag cause the stomach to bleed as aspirin can? Is it better to take them with food?

Violet Glover
Roscommon, Michigan

Slow-Mag will not cause stomach bleeding. It usually is taken in the morning and at night. It is not necessary to take it with food.

Norwegian Mother Knew Best

Dear Dr. SerVaas:
I read with much interest your "Medical Mailbox" in the September issue. My mother, a little Norwegian lady, passed away last winter at age 91. She ate fish as often as she could but regularly took cod liver oil. She always sang the praises of fish oil. She claimed it lubricated her joints. She

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had fewer problems with arthritis than I have at age 68.

Keep up the good work on the troubles with tobacco. I was a four-pack-a-day smoker for 28 years. Twelve years ago I stopped smoking. It took a couple of years to get my system cleaned out. Sure do feel good now.

D. E. Gustafson, Sr.
Red Wing, Minnesota

Containing Incontinence

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I have a terribly embarrassing problem, and I don't know where to turn. Since having children, I wet my lingerie when I sneeze or laugh. This makes me afraid to go out in public. I am a nervous wreck. Do other people have this problem? I am desperate. Please answer.

A gynecologist might recommend a simple surgical procedure that could alleviate your problem.

We certainly understand your feelings and want you to know you are not alone. Doctors estimate that more than 10 million Americans share your condition—known as incontinence. The Simon Foundation has been formed to provide information to sufferers. Its toll-free information number: 1-800-237-4666. In addition, the manufacturer of Attends disposable briefs offers a toll-free information line with a nurse on duty to answer questions. That number is 1-800-543-0400.

A new book, entitled *Managing Incontinence,* by Cheryle B. Gartley, has just been released by Jamison Books. The book describes exercises that build the muscle tone and control and are of benefit to many women whose muscles have weakened. One such exercise consists of starting and stopping urination several times while voiding.

The feelings you describe of being afraid to go out in public for fear of embarrassment are common among sufferers. For your peace of mind, good disposable briefs and some new, ingenious internal collection devices are available.

Although incontinence is a common affliction of the elderly, it also can be brought about by the weakening of muscles by multiple pregnancies, by cancer, by strokes or by prostate surgery. It is also associated with spinal-cord injuries, spina bifida, diabetes, emphysema, multiple sclerosis and Alzheimer's disease, among other disorders.

Or Say, "Excuse Me"

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I am surprised that many people and doctors do not know the simple solution to relieving flatulence from eating boiled or baked beans: Eat a good portion of pineapple—fresh is best, but it can also be controlled with canned pineapple.

Andy C. Johnson
Toston, Montana

Now Hear This

Hearing aids are becoming smaller, less visible and more powerful—and recent developments in electronic circuitry are greatly improving the quality of the sound heard. The new circuits now being used in many hearing aids greatly reduce background noise, long a problem of hearing-aid wearers.

A wide range of devices is now on the market to assist persons with impaired hearing. One such device, an infrared headphone receiver used when watching television, enables a person with impaired hearing to watch the same television show as a person with normal hearing without having the sound turned up loudly. The infrared transmitter picks up the normal television sound and transmits it to the headphones at a higher volume.

Telephones, once a real problem for the hearing impaired, can be equipped with amplifiers. Other devices include alarm lights that pick up sounds and warn the deaf that someone is at the door or the baby is crying. And there is an alarm clock that also flashes light, as well as an alarm clock with a vibrator that goes under the pillow to awaken the deaf with a gentle movement.

Many people do not take advantage of the new technology because they fail to have their hearing loss properly diagnosed. Hearing degeneration through aging is the No. 1 cause of hearing loss—25 percent of those over 65 have some impaired hearing.

Two-thirds of all hearing loss can be treated with small hearing aids that fit in the ear canal—similar to the one worn by President Reagan.

An old rule is that if you think you or someone you live with has a hearing problem, you are probably right.

There are several questions you might ask yourself if you suspect loss of hearing:

—Do you feel that people mumble?
—Do people consistently talk too softly?
—Do you place the volume on the radio and television higher than is comfortable for those around you?
—Do you often ask for things to be repeated?
—Do you habitually turn one ear toward the person who is speaking?
—Do you hear ringing or buzzing sounds in your head?
—Have you experienced episodes of dizziness?

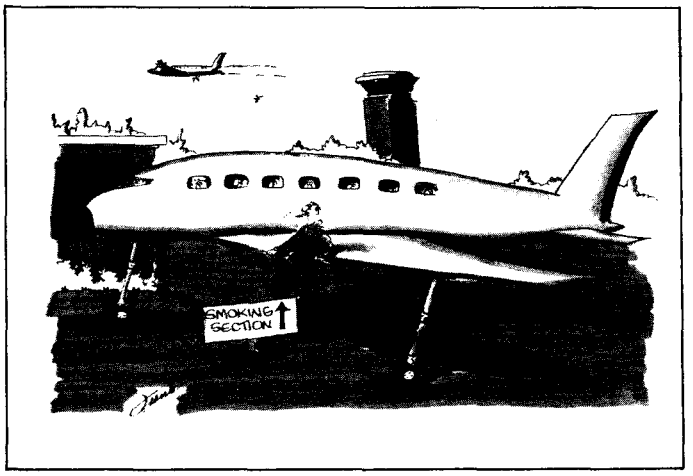
If you suspect you may have impaired hearing, the best way to find out is to see an audiologist for a hearing test.

Breakfast Boost

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

You and your magazine have been influential in the development of our cereal. As soon as we have the completed product in a box we will send you one. It's made from high-lysine corn.

We are excited about our cereal not only because of its nutritional value, but also because if it's accepted by consumers, it could save some family farms and maybe even a



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small Nebraska farming community.

We are about one month from being on the shelves. Our first marketing will be on a very small scale here in Nebraska.

Donald J. Grubb, President
Eagle Roost Farms, Inc.
Sutherland, Nebraska

SuperChar for Poisons

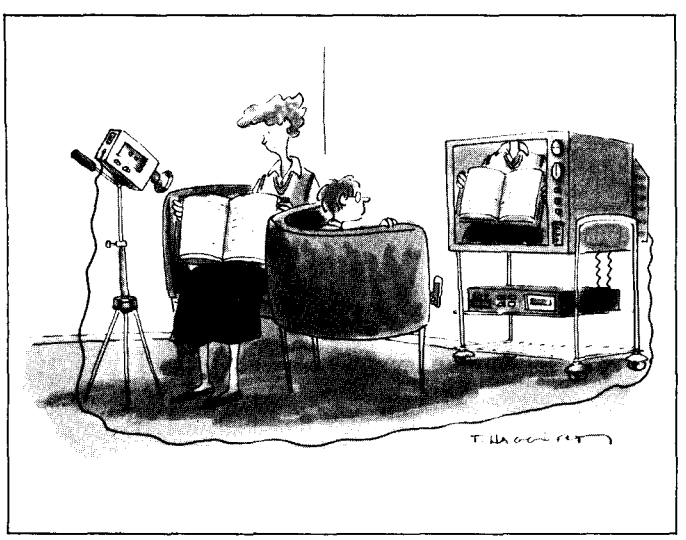
I think the saddest experience I ever had was the time a distraught mother rushed into the emergency room with a beautiful three-year-old who was dead on arrival. He had swallowed a bottle of aspirins. We tried to resuscitate him, to no avail. The poor mother was hysterical.

The aspirins the child had consumed could have been effectively absorbed by activated charcoal, but in this unfortunate case it was too late.

Activated charcoal has been used successfully for many years by doctors and nurses in emergency rooms. In France and Belgium activated charcoal has been the first-line treatment for drug overdose in homes and hospitals and generally enjoys the wide use that ipecac does in this country. For some reason, however, it hasn't been made generally available in this country for mothers to keep handy in case of accidental poisoning. We're not talking about the ordinary charcoal you use for barbecuing chicken. You wouldn't ever want to administer barbecuing charcoal—it would be dangerous. Activated charcoal is steam cleaned; it can absorb many times its weight in contaminants. Because activated charcoal is a harmless, inert substance, I have wondered why we shouldn't have poison centers tell mothers to use charcoal immediately whenever appropriate. Parents could do this before rushing the child to an emergency room and could thus save valuable time.

Charcoal absorbs many poisons quickly and it is safe. It is unlike ipecac, which could be dangerous if the mother accidentally used it for the wrong poison. Although we agree that ipecac, which induces vomiting, should be in every home with children, it can't be used for all poisons. If a child has swallowed hydrocarbons, acids, lye or other corrosives, the delicate lining of the esophagus is probably damaged, and there will be further damage if the corrosive is vomited back up. Furthermore, the poison could cause lung problems if aspirated during vomiting.

However, all the poison centers I checked told me "yes," they do instruct parents about giving ipecac, but "no," they have to wait until the patient arrives at a hospital to give activated charcoal—as though a mother couldn't handle it!



What a relief it was to reach toxicologists at the Rocky Mountain Poison Center in Denver. It is recognized as the largest and finest poison-control center in the country, and its physicians say charcoal should indeed be in the home for mothers' immediate use. Dr. Barry Rumack of the center told me about the new superactivated SuperChar Liquid, which has two to three times the absorptive capacity of ordinary activated charcoal. This capacity is especially advantageous in pediatric patients, in whom there is sometimes a limit to how much charcoal can be taken orally.

I also asked the world-renowned toxicologist Dr. Robert Forney of Indiana University about mothers using charcoal. He said "Yes," emphatically. The new, highly absorptive SuperChar is by far the best charcoal, and it should be in every home, he said. The latest research points to using charcoal more often and ipecac less often.

He feels that faster administration of charcoal might prevent serious injuries. The liver, in particular, can be damaged quickly when poison is ingested.

Even after a poison has been absorbed into the bloodstream through the intestinal wall of the lower gut, charcoal can pull the poison out of the bloodstream so that it can be eliminated in the stool.

New superactivated SuperChar Liquid absorbs two to three times more poison than ordinary activated charcoal.

The emergency-room physicians I polled were all in favor of activated charcoal in the home. The only concern came from a doctor who said it looks and tastes bad. A little bit of sweetener helps the medicine go down—SuperChar contains Sorbitol and tastes fine.

Change is always controversial. If your poison-control center staffers don't know about recent advances in the use of SuperChar in the home, ask them to call the Rocky Mountain Poison Center or Dr. Robert Forney in the toxicology department at the Indiana University School of Medicine in Indianapolis.

We couldn't find activated charcoal for home use in drugstores in the Midwest. If you can't find it you can write to us for a bottle of the new SuperChar. Please read all the instructions and don't use it without calling your physician or poison-control center for advice. Know your poison-control telephone number. The bottom line is: Have this activated charcoal ready in case you need it.

To receive a bottle of superactivated SuperChar, please write to Medical Mailbox, SuperChar, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. Please include a tax-deductible donation of any amount to help cover our costs.

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Ueberroth

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the decision as correct. "I think the proof of it is that it [the testing plan] is working well," he says. His response to the players' complaints: "We are attacking drugs—not attacking baseball players."

Ueberroth, concerned with the drug issue because of the possible impact it might have on the integrity of the game, says: "Baseball cannot afford and will not have a Tulane type of scandal," a reference to the point-shaving scandal (reportedly drug related) of Tulane's basketball team earlier this year.

Ueberroth's attack on drugs has admittedly taken up most of his energies, more than any other issue he has faced in his first year as commissioner. Regarding his role in the settlement of the players' strike, he says: "I want you to know very clearly that I had no role. This was done by two teams of people headed by Don Fehr and Lee MacPhail." Fehr was the acting executive director of the Major League Players Association and MacPhail, the president of the Players Relations Committee that represented the owners.

But Ueberroth's position in the strike talks was also clear: Don't leave the room until something is settled. "I just feel that the differences of 650 players and 26 owners should be settled in a way that doesn't impact 30 million fans," he says, "and we were able to accomplish that."

The strike lasted only two days, but for the commissioner it was a long, torturous period. He had secret moments of despair, though he was publicly optimistic. "Those were trying moments," he says. "I made statements that, had the strike been prolonged, could have really haunted me for a long time. I said that we would not have labor unrest in any meaningful way, and there wouldn't be a strike. I really went out on a limb."

Although some fan clubs threatened to boycott games as the strike approached, not much damage was done. "I thought they were misguided," Ueberroth says. "Boycotts are not the way to solve problems in our society. With that, you just hurt the sport that you care about. What most of the fans did, which I think was very helpful in ending the strike, is they supported the game. The last game before the strike, one team had its sixth largest crowd in history. Basically, the crowds were above average throughout all of baseball [the day before the strike]. I think that was the real positive reaction. They were showing the players, showing the owners—showing everybody—that they wanted baseball."

"Now that you're finished, I'd like another half-hour to respond to the opinions you expressed while drilling my teeth."

Though Kuhn was generally thought to be an "owners' commissioner," the same cannot be said of Peter Ueberroth, who is seen more or less as his own man. Before Ueberroth accepted the position, he requested that the powers of the office be expanded. The owners acceded to his demands and made him perhaps the most powerful commissioner since Kenesaw Mountain Landis ruled with an iron fist in the 1920s. Under the new agreement, Ueberroth has the title of baseball's chief executive. All departments and the presidents of the two leagues report to him on matters relating to the game as a whole.

One of his earliest decisions as the commissioner was to overrule a vote by the American League owners and allow Gaylord Broadcasting of Oklahoma City, a so-called "superstation," to buy into the Texas Rangers. "Superstations," because of their ability to carry a team's games beyond its own geographical region into other teams' areas, had been called by Ueberroth a threat to attendance in other regions. However, certain modifications were made to assuage the commissioner.

Later, in the Mays and Mantle case, a sensitive issue because of the Hall of Famers' employment by gambling casinos in Atlantic City, Ueberroth reversed a decision made by Kuhn and allowed the two men to return to baseball in any capacity they wished. "The fan reaction [to Mays and Mantle's return] was good, but the media reaction has not been that good," he says. "It was interesting that every time I would be with a number of the media on all other kinds of issues, they would always be asking, 'When are you going to make a decision regarding Mays and Mantle?' I said I wanted to look at it carefully. I made the decision finally, and some people said I was grandstanding."

His first year in office has been one continuing adventure after another. It started in Ueberroth's first month, when he served as an arbitrator to help settle an umpires' strike.

Despite support from many fans for a designated hitter in the National League, Ueberroth "would not be in favor of the change." The DH, currently in use in the American League, allows a designated batter to take the pitcher's turns at bat; the pitcher continues pitching. As for expansion or a truly World Series between the United States and Japan, Ueberroth sees both as eventualities—the former a not-too-distant probability, the latter a long-range possibility.

"I'm not going to speculate [on when expansion will occur]," Ueberroth says. "If I speculate, then it becomes an obligation, and people start to use my quote of speculation as fact. I'd never say a date, but I think it would be sooner rather than later."

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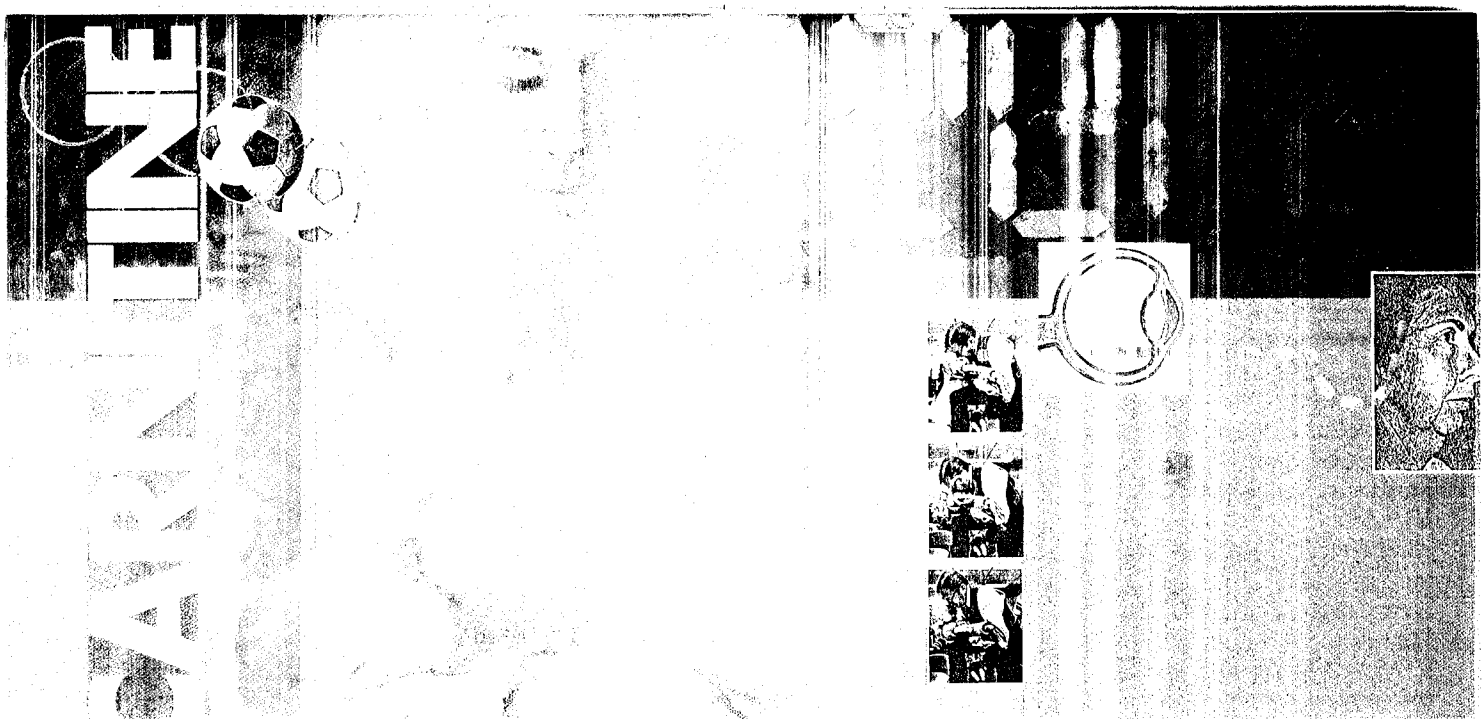

NOVEMBER ON THE 700 CLUB'S LIFECARE DIGEST

November 1
Diabetes And The Blind

November is National Diabetes Month and we'll shed some light on this modern-day scourge that blinds more Americans than any other disease. We'll also probe efforts to reduce the incidence of diabetes and related illnesses such as cataracts.

November 8
A Kick Out Of Carnitine?

Along with creating a stir in the sports world, carnitine is also being discussed as a life-giving hope for those with serious heart conditions. We'll kick it around on this segment of LifeCare Digest.

November 15
Mom Does It Best

Breast feeding is still almost always the best way to give your baby a good start in life. Mother's milk is the perfect food for most infants, providing natural immunities to disease and allowing for all-important bonding between mother and child.

November 22
Cosmetic Surgery: A New Wrinkle

Increasing numbers of people are choosing cosmetic surgery to improve their appearance. LifeCare Digest will discuss the best way to keep a stiff upper lip.

November 29
What To Do If Your Baby Stops Breathing

Flight attendant Sue Norman watched a LifeCare Digest segment on CPR and was able to save the life of a child mid-flight. We'll hear her heroic story and show you how to be ready to save the life of a little one.

The 700 Club

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Transfusions

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ened me ever since childhood.

As small children in India, my sister and I had shared in everything our missionary parents did. Sometimes a native would show up with a swollen abscess, and when dad dressed the wound we held the bandages. My father would cart his sterilizer out to a shady tree, boil the instruments and prepare to lance the abscess. He had no anesthetics, so the patient would cling fiercely to a relative during the incision and drainage. My sister turned her head the instant she saw the flash of the knife. I laughed at her and boasted that boys were not afraid.

But I was afraid, and also repulsed by the sight of the blood and pus. I hated those scenes. Haunting memories of them were, years later, still keeping me from becoming a doctor.

Instead, I went through five years of apprenticeships in the building trade, as a carpenter, a mason, a painter and a bricklayer. I loved it. I longed to return to my childhood home in India to practice my trade. But before returning, I knew I had best take a short-term course in hygiene and tropical medicine. The primitive conditions of rural India made such a course only prudent. For three months, I was assigned to Connaught to learn the basics.

During one evening of my stint at Connaught my whole view of medicine—and of blood—permanently shifted. That night hospital orderlies wheeled an accident victim, a beautiful young woman, into my ward. Loss of blood had given her skin an unearthly paleness, and her brownish hair seemed jet-black in contrast.

The hospital staffers lurched into their controlled-panic response to a trauma patient. A nurse dashed down a corridor for a bottle of blood while a doctor fumbled with the transfusion apparatus. Another doctor, glancing at my white coat, thrust a blood-pressure cuff at me. But I could not detect the faintest flicker of a pulse on the woman's cold, damp wrist.

In the glare of hospital lights she looked like a waxwork Madonna or an alabaster saint from a cathedral. Even her lips were pallid, and as the doctor searched her chest with his stethoscope I noticed whitened nipples on her small breasts. Only a few freckles stood out against the pallor. She did not seem to be breathing. I felt sure she was dead.

The nurse arrived with a bottle of blood and buckled it into a metal stand as the doctor punctured the woman's vein with a large needle. Using an extra-long tube, they fastened the bottle high, so that the added elevation would increase the pressure and force the blood into her body faster. The staffers told me to keep watch over the emptying bottle while they scurried off for more blood.

"Did she buy your 'working late at the office' story?"

Nothing in my memory can compare to the excitement of what happened next. As the others all left, I held the woman's wrist nervously. Suddenly I could feel the faintest press of a pulse. Or was it the pulse from my own finger? I searched again—it was there, a tremor barely perceptible, but regular.

The next bottle of blood arrived and was quickly connected. A spot of pink appeared like a drop of watercolor on her cheek. It began to spread into a beautiful flush. Her lips darkened pink, then red; her body quivered with a kind of sighing breath.

Then her eyelids fluttered lightly and parted. She squinted at first, and her pupils constricted, reacting to the bright lights. At last she looked directly at me. To my enormous surprise, she spoke, asking for water.

That young woman had entered my life for only an hour or so, but the experience left me utterly changed. I had seen a miracle: a corpse resurrected, the creation of Eve when breath entered and animated her body. If medicine, if blood could do this . . . .

I picked up the empty glass bottle, streaks of blood still smeared on its side, and read the label. Who had given these pints of life? I wanted some mental picture of the donor who had made the miracle possible. In our registry I discovered that the donor lived in Seven Kings, Essex, a town I had worked in as a building apprentice. With eyes closed I envisioned one of the burly workmen from that blue-collar neighborhood. At that moment he could have been out climbing ladders or laying bricks, exuding strength and vigor, oblivious to the frail young woman revived by his own blood cells miles away.

By the end of that course at Livingston College, I was incurably in love with medicine. A short time later, I reversed myself and accepted my uncle's offer of financial support for medical school. The memory of shed blood had kept me out of medicine; the power of shared blood ultimately brought me to it. It was the same power I later saw reflected in the faces of the Indian villagers who watched Reeve Betts give his own life fluid to another.

After 20 years in India, I came to America to work at the National Hansen's Disease (leprosy) Center in Carville, Louisiana. I have little direct contact with patients these days and spend far more time peering into microscopes, conducting experiments, fending off hospital politics and designing shoes and tools for handicapped patients. I hope I have not lost in that process the simple immediacy of the image that originally propelled me into medicine: one human being sharing life with another.

—with Phillip Yancey

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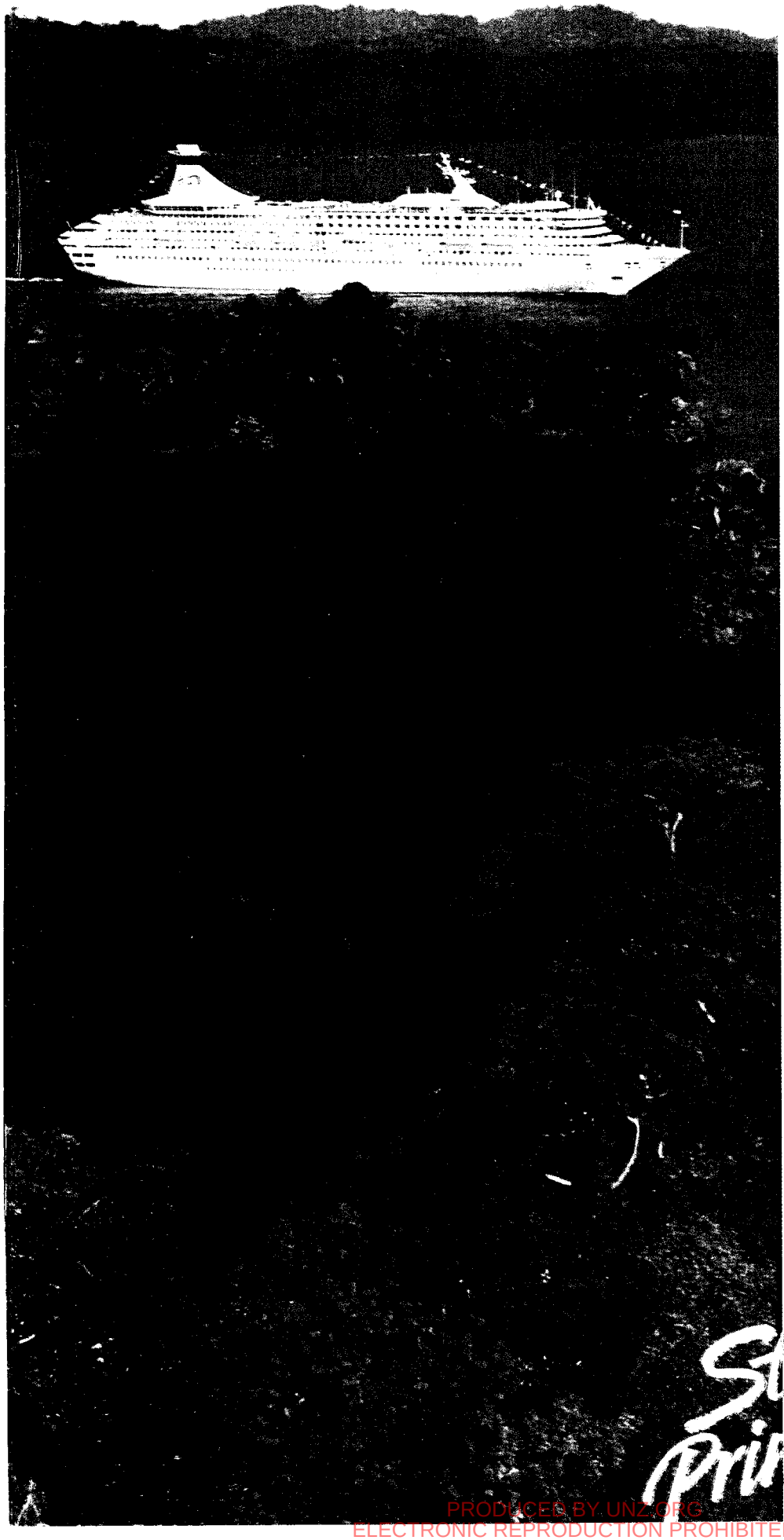

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